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MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

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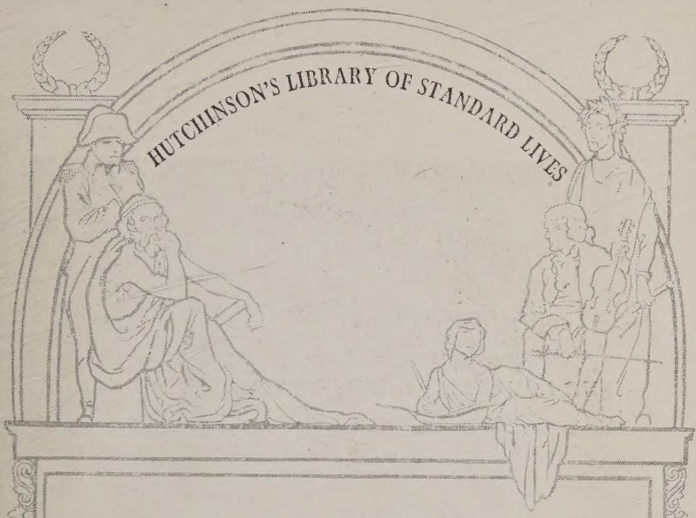
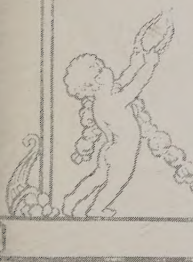


MEMOIRS OF
Marie Antoinette

By

MADAME CAMPAN

First Lady of the Bedchamber
to the Queen



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JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE CAMPAN, *NÉE* GENET

Born in Paris October 6, 1752.
Died at Mantes May 16, 1822.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE shelves of our libraries bend under the weight of printed works relating to the last years of the eighteenth century. The grand moral and political causes of our revolutions have already been ably traced by superior intellects. But posterity will look also for the secret springs by which these events were brought about. Nothing but memoirs penned by ministers and favourites will alone satisfy the inquisitiveness of our descendants, and even these only to a certain extent, for kings very seldom yield unbounded confidence. The sovereign entrusts to one of those who surround him a secret mission, no way militating against his own known sentiments; and develops to him all the details of some affair of high interest. The courtier proceeds under a persuasion of the importance of his mission; but while his pride is flattering itself, while he reposes on a certainty that the Royal heart has been opened before him, he little suspects, in the blindness of his vanity, the thousand folds, always to be concealed from him, which that heart contains. He is but the dupe and tool of him whose confidant he fancies himself. Some other person has, perhaps, at the very same moment, received an opposite commission, which, probably, no more tallies with the real designs of the prince than the former. Each singly thinks himself the sole depositary of his sovereign's thoughts, and upon this hollow basis each erects his shadowy edifice of a credit which he does not possess.

This Court game is especially in vogue when the superior power is under the necessity of satisfying, or of conciliating, opposite opinions, without really adopting either. But the practice of thus scattering marks of an

illusory confidence has this result, that, when the time of commotion and faction arrives, the sovereign finds himself without any solid support or disinterested attachment.

Louis XVI. possessed an immense crowd of confidants, advisers and guides ; he selected them even from among the factions which attacked him. Never, perhaps, did he make a full disclosure to any one of them, and certainly he spoke with sincerity to but very few. He invariably kept the reins of all secret intrigues in his own hand, and thence, doubtless, arose the want of co-operation and the weakness which were so conspicuous in his measures. From these causes considerable chasms will be found in the detailed history of the Revolution.

In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the latter years of the reign of Louis XV., memoirs written by the Duke de Choiseul, the Duke d'Aiguillon, the Marshal de Richelieu* and the Duke de la Vauguyon should be before us. To give us a faithful portrait of the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI., the Marshal du Muy, M. de Maurepas, M. de Vergennes, M. de Malesherbes, the Duke d'Orleans, M. de la Fayette, the Abbé de Vermond, the Abbé Montesquiou, Mirabeau, the Duchess de Polignac and the Duchess de Luynes should have noted faithfully in writing all the transactions in which they took decided parts. As to the secret history of affairs of a later period, it has been disseminated among a much greater number of persons ; there are ministers who have published memoirs, but solely when they had their own measures to justify, and then they confined themselves to the vindication of their own characters, without which powerful motive they probably would have written nothing. In general, those nearest to the sovereign, either by birth or by office, have left no memoirs ; and in absolute monarchies the mainsprings of great events will

* I heard the Marshal de Richelieu desire M. Campan, who was librarian to the Queen, not to buy the memoirs which would certainly be attributed to him after his death, declaring them false by anticipation ; and adding that he was ignorant of orthography, and had never amused himself with writing. Shortly after the death of the Marshal, one Soulavie put forth memoirs of the Marshal de Richelieu.

be found in particulars which the most exalted persons alone could know. Those who have had but little under their charge, find in that little no subject for a book; and those who have long borne the burden of public business conceive themselves to be forbidden by duty, or by respect for authority, to disclose all they know. Others again preserve notes, with the intention of reducing them to order when they shall have reached the period of a happy leisure: vain illusion of the ambitious, which they cherish, for the most part, but as a veil to conceal from their sight the terrifying image of their inevitable downfall! and when that event at length takes place, despair deprives them of fortitude to dwell upon the dazzling period which they never cease to regret.

And yet the historian, who is sometimes perplexed at having to choose among the differing versions presented to him by contemporaries, is much more so if writings are wanting to him. He then has recourse to tradition, and trusts to popular talk; he draws portraits from the political caricatures sketched by hatred, or by flattery; calumny is perpetuated, and some noble characters remain blackened for ever. An ill-conducted enterprise is called criminal: and a successful villain becomes a hero. History, thus written, furnishes no lesson; it is either a romance, or a polluted and unconnected collection of libels, which perhaps brought the smile of contempt even into the face of him who wrote them.

Louis XVI. meant to write his own memoirs; the manner in which his private papers were arranged, pointed out this design. The Queen, also, had the same intention; she long preserved a large correspondence, and a great number of minute reports, made in the spirit and upon the event of the moment. But after the 20th of June, 1792, she was obliged to burn the larger portion of what she had so collected. Some parts of the correspondence preserved by the Queen were conveyed out of France.

Considering the rank and situations of the persons I have named as capable of elucidating by their writings

the history of our political storms, it will not be imagined that I aim at placing myself on a level with the daughters of Louis XV., or with Marie Antoinette. I knew the characters of those Princesses ; I became privy to some extraordinary facts, the publication of which may be interesting, and the truth of the details will form the merit of my work.

I was very young when I was placed about the Princesses, the daughters of Louis XV., in the capacity of reader. I was acquainted with the Court of Versailles before the time of the marriage of Louis XVI. with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette.

My father, who was employed in the department of Foreign Affairs, enjoyed the reputation due to his talents and to his useful labours. He had travelled much. Frenchmen, on their return home from foreign countries, bring with them a love for their own, increased in warmth ; and no man was more penetrated with this feeling, which ought to be the first virtue of every placeman, than my father. Men of the first celebrity, academicians, and learned individuals, both natives and foreigners, sought my father's acquaintance, and were gratified by being admitted into his house.

Twenty years before the Revolution, I often heard it remarked that the imposing character of the power of Louis XIV. was no longer to be found in the palace of Versailles ; that the institutions of the ancient monarchy were rapidly sinking ; and that the people, crushed beneath the weight of taxes, were miserable though silent ; but that they began to give ear to the bold speeches of the philosophers, who loudly proclaimed their sufferings and their rights ; and, in short, that the age would not pass away without the occurrence of some grand shock, which would unsettle France and change the course of its progress.

Those who thus spoke were almost all partisans of M. Turgot's system of administration : they were Mirabeau the father, Doctor Quesnay, Abbé Baudeau, and Abbé Nicoli, *chargé d'affaires* to Leopold, Grand Duke of

Tuscany, and as enthusiastic an admirer of the maxims of the innovators as his sovereign.

My father sincerely respected the purity of intention of these politicians. With them he acknowledged many abuses in the government; but he did not give these political sectarians credit for the talent necessary for conducting a judicious reform. He told them frankly that, in the art of moving the great machine of government, the wisest of them was inferior to a good police magistrate; and that, if ever the helm of affairs should be put into their hands, they would be speedily checked in the execution of their schemes by the immeasurable difference existing between the most brilliant theories and the simplest practice of administration.

In one of these conversations, which, young as I was, engaged my attention, I heard my father compare the monarchy of France to a beautiful and antique statue; he agreed that the pedestal which supported it was mouldering away, and that the contours of the statue were disappearing under the parasital plants which were gradually covering it. "But," he enquired, with a feeling of painful apprehension, "where is the artist skilful enough to repair the base without shaking the statue?" Such adepts were not to be found; and the attempts at restoration only precipitated ruin. The storm of passion burst, the whole monument gave way, and its fall jarred all Europe!

MEMOIRS
OF
MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHAPTER I

I was fifteen years of age when I was appointed reader to the Princesses. I will begin by describing the Court at that period.

Marie Leckzinska was just dead; the death of the Dauphin had preceded hers by three years; the Jesuits were suppressed, and piety was to be found at Court only in the apartments of the Princesses. The Duke de Choiseul was in power.

The King thought of nothing but the pleasures of the chase; it might have been imagined that the courtiers indulged themselves in epigrammatising, by hearing them say seriously, on those days when the King did not hunt, "The King does nothing to-day."

Little journeys were also affairs of great importance with the King. On the first day of the year, he noted down in his almanac the days of departure for Compiègne, for Fontainebleau, Choisy, etc. The weightiest matters, the most serious events, never deranged this distribution of his time.

Etiquette still existed at Court with all the strictness it had acquired under Louis XIV.; dignity alone was wanting. As to gaiety, it was out of the question: Versailles no longer presented an assemblage graced by French wit and elegance. The focus of wit and information was Paris.

Since the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the King had no avowed mistress ; he contented himself with the pleasures he derived from his little seraglio of the Parc-aux-Cerfs. It is well known that the monarch found the separation of Louis de Bourbon from the King of France the most pleasing feature of his Royal existence. "They would have it so ; they thought it for the best," was his way of expressing himself when the measures of his ministers were unsuccessful. The King delighted to manage the most disgraceful particulars of his private expenses himself ; he one day sold to a head clerk in the War department a house in which one of his mistresses had lodged ; the contract ran in the name of Louis de Bourbon, and the purchaser himself took, in a bag, the price of the house in gold to the King in his private closet.

Louis XV. saw very little of his family ; he came every morning, by a private staircase, into the apartment of Madame Adelaide. He often brought and drank there coffee that he had made himself. Madame Adelaide pulled a bell, which apprised Madame Victoire of the King's visit ; Madame Victoire, on rising to go to her sister's apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who, in her turn, rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the Princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. The latter poor Princess was deformed and very short : she used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting ; but in spite of her haste, having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently had only just time to embrace her father before he set out for the chase.

Every evening, at six, the ladies interrupted my reading to them to accompany the Princes to Louis XV. : this visit was called the King's *debotter*,* and was marked by a kind of etiquette. The Princesses put on an enormous hoop, which set out a petticoat ornamented with gold or embroidery ; they fastened a long train round their waists, and concealed the *undress* of the rest of

* The time of unbooting.

their clothing by a long cloak of black taffety which enveloped them up to the chin. The gentlemen-ushers, the ladies-in-waiting, the pages, the esquires, and the ushers bearing large flambeaux, accompanied them to the King. In a moment the whole palace, generally so still, was in motion; the King kissed each Princess on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading which it interrupted was frequently resumed at the end of a quarter of an hour: the Princesses returned to their apartments, untied the strings of their petticoats and trains, resumed their tapestry, and I returned to my book.

During the summer season the King sometimes came to the residence of the Princesses before the hour of his *debotter*. One day he found me alone in Madame Victoire's closet, and asked me where *Coche** was. I stared, and he repeated his question, but without being at all the more understood. When the King was gone, I asked Madame of whom he spoke. She told me that it was herself, and very coolly explained to me that, being the fattest of his daughters, the King had given her the familiar name of *Coche;* and that he called Madame Adelaide, *Loque;*† Madame Sophie, *Graille;*‡ and Madame Louise, *Chiffe.*§ Nothing but the zest of these contrasts could afford the King any amusement in the use of such words. The people of his household observed that he knew a great number of them, and it was supposed that he had learned them from his mistresses; possibly, too, he had amused himself with picking them out from dictionaries. If this style of speaking betrayed the habits and tastes of the King, his manner, however, savoured nothing of such vulgarity; his walk was easy and noble; he had a dignified carriage of the head; and his aspect, without being severe, was imposing: he combined great politeness with a truly regal demeanour, and gracefully saluted the humblest female whom curiosity led into his path.

He was very expert in a number of little trifling

* An old sow. † Rag.
‡ Scrap. § Bad silk.

matters, which never occupy attention but for want of something better to employ it; for instance, he would knock off the top of an egg-shell, very cleverly, at a single stroke of his fork; he therefore always ate eggs when he dined in public, and the Parisian cockneys, who came on Sundays to see the King dine, returned home less struck with his fine figure than the dexterity with which he broke his eggs.

Repartees of Louis XV. which marked the keenness of his wit and the elevation of his sentiments were quoted with pleasure in the assemblies of Versailles. They have been recorded in collections of anecdotes, and are generally known.

This Prince was still beloved; it was wished that a style of life, suitable to his age and dignity, should at length cast a veil over the follies of thepast, and justify the love cherished by the French for his youth. It gave them pain to judge him harshly. The Princesses were blamed for not seeking to prevent the danger of the King's forming an intimacy with some new favourite. Madame Henriette, twin sister of the Duchess of Parma, was much regretted; for she had considerable influence over the King's mind, and it was remarked that, if she had lived, she would have been assiduous in finding him amusements in the bosom of his family; that she would have followed him in his short excursions, and would have done the honours of the *petits soupers* which he was so fond of giving in his private apartments.

The Princesses had too much neglected the means of pleasing the King; but this obviously arose from the little attention he had paid them in their youth.

In order to console the people under their sufferings, and to shut their eyes to the real depredations on the treasury, the ministers occasionally pressed the most extravagant measures of reform in the King's household, and even on his personal expenses.

Cardinal Fleury, who in truth had the merit of re-establishing the finances, carried this system of economy so far as to obtain from the King the suppression of the

household and education of the four younger Princesses. They were brought up as mere boarders, in a convent, eight leagues distant from the coast. St. Cyr would have been more suitable for the reception of the King's daughters ; probably the Cardinal was infected with some of those prejudices which will always attach to even the most useful institutions, and which, since the death of Louis XIV., had been raised against the noble establishment of Madame de Maintenon. He preferred entrusting the education of the Princesses to a provincial sisterhood. Madame Louise often assured me that at twelve years of age she was not mistress of the whole alphabet, and never learned to read fluently until after her return to Versailles.

Madame Victoire attributed certain paroxysms of panic terror, which she was never able to conquer, to the violent alarms she experienced at the abbey of Fontevrault, when she was sent, by way of penance, to pray alone in the vault where the sisters were interred. No salutary foresight had been exerted to preserve these Princesses from those dismal impressions against which the most unenlightened mother knows how to guard her children.

A gardener belonging to the abbey died raving mad ; his habitation, without the walls, was in the neighbourhood of a chapel of the abbey, where the Princesses were taken to repeat the prayers for those in the agonies of death. Their prayers were more than once interrupted by the shrieks of the dying man.

The most absurd indulgences were mixed with these cruel practices. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the Princesses, was haughty and passionate : the good sisters never failed to give way to her ridiculous fancies. The dancing-master, the only professor of graceful accomplishments who had followed the ladies to Fontevrault, was teaching them a dance then much in fashion, which was called the " rose-coloured minuet." Madame Adelaide insisted that it should be named " the blue minuet." The teacher resisted her whim, and urged that he should be laughed at at Court if the Princess should talk of a

"blue minuet." The Princess refused to take her lesson, stamped, and repeated "Blue, blue." "Rose, rose," said the master.

The sisterhood assembled to decide the important case; the nuns cried "Blue" with the Princess; the minuet was re-christened, and she danced. Among women so little worthy of the office of an instructress, there was, however, *one* sister, who, by her judicious tenderness, and by the useful proofs which she gave of it to the Princesses, entitled herself to their attachment, and obtained their gratitude: this was Madame de Soulanges, whom they afterwards caused to be appointed abbess of Royal-Lieu.* They also took upon themselves the promotion of this lady's nephews;—those of Madame Mac-Carthy, who had weakly indulged her charge, carried for a long time the musket of the King's guard at the door of the Princesses, without the latter thinking of advancing their fortune.

When the Princesses, still very young, returned to Court, they enjoyed the friendship of the Dauphin, and profited by his advice. They devoted themselves ardently to study, and gave up almost the whole of their time to it: they enabled themselves to write French correctly, and acquired a good knowledge of history. Madame Adelaide, in particular, had a most insatiable desire to learn; she was taught to play upon all instruments from the horn (will it be believed!) to the Jew's harp. Italian, English, the higher branches of the mathematics, turning and dialling, successively filled up the leisure moments of the Princesses. Madame Adelaide was graced for a short time with a charming figure; but never did beauty vanish so quickly. Madame Victoire was handsome, and very graceful; her address, mien and smile were in perfect accordance with the

* This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted the *Veni Creator* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of execution they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last, and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once: it was the silence of death!

goodness of her heart. Madame Sophie was remarkably ugly. Never did I behold a person of so revolting an appearance; she walked with the greatest rapidity; and, in order to recognise people without looking at them, she had acquired the habit of leering on one side, like a hare. This Princess was so exceedingly diffident that a person might be with her daily, for years together, without hearing her utter a single word. It was asserted, however, that she displayed talent, and even attractiveness, in the society of some favourite ladies. She taught herself a great deal, but she studied alone; the presence of a reader would have disconcerted her very much. There were, however, occasions on which this Princess, generally so untractable, became all at once affable and condescending, and manifested the most communicative good-nature. This would happen during a storm; she was afraid of it, and so great was her alarm on such an occasion that she then approached the most humble, and would ask them a thousand obliging questions. A flash of lightning made her squeeze their hands; a peal of thunder would drive her to embrace them; but with the return of the calm the Princess resumed her stiffness, her reserve, and her repulsive air, and passed everyone without taking the slightest notice, until a fresh storm restored to her at once her terror and her affability.

These ladies found in a beloved brother, whose excellent qualities are known to all Frenchmen, a guide in everything wanting to their education, so much neglected in infancy. In their august mother, Maria Leckzinska, they possessed the noblest model of every pious and social virtue; that Princess, by her eminent qualifications and her modest dignity, veiled the failings with which, most unhappily, the King was justly reproachable: and while she lived she preserved in the Court of Louis XV. that suitable and imposing tone which alone supports the respect due to power. The Princesses, her daughters, were worthy of her; and, if a few degraded beings did aim the shafts of calumny at them, these shafts dropped harmless, warded off by the high idea entertained of the

elevation of their sentiments and the purity of their conduct.

If the ladies had not tasked themselves with numerous occupations they would have been much to be pitied. They loved walking, but could enjoy nothing beyond the public gardens of Versailles; they would gladly have cultivated flowers, but could have no others than those in their windows.

Thé Marchioness de Durfort, since Duchess de Civrac,* afforded Madame Victoire the sweets of an amiable society. The Princess spent almost all her evenings with that lady, and at length fancied herself one of her family.

Madame de Narbonne had, in a similar way, taken pains to make her intimate acquaintance agreeable to Madame Adelaide.

Madame Louise had for may years lived in great seclusion. I read to her five hours a day. My voice frequently betrayed the exhaustion of my lungs. The Princess would then prepare sugared water for me, place it by me, and apologise for making me read so long, on the score of having prescribed a course of reading for herself.

One evening, while I was reading, she was informed that M. Bertin, Minister of the Escheats, desired to speak with her: she went out abruptly, returned, resumed her silks and embroidery, and made me resume my book; when I retired, she commanded me to be in her closet the next morning at eleven o'clock. When I got there the Princess was gone out; I learned that she had gone at seven in the morning to the convent of the Carmelites of St. Denis, where she was desirous of taking the veil. I went to Madame Victoire. There I heard that the King alone had been acquainted with Madame Louise's project; that he had kept it faithfully secret, and that, having long previously opposed her wish, he had only on the preceding evening sent her his consent; that she had gone alone into the convent, where she was expected;

* The Duchess de Civrac, grandmother of two heroes of La Vendée, Lescure and La Roche-Jacquelin, by the marriage of her eldest daughter with M. d'Onissau; and of the unfortunate Labedoyere, by the marriage of her second daughter with M. de Chastellux.

and that, a few minutes afterwards, she had made her appearance at the grate, to show the Princess de Guistel, who had accompanied her to the convent gate, and to her attendant, the King's order to leave her in the monastery.

Upon receiving the intelligence of her sister's departure, Madame Adelaide gave way to violent paroxysms of rage, and reproached the King bitterly for the secrecy which he had thought it his duty to preserve. Madame Victoire missed the society of her favourite sister, but she only shed tears in silence on her abandonment of them. The first time I saw this excellent Princess after that event, I threw myself at her feet, kissed her hand, and asked her, with all the confidence of youth, whether she would quit us as Madame Louise had done. She raised me, embraced me, and said, pointing to the sofa upon which she was extended, "Make yourself easy, my dear; I shall never have Louise's courage. I love the conveniences of life too well; *this couch is my destruction.*" As soon as I obtained permission to do so, I went to St. Denis to see my august and holy mistress; she deigned to receive me with her face uncovered, in her private parlour; she told me she had just left the washhouse, and that it was her turn that day to attend to the linen. "I greatly misused your youthful lungs for two years before the execution of my project," added she; "I knew that here I could read none but books tending to our salvation, and I wished to review all the historians that had interested me."

She informed me that the King's consent for her to go to St. Denis had been brought to her while I was reading; she prided herself, and with reason, upon having returned to her closet without the slightest mark of agitation, though she said she felt so keenly, that she could scarcely regain her chair. She added that moralists were right when they said that happiness does not dwell in palaces; that she had proved it; and that, if I desired to be happy, she advised me to come and enjoy

a retreat in which the liveliest imagination might find full exercise in the contemplation of a better world. I had no palace, no earthly grandeur to sacrifice to God, nothing but the society of an affectionate family ; but it is precisely there that the moralists whom she cited have placed true happiness. I replied that, in private life, the absence of a beloved and cherished daughter would be too cruelly felt by her family. The Princess said no more on the subject.

The seclusion of Madame Louise was attributed to various motives ; some were unkind enough to suppose it to have been occasioned by her mortification at being, in point of rank, the last of the Princesses. I think I penetrated the true cause.

Her soul was lofty ; she loved everything sublime ; often, while I was reading, she would interrupt me to exclaim, " That is beautiful ! that is noble ! " There was but one brilliant action that she could perform—to quit a palace for a cell, and rich garments for a frieze gown. She achieved it.

I saw Madame Louise two or three times more at the grate. I was informed of her death by Louis XVI. " My aunt Louise," said he to me, " your old mistress, is just dead at St. Denis. I have this moment received intelligence of it. Her piety and resignation were admirable, and yet the delirium of my good aunt recalled to her recollection that she was a princess, for her last words were : *' To paradise quick, quick, full speed ! '* No doubt she thought she was again giving orders to her groom."

Madame Victoire, good, sweet-tempered and affable, lived with the most amiable simplicity in a society wherein she was much caressed ; she was adored by her household. Without quitting Versailles, without sacrificing her indolent sofa, she fulfilled the duties of religion with punctuality, gave to the poor all that she possessed, and strictly observed Lent and the fasts. It is true that the table of the Princesses had acquired a reputation for dishes of abstinence, which the assiduous parasites at

that of their *maître d'hôtel* spread abroad. Madame Victoire was not indifferent to good living, but she had the most religious scruples respecting dishes which it was allowable for her to eat of at penitential times. I saw her one day exceedingly tormented by her doubts about a water-fowl, which was often served up to her during Lent. The question to be irrevocably determined was whether it was fish or flesh. She consulted a bishop who happened to be of the party; the prelate immediately assumed a decided tone of voice and the grave attitude of a judge in the highest court of appeal. He answered the Princess that it had been resolved that, in a similar case of doubt, after dressing the bird, it should be pricked over a very cold silver dish; that if the gravy of the animal congealed within a quarter of an hour, the creature was to be accounted flesh; but if the gravy remained in an oily state, it might be eaten at all times without scruple. Madame Victoire immediately made the experiment—the gravy did not congeal; and this was a source of great joy to the Princess, who was very partial to that sort of game. The abstinence which so much occupied the attention of Madame Victoire was so disagreeable to her that she listened with impatience for the striking of the midnight hour of Holy Saturday; and then she was immediately supplied with a good dish of fowl and rice, and sundry other succulent viands. She confessed, with such amiable candour, her taste for good cheer and the comforts of life, that one must have been as severe in principle as insensible to the excellent qualities of the Princess to blame her for it.

Madame Adelaide had more talents than Madame Victoire, but she was altogether deficient in that kindness which alone creates affection for the great; abrupt manners, a harsh voice, and a short way of speaking rendered her more than imposing. She carried the idea of the prerogative of rank to a high pitch. One of her chaplains was unlucky enough to say *Dominus vobiscum* with rather too easy an air; the Princess rated him soundly for it after Mass, and told him to remember that

he was not a bishop, and not to think again of officiating in the style of a prelate.

The ladies lived quite separate from the King. Since the death of Madame de Pompadour he had lived alone. The enemies of the Duke de Choiseul did not know in what society, nor through what channel, they could prepare and bring about the downfall of the man who stood in their way. The King was connected only with women of so low a class that they could not be made use of for any regular intrigue; moreover, the Parc-aux-Cerfs was a seraglio, the beauties of which were often changed; it was desirable to give the King a mistress who might form a circle round her, and in whose drawing-room, through the power of daily insinuations, the long-standing attachment of the King for the Duke de Choiseul might be overcome. It is true that Madame du Barry was selected from a class sufficiently low. Her origin, her education, her habits, and everything about her, bore a vulgar and shameful character; but by marrying her to a man who dated his nobility from 1400, it was thought scandal would be avoided. The conqueror of Mahon conducted this vile intrigue. Such a mistress was judiciously selected for the diversion of the latter years of a man weary of grandeur, fatigued with pleasure and cloyed with voluptuousness. Neither the wit, the talents, the graces of the Marchioness de Pompadour, her regular beauty, nor even her love for the King, would have had any further influence over that worn-out being.

He wanted a Roxalana of familiar gaiety, without any respect for the dignity of the sovereign. Madame du Barry one day so far forgot propriety as to desire to be present at a council of state; the King was weak enough to consent to it; there she remained, ridiculously perched up on the arm of his chair, playing off all sorts of childish monkey-tricks, calculated to please an old sultan.

Another time she snatched a packet of sealed letters from the King's hand; among them she had observed one from Count de Broglie; she told the King that she knew that vile Broglie spoke ill of her to him, and that

for that once, at least, she would make sure he should read nothing respecting her. The King wanted to get the packet again ; she resisted, and made him run two or three times round the table, which was in the middle of the council-chamber, and at length, passing the fire-place, she threw the letters into the grate, where they were consumed. The King became furious ; he seized his audacious mistress by the arm, and put her out of the door without speaking to her. Madame du Barry thought herself utterly disgraced ; she returned home, and remained two hours, alone, abandoned to the utmost distress. The King went to her : the Countess, in tears, threw herself at his feet, and he pardoned her.

Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau, the Duchess de Choiseul, and the Duchess de Grammont had renounced the honour of the King's intimate acquaintance rather than share it with Madame du Barry. But a few years after the death of Louis XV., Madame la Maréchale, being alone at the Val, a house belonging to M. de Beauvau, Mademoiselle de Dillon saw the Countess's calash take shelter in the forest of St. Germain during a violent storm. She invited her in, and the Countess herself related these particulars, which I had from Madame de Beauvau.

The Count du Barry, surnamed " Le Roué " (the profligate), and Mademoiselle du Barry advised, or rather prompted, Madame du Barry in furtherance of the plans of the party of the Marshal de Richelieu and the Duke d'Aiguillon. Sometimes they set her to act even in such a way as to have a useful influence upon great political measures. Under pretence that the page who accompanied Charles I. in his flight was a Du Barry or Barrymore, they persuaded the Countess du Barry to buy in London that fine portrait which we now have in the museum. She had the picture placed in her drawing-room, and when she saw the King hesitating upon the violent measure of breaking up his parliament, and forming that which was called the Maupeou parliament, she

desired him to look at the portrait of a king who had given way to his parliament.

The men of ambition who were labouring to overthrow the Duke de Choiseul strengthened themselves by their concentration at the house of the favourite, and succeeded in their project. The bigots, who never forgave that minister the suppression of the Jesuits, and who had always been hostile to a treaty of alliance with Austria, influenced the minds of the Princesses. The Duke de la Vauguyon, the young Dauphin's governor, inspired him with the same prejudices.

Such was the state of the public mind when the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette arrived at the Court of Versailles, just at the moment when the party which brought her was about to be overcome.

Madame Adelaide openly avowed her dislike to a princess of the House of Austria ; and when M. Campan went to receive his orders, at the moment of setting off with the household of the Dauphiness, to go and receive the Archduchess upon the frontiers, she said she disapproved of the marriage of her nephew with an archduchess, and that if she had had any order to give, it would not have been to seek.

CHAPTER II

MARIE-ANTOINETTE-JOSEPHE-JEANNE DE LORRAINE, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis de Lorraine and Maria Theresa, was born on the 2nd of November, 1755, the day of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which appeared to stamp the era of her birth with a fatal mark, without forming a motive for superstitious fear with the Princess, nevertheless made an impression upon her mind. As the Empress already had a great number of daughters, she ardently desired to have another son, and playfully wagered against her wish with the Duke de Parouka, who had insisted that she would give birth to an archduke. He lost by the birth of the Princess, and had executed in porcelain a figure with one knee bent on the earth, and presenting tablets, upon which the following verses by the celebrated Metastasio were engraved:

"Io perdei: l' augusta figlia
A pagar, m' a condannato;
Ma s' é ver che a voi somiglia,
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato."*

The Queen was fond of talking of the first years of her youth. Her father, the Emperor Francis, had made a deep impression upon her heart; she lost him when she was scarcely seven years old. One of those circumstances which fix themselves strongly in the memories of children, frequently recalled his last caresses to her. The Emperor was setting out for Inspruck; he had already left his palace, when he ordered a gentleman to fetch the

* "I lost: the noble girl has condemned me to pay; but if it is true that she is like you, all the world has gained."

Archduchess Marie Antoinette and bring her to his carriage. When she came, he stretched out his arms to receive her, and said, after having pressed her to his bosom, "I wished to embrace this child once more." The Emperor died suddenly during the journey, and never saw his beloved daughter again.

The Queen often spoke of her mother, and with profound respect, but she formed all her schemes for the education of her children by the essentials which had been neglected in her own. Maria Theresa, who inspired awe by her great qualities, taught the Archduchess to fear and respect rather than to love her, at least I observed it in the Queen's feelings towards her august mother. She, therefore, never desired to place between her own children and herself that distance which had existed in the Imperial family. She cited a fatal consequence of it, which had made upon her such a powerful impression as time had never been able to efface. The wife of the Emperor Joseph II. was taken from him in a few days by an attack of small-pox of the worst kind. Her coffin had recently been deposited in the vault of the Imperial family. The Archduchess Josepha, who had been betrothed to the King of Naples, at the instant she was quitting Vienna received an order from the Empress not to set off without having offered up a prayer in the vault of her forefathers. The Archduchess, persuaded that she should take the disorder to which her sister-in-law had just fallen a victim, looked upon this order as her death-warrant. She loved the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette tenderly ; she took her upon her knees, embraced her with tears, and told her she was about to leave her, not for Naples, but never to see her again ; that she was then going down to the tomb of her ancestors, and that she should shortly go again, there to remain. Her anticipation was realized ; a confluent small-pox carried her off in a very few days, and her youngest sister ascended the throne of Naples in her place.

The Empress was too much taken up with high political

interests to have it in her power to devote herself to maternal attentions. The celebrated Van Swieten, her physician, went daily to visit the young Imperial family, and afterwards to Maria Theresa, and gave the most minute details respecting the health of the Archdukes and Archduchesses, whom she herself sometimes did not see for eight or ten days at a time. As soon as the arrival of a stranger of rank at Vienna was made known, the Empress collected her family about her, admitted them to her table, and by this concerted meeting induced a belief that she herself presided over the education of her children.

The chief governesses being under no fear of inspection from Maria Theresa, aimed at making themselves beloved by their pupils by the common and blameable practice of indulgence, so fatal to the future progress and happiness of infancy. Marie Antoinette was the cause of her governess being dismissed, through a confession that all her copies and all her letters were invariably first traced out with pencil; the Countess de Brandes was appointed to succeed her, and fulfilled her duties with great exactness and talent. The Queen looked upon her having been confided to her care so late, as a misfortune, and always continued upon terms of friendship with that lady. The education of Marie Antoinette was certainly very much neglected.* The public prints, however, teemed with assertions of the superior talents of Maria Theresa's children. They often noticed the answers which the young Princesses gave in Latin to the harangues addressed to them; they uttered them, it is true, but without understanding them; they knew not a single word of that language.

Mention was one day made to the Queen of a drawing made by her, and presented by the Empress to

* With the exception of the Italian language, all that related to *belles lettres*, and particularly to history, even that of her own country, was almost entirely unknown to her. This was soon found out at the court of France, and thence arose the generally received opinion that she was deficient in sense. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, whether that opinion was well or ill founded.

M. Gerard, Chief Secretary of Foreign Affairs, on the occasion of his going to Vienna to draw up the articles for her marriage-contract. "I should blush," said she, "if that proof of the quackery of my education were shown to me. I do not believe that I ever put a pencil upon that drawing." However, what had been taught her she knew perfectly well. Her facility of learning was inconceivable, and if all her teachers had been as well informed and as faithful to their duty as the Abbé Metastasio, who taught her Italian, she would have attained as great a proficiency in the other branches of her education. The Queen spoke that language with grace and ease, and translated the most difficult poets. She did not write French correctly, but she spoke it with the greatest fluency, and even affected to say that she had lost the German. In fact, she attempted in 1787 to learn her mother-tongue, and took lessons assiduously for six weeks; she was obliged to relinquish them, finding all the difficulties which a Frenchwoman who should take up the study too late would have to encounter. In the same manner she gave up English, which I had taught her for some time, and in which she had made rapid progress. Music was the accomplishment in which the Queen most delighted. She did not play well on any instrument, but she had become able to read at sight like a first-rate professor. She had attained this degree of perfection in France, this branch of her education having been neglected at Vienna as much as the rest. A few days after her arrival at Versailles, she was introduced to her singing-master, La Garde, author of the opera of *Eglé*. She made a distant appointment with him, needing, as she said, rest after the fatigues of the journey and the numerous *fêtes* which had taken place at Versailles; but the motive was, a desire to conceal how ignorant she was of the rudiments of music. She asked M. Campan whether his son, who was a good musician, could give her lessons secretly for three months. "The Dauphiness," added she, smiling, "must be careful of the reputation of the Archduchess." The lessons were given

privately, and at the end of three months of constant application, she sent for M. la Garde, and surprised him by her skill.

The desire to perfect Marie Antoinette in the study of the French language was probably the motive which determined Maria Theresa to provide for her as teachers two French actors—Aufresne, for pronunciation and declamation; and one Sainville, for taste in French singing; the latter had been an officer in France, and bore a bad character. The choice gave just umbrage to our Court. The Marquis de Durfort, at that time Ambassador at Vienna, was ordered to make a representation to the Empress upon her selection. The two actors were dismissed, and that Princess required that an ecclesiastic should be sent to her. It was at that period that the Duke de Choiseul was solicitous to send her a preceptor. Several eminent ecclesiastics declined taking upon themselves so delicate an office; others who were pointed out by Maria Theresa (among the rest the Abbé Grisel) belonged to parties which sufficed to exclude them.

The Archbishop of Toulouse, since Archbishop of Sens, one day went to M. the Duke de Choiseul, at the moment when he was really embarrassed upon the subject of this nomination; he proposed to him the Abbé de Vermond, librarian of the College des Quatre Nations. The advantageous manner in which he spoke of his *protégé* procured the appointment for the latter on that very day; and the gratitude of the Abbé de Vermond towards the prelate was very fatal to France, inasmuch as after seventeen years of persevering attempts to bring him into the Ministry, he succeeded at last in getting him named Comptroller-General and President of the Council.

This Abbé de Vermond, of whom, because his powers always remained in the shade, historians say but little, directed almost all the Queen's actions. He had established his influence over her at an age when impressions are the most durable; and it was easy to see that he had

only endeavoured to render himself beloved by his pupil, and had troubled himself very little with the care of instructing her. He might have even been accused of having, by a sharp-sighted though culpable policy, left her in ignorance. Marie Antoinette spoke the French language with much grace, but wrote it less perfectly. The Abbé de Vermond revised all the letters which she sent to Vienna. The insupportable folly with which he boasted of it developed the character of a man more flattered at being admitted into her confidence than anxious to fulfil the high office of her preceptor with propriety.

His pride received its birth at Vienna, where Maria Theresa, as much to give him authority with the Archduchess as to make herself mistress of his character, permitted him to mix every evening with the private circle of her family, into which the future Dauphiness had been admitted for some time. Joseph II., the elder Archduchesses, and a few noblemen honoured by the confidence of Maria Theresa, composed the party ; and all that could be expected from persons of exalted rank in reflections on the world, on courts, and the duties of princes, were the usual topics of conversation. The Abbé de Vermond, in relating these particulars, confessed the means which he had made use of to gain admission into this private circle. The Empress, meeting with him at the Archduchess's, asked him if he had formed any connections in Vienna. " None, madam," replied he ; " the apartment of the Archduchess and the hotel of the Ambassador of France are the only places which the man honoured with the care of the Princess's education should frequent." A month afterwards, Maria Theresa, through a habit common enough among Sovereigns, asked him the same question and received precisely the same answer. The next day he received an order to be with the Imperial family every evening.

It is extremely probable, from the constant and well-known intercourse between this man and Count Mercy, Ambassador of the Empire, during the whole reign of

Louis XVI., that he was useful to the Court of Vienna,* and that he often caused the Queen to decide on measures, the consequence of which she did not consider. Born in a low class of citizens,† imbued with all the principles of the modern philosophy, and yet holding to the hierarchy of the Church more tenaciously than any other ecclesiastic, vain, talkative, and, at the same time, cunning and abrupt, very ugly, and affecting singularity, treating the most exalted persons as his equals, sometimes even as his inferiors, the Abbé de Vermond received ministers and bishops when in his bath ; but said at the same time that Cardinal Dubois was a fool ; that a man such as he, having obtained power, ought to make cardinals and refuse to be one himself.

Intoxicated with the reception he had met with at the Court of Vienna, and having till then seen nothing of grandeur, the Abbé de Vermond admired and valued no other customs than those of the Imperial family ; he ridiculed the etiquette of the house of Bourbon incessantly ; the young Dauphiness was constantly incited by his sarcasms to get rid of it, and it was he who first induced her to suppress an infinity of practices of which he could discern neither the prudence nor the political aim. Such is the faithful portrait of that man whom the unlucky star of Marie Antoinette had reserved to guide her first steps upon a stage so conspicuous and so full of danger as that of the Court of Versailles.

It will be thought, perhaps, that I draw the character of the Abbé de Vermond too unfavourably ; but how can I view with any complacency one who, after having arrogated to himself the office of confidant and sole counsellor of the Queen, guided her with so little prudence, and caused us the mortification of seeing that

* A person who had dined with the Abbé one day at the Count de Mercy's, said to that Ambassador, " How can you bear that tiresome proser ? " " How can you ask it ? " replied M. de Mercy ; " you could answer the question yourself : it is because I want him."

† The Abbé de Vermond was the son of a village surgeon, and brother of an accoucheur, who had acted in that capacity for the Queen. When he was with Her Majesty, in speaking to his brother, he never addressed him otherwise than as Monsieur l'Accoucheur.

Princess blend, with qualities which charmed all that surrounded her, errors alike injurious to her reputation and her happiness? When a man voluntarily takes upon himself duties so important, complete success alone can justify his ambition.

While M. de Choiseul, satisfied with the person whom M. de Brienne had presented, sent him to Vienna with every eulogium calculated to inspire unbounded confidence, the Marquis de Durfort sent off a *valet de chambre* and a few French fashions; and then it was thought sufficient pains had been taken to form the character of a princess destined to the throne of France.

It is universally known that the marriage of the Dauphin with the Archduchess was determined upon during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. The Marquis de Durfort, who was to succeed the Baron de Breteuil in the Embassy to Vienna, was appointed proxy for the marriage ceremony: but six months after the Dauphin's marriage the Duke de Choiseul was disgraced, and Madame de Marsan and Madame de Guéménée, who grew more powerful through the Duke's disgrace, conferred that embassy upon Prince Louis de Rohan, afterwards Cardinal and Grand Almoner.

Hence it will be seen that the *Gazette de France* is a sufficient answer to those ignorant libellers who dared to assert that the young Archduchess was acquainted with the Cardinal de Rohan before the period of her marriage. A worse selection in itself, or one more disagreeable to Maria Theresa, than that which sent to her in quality of ambassador a man so light and so immoral as Prince Louis de Rohan, could not have been made. He possessed but superficial knowledge upon any subject, and was totally ignorant in diplomatic affairs. His reputation had gone before him to Vienna, and his mission opened under the most unfavourable auspices. In want of money, and the House of Rohan being unable to make him any considerable advances, he obtained from his Court a patent which authorised him to borrow the sum of 600,000 livres upon his benefices, ran in debt above

a million, and thought to dazzle the city and Court of Vienna by the most indecent, and at the same time the most ill-judged extravagance.* He formed a suite of eight or ten gentlemen of names sufficiently high-sounding ; twelve pages equally well born, a crowd of officers and servants, a company of chamber musicians, etc. But this idle pomp did not last ; embarrassment and distress soon showed themselves ; his people, no longer receiving pay, abused the privileges of ambassadors in order to make money, and smuggled with so much effrontery, that Maria Theresa, to put a stop to it without offending the Court of France, was compelled to suppress the privileges in this respect of all the diplomatic bodies, a step which rendered the person and conduct of Prince Louis odious in every foreign Court. He seldom obtained private audiences from the Empress, who did not esteem him, and who expressed herself without reserve upon his conduct, both as a Bishop and as an ambassador. He thought to obtain favour by assisting in the attempt to effect a marriage between the Archduchess Elizabeth, the elder sister of Marie Antoinette, and Louis XV., an affair which was awkwardly undertaken, and which Madame du Barry had no difficulty in crushing. I have deemed it my duty to omit no particular of the moral and political character of a man whose existence was subsequently so fatal to the reputation of Marie Antoinette.

* I have often heard the Queen say, that in the office of the secretary of the Prince de Rohan, there were sold in one year at Vienna more silk stockings than at Lyons and Paris together.

CHAPTER III

A SUPERB pavilion had been prepared upon the frontiers, near Kell; it consisted of a vast saloon connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the Court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the Dauphiness, composed of the Countess de Noailles, her lady-of-honour; the Duchess de Cossé, her tire-woman; four ladies of the bedchamber; the Count de Saulx-Tavannes, first gentleman-usher; the Count de Tessé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards and the pages.

When the Dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign Court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young Princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes and with a heartfelt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial deportment—her smile was sufficient to win the heart: and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gaiety shone forth—an indescribable but august serenity—perhaps, also, the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars.

While doing justice to the virtues of the Countess de Noailles, those sincerely attached to the Queen have always considered it as one of the earliest misfortunes of the latter—perhaps even the greatest that she could experience on her entrance into the world—not to have found, in the person assigned her for an adviser, an

indulgent, enlightened woman, administering good counsel with that sweetness which engages young persons to follow it. The Countess de Noailles had nothing agreeable in her appearance ; her demeanour was stiff and her mien severe. She was perfect mistress of etiquette, but she wearied the young Princess with it, without making her sensible of its importance. So much ceremony was indeed oppressive ; but it was adopted upon the expediency of presenting the young Princess to the French in such a manner as to command their respect, and especially of guarding her, by an imposing barrier, against the deadly shafts of calumny. It would have been proper to convince the Dauphiness that, in France, her dignity depended much upon customs by no means necessary at Vienna to attract the respect and love of the good and submissive Austrians towards the Imperial family. The Dauphiness was thus perpetually tormented by the remonstrances of the Countess de Noailles, and, at the same time, prompted by the Abbé de Vermond to ridicule both the lessons upon etiquette and her who gave them. She preferred raillery to argument, and surnamed the Countess de Noailles "Madame l'Etiquette." This piece of humour gave rise to a presumption that as soon as the young Princess could follow her own inclinations, she would free herself from these formal customs.*

* The Countess de Noailles, the Queen's lady-of-honour, possessed abundance of good qualities ; piety, charity and irreproachable morals rendered her worthy of reverence ; but with all the frivolity which a narrow mind could add even to the noblest qualifications, the Countess was also abundantly provided. Etiquette was to her a kind of atmosphere : at the slightest derangement of the prescribed order of things, it might be imagined that she was on the point of being suffocated. The Queen required a lady-of-honour who would explain to her the origin of these forms—very inconvenient, it must be confessed, but invented as a fence against malevolence. The custom of having ladies-of-honour and gentlemen-ushers, and that of wearing hoops of three ells in circumference, was certainly invented to intrench all young princesses so respectably that the malicious gaiety of the French, their proneness to insinuations, and, too often, to calumny, should not by any possibility find an opportunity to attack them.

The Countess de Noailles was incessantly teasing the Queen with a thousand remonstrances, that she ought to have saluted this person in one way, and that person in another. All Paris knew that the Queen had named her "Madame l'Etiquette" : according to their turn of mind, some approved of this nickname, and others condemned it ; but all agreed that the young Queen was disposed to free herself from wearisome ceremonies.

The entertainments which were given at Versailles on the marriage of the Dauphin were remarkably splendid. The Dauphiness arrived there in time for her toilette, after having slept at La Muette, where Louis XV. had been to receive her, and where that Prince, blinded by a feeling unworthy of a sovereign and the father of a family, caused the young Princess, the Royal family, and the ladies of the Court to sit down to supper with Madame du Barry.

The Dauphiness was hurt at this conduct ; she spoke of it openly enough to those with whom she was intimate, but she knew how to conceal her dissatisfaction in public, and her behaviour showed no signs of it.

She was received at Versailles in an apartment on the ground floor, under that of the late Queen, which was not prepared for her until six months after the day of her marriage.

The Dauphiness, then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the Princesses of her House and of the graces of the French ; her eyes were mild, her smile lovely. When she went to chapel, as soon as she had taken the first few steps in the long gallery, she discerned, all the way to its extremity, those persons whom she ought to salute with the consideration due to their rank ; those on whom she should bestow an inclination of the head ; and lastly, those who were to be satisfied with a smile, while they read in her eyes a feeling of benevolence, calculated to console them for not being entitled to honours.

Louis XV. was enchanted with the young Dauphiness ; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more successful with the Royal Family when they beheld her shorn of the splendour of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage. When clothed in a light dress of gauze or taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and the Atalanta of the Marly Gardens. Poets sang her charms,

painters attempted to copy her features. An ingenious idea of one of the latter was rewarded by Louis XV. The painter's fancy had led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose.

The King continued to talk only of the Dauphiness; and Madame du Barry angrily endeavoured to damp his enthusiasm. Whenever Marie Antoinette was the topic, she pointed out the irregularity of her features, criticised the *bon-mots* quoted as hers, and rallied the King upon his prepossession in her favour. Madame du Barry was affronted at not receiving from the Dauphiness those attentions to which she thought herself entitled; she did not conceal her vexation from the King; she was afraid that the grace and cheerfulness of the young Princess would make the domestic circle of the Royal family more agreeable to the old sovereign, and that he would escape her chains; at the same time hatred to the Choiseul party contributed powerfully to excite the enmity of the favourite.

It is known that the shameful elevation of Madame du Barry was the work of the anti-Choiseul party. The fall of that minister took place in November, 1770, six months after his long influence in the council had brought about the alliance with the House of Austria and the arrival of Marie Antoinette at the Court of France. The Princess, young, open, volatile and inexperienced, found herself without any other guide than the Abbé de Vermond, in a court ruled by the enemy of the minister who had brought her there, and in the midst of people who hated Austria and detested an alliance with the Imperial House.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, the Duke de la Vauguyon, the Marshal de Richelieu, the Rohans, and other considerable families, who had made use of Madame du Barry to overthrow the Duke, could not flatter themselves, notwithstanding their powerful intrigues, with a hope of being able to break off an alliance solemnly announced, and involving such high political interest. They therefore, without abandoning their projects, changed their

mode of attack; and it will be seen how well the conduct of the Dauphin served as a basis for their hopes.

The Dauphiness continually gave proof of both sense and feeling. Sometimes even she suffered herself to be carried away by those transports of compassionate kindness which are not to be controlled either by rank or by the customs which it establishes.

In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis XV., which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the Dauphin and Dauphiness sent their whole income for a year to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion; but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke, weeping, to her ladies, when one of them, thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: "They have at least been well punished," added the person who related these particulars. "Oh, no, no, madam!" replied the Dauphiness; "they died by the side of honest people."

In passing through Rheims, in her way to Strasburg, she said, "That town is the one, of all France, which I hope not to see again for a long time."*

The Dauphiness had brought from Vienna a considerable number of white diamonds: the King added to them the gift of the diamonds and pearls of the late Dauphiness, and also put into her hands a collar of pearls, of a single row, the smallest of which was as large as a filbert, and which had been brought into France by

* The coronation of the French Kings takes place in Rheims; so that when she should revisit that city, it would most probably be in consequence of the death of her father-in-law, Louis XV.

Anne of Austria, and appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses of France.*

The three Princesses, daughters of Louis XV., joined in making her magnificent presents. Madame Adelaide at the same time gave the young Princess a key of the private corridors of the castle, by means of which, without any suite, and without being perceived, she could get to the apartment of her aunts and see them in private. The Dauphiness, on receiving the key, told them, with infinite grace, that if they had meant to make her appreciate the superb presents they were kind enough to bestow upon her, they should not at the same time have offered her one of such inestimable value ; for that to the key she should be indebted for an intimacy and advice unspeakably precious at her age. She did, indeed, make use of it very frequently ; but Madame Victoire alone permitted her, as long as she continued Dauphiness, to visit her familiarly. Madame Adelaide could not overcome her prejudices against Austrian princesses, and was wearied with the somewhat obtrusive gaiety of the Dauphiness. Madame Victoire was concerned at this, feeling that their society and counsel would have been highly useful to a young person, otherwise likely to meet with none but parasites and flatterers. She endeavoured, therefore, to induce her to take pleasure in the society of the Marchioness de Durfort, her maid-of-honour and favourite. Several agreeable entertainments took place at the house of this lady, but the Countess de Noailles and the Abbé de Vermond soon opposed these meetings.

A circumstance which happened in hunting near the village of Acheres, in the forest of Fontainebleau, afforded the young Princess an opportunity of displaying her respect for old age, and her compassion for misfortune. A very old peasant was wounded by the stag ; the Dauphiness jumped out of her calash, placed the

* I mention this collar thus particularly because the Queen thought it her duty, notwithstanding this appropriation, to give it up to the commission of the National Assembly, when they came to strip the King and Queen of the Crown diamonds.

peasant with his wife and children in it, had the family taken back to their cottage, and bestowed upon them every attention and every necessary assistance. Her heart was always open to the feelings of compassion; and, under such circumstances, the recollection of her rank never checked the effects of her sensibility. Several persons in her service entered her room one evening, expecting to find nobody there but the officer in waiting; they perceived the young Princess seated by the side of this man, who was considerably advanced in years; she had placed near him a bowl full of water; was staunching the blood which issued from a wound he had received in his hand with her handkerchief, which she had torn up to bind it, and was fulfilling towards him all the duties of a pious nun of the Order of Charity. The old man, affected even to tears, out of respect left his august mistress to act as she thought proper. He had hurt himself in endeavouring to bring forward some rather heavy piece of furniture which the Princess had asked him for.

In the month of July, 1770, an unfortunate occurrence that took place in a family which the Dauphiness honoured with her favour, contributed again to show not only her sensibility, but also the justness of her ideas. One of her women had a son who was an officer in the gendarmes of the guard; this young man thought himself affronted by a clerk in the War department, and imprudently sent him a formal challenge: he killed his adversary in the forest of Compiègne; the family of the young man who was killed, being in possession of the challenge, demanded justice. The King, distressed on account of several duels which had recently taken place, had unfortunately declared that he would show no mercy on the first event of that kind which could be proved; the culprit was therefore arrested. His mother, in all the agitation of the deepest grief, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the Dauphiness, the Dauphin and the young Princesses; after an hour's supplication they obtained from the King the favour so

much desired. On the next day, a lady of rank, who had certainly suffered herself to be prejudiced against the gendarme's mother, while congratulating the Dauphiness, had the malice to add that the mother had neglected no means of success on the occasion; that she had solicited not only the Royal family, but even Madame du Barry. The Dauphiness replied that the fact justified the favourable opinion she had formed of the worthy woman; that the heart of a mother should hesitate at nothing for the salvation of her son; and that, in her place, if she had thought it would be serviceable, she would have thrown herself at the feet of Zamora.*

Some time after the marriage entertainments, the Dauphiness made her entry into Paris, and was received with transports of joy. After dining in the King's apartment at the Thuileries, she was forced by the reiterated shouts of the multitude, with which the garden was filled, to present herself upon the balcony fronting the principal walk. On seeing such a crowd of heads with their eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed, "Great God, what a concourse!" "Madam," said the old Duke de Brissac, Governor of Paris, "I may tell you, without fear of offending the Dauphin, that they are so many lovers." The Dauphin took no umbrage at either acclamations or marks of homage of which the Dauphiness was the object. The most mortifying indifference, a coldness which frequently degenerated into rudeness, were the sole feelings which the young Prince then manifested towards her. Not all her charms could gain even upon his senses; he threw himself, as a matter of duty, upon the bed of the Dauphiness, and often fell asleep without saying a single word to her. This distance, which lasted a long time, was said to be the work of the Duke de la Vauguyon. The Dauphiness, in fact, had no sincere friends at Court, except the Duke de Choiseul and his party. Will it be credited that the plans laid against

* A little Indian who carried the Countess du Barry's train. Louis XV. often amused himself with the little marmoset; having facetiously made him Governor of Luciennes, he received an annual income of 5,000 francs.

Marie Antoinette went so far as to aim at a divorce? I have been assured of it by persons holding high situations at Court, and many circumstances tend to confirm the opinion. On the journey to Fontainebleau, in the year of the marriage, the inspectors of public buildings were gained over to manage so that the apartment intended for the Dauphin, communicating with that of the Dauphiness, should not be finished; and a temporary apartment at the extremity of the building was assigned to him. The Dauphiness, aware that this was the result of intrigue, had the courage to complain of it to Louis XV., who, after severe reprimands, gave orders so positive that within the week the apartment was ready. Every method was tried to continue and augment the indifference which the Dauphin long manifested towards his youthful spouse. She was deeply hurt at it, but she never suffered herself to utter the slightest complaint on the subject. The Dauphin's indifference to, nay, his contempt for, the charms which she heard extolled on all sides, never induced her to break silence; and occasional tears, which would involuntarily burst from her eyes, were the sole symptoms of her inward sufferings discoverable by those in her service.

Once only, when tired out with the misplaced remonstrances of an old maid attached to her person, who wished to dissuade her from riding on horseback, under the impression that it would prevent her producing heirs to the Crown: "Mademoiselle," said she, "in God's name do not tease me; be assured that I am putting no heir in danger."

I thought it my duty to portray, early in these Memoirs, the obscure, though ambitious man who guided Marie Antoinette from her infancy down to the fatal epoch of the Revolution.

I have given the character of the Dauphiness's maid-of-honour; I have noticed some particulars of the prejudice of Madame Adelaide, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., against the House of Austria; I have spoken of the great kindness of the second Princess, Madame

Victoire, and of her affection for Marie Antoinette ; and lastly, I have sketched the character of Madame Sophie, the King's third daughter, who did not afford to her niece, even to the extent which her sisters did, the useful resources of society.

The Dauphiness found at the Court of Louis XV., besides the three Princesses the King's daughters, the Princes also, brothers of the Dauphin, who were receiving their education, and the Ladies Clotilde and Elizabeth, still in the care of Madame de Marsan, governess of the children of France. The eldest of the two latter Princesses, in 1777, married the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia. This Princess was in her infancy so extremely fat, that the people nicknamed her *gros Madame*. The second Princess was the pious Elizabeth, the victim of her respect and tender attachment for the King her brother, and whose exalted virtues deserved a celestial crown. She was still scarcely out of her leading-strings at the period of the Dauphin's marriage. The Dauphiness gave her a marked preference. The governess, who sought to advance that one of the two Princesses to whom Nature had been least favourable, was offended at the Dauphiness's partiality for Madame Elizabeth ; and, by her injudicious complaints, weakened the friendship which yet subsisted between Madame Clotilde and Marie Antoinette. There even arose some degree of rivalship upon the subject of education ; and that which the Empress Maria Theresa had bestowed upon her daughters was talked of openly and unfavourably enough. The Abbé de Vermond thought himself affronted, took part in the quarrel, and added his complaints and jokes to those of the Dauphiness, upon the criticisms of the governess ; he even indulged himself, in his turn, in reflections upon the tuition of Madame Clotilde. Everything transpires at Court. Madame de Marsan was informed of all that had been said in the Dauphiness's circle, and was very angry with her on account of it. From that moment, a party of intrigue, or rather of gossip, against Marie Antoinette was

established round Madame de Marsan's fireside; her most trifling actions were there construed into ill; her gaiety and the harmless amusements in which she sometimes indulged in her own apartments, with the more youthful ladies of her train, and even with the women in her service, were stigmatized as criminal. Prince Louis de Rohan, sent Ambassador to Vienna by this society, was there the echo of these unmerited comments, and entangled himself in a series of culpable accusations, which he dignified with the name of zeal. He incessantly represented the young Dauphiness as alienating all hearts by levities unsuitable to the dignity of the French Court. The Princess frequently received from the Court of Vienna remonstrances, of the origin of which she could not long remain in ignorance. From this period the aversion which she never ceased to manifest for the Prince de Rohan must be dated.

About the same time the Dauphiness gained information of a letter written by Prince Louis to the Duke d'Aiguillon, in which the Ambassador expressed himself in very unbecoming terms respecting the intentions of Maria Theresa with relation to the partition of Poland. This letter of Prince Louis had been read at the Countess du Barry's; the levity of the Ambassador's correspondence wounded the feelings and the dignity of the Dauphiness at Versailles, while at Vienna the representations which he made to Maria Theresa against the young Princess terminated in rendering the motives of his incessant complaints suspected by the Empress.

Maria Theresa at length determined on sending her private secretary, Baron de Neni, to Versailles, with directions to observe the conduct of the Dauphiness with attention, and form a just estimate of the opinion of the Court, and of Paris, with regard to that Princess. The Baron de Neni, after having devoted sufficient time and attention to the subject, undeceived his sovereign as to the exaggerations of the French Ambassador; and the Empress had no difficulty in detecting, among the calumnies which his effrontery had conveyed to her,

under the specious name of anxiety for her august daughter, proofs of the enmity of a party which had never approved of the alliance of the House of Bourbon with her own.

At this period, the Dauphiness, still unable to obtain any influence over the heart of her husband, dreading Louis XV., justly mistrusting everything connected with Madame du Barry and the Duke d'Aiguillon, had not deserved the slightest reproach as to that sort of levity which hatred and her misfortunes afterwards construed into crime. The Empress, convinced of the innocence of Marie Antoinette, directed the Baron de Neni to solicit the recall of the Prince de Rohan, and to inform the Minister for Foreign Affairs of all the motives which made her require it; but the House of Rohan interposed between its *protégé* and the Austrian envoy, and an evasive answer merely was given.

It was not until two months after the death of Louis XV. that the Court of Vienna obtained his recall. The avowed grounds for requiring it were, first, the public gallantries of Prince Louis with women of the Court and others of less distinction; secondly, his surliness and haughtiness towards other foreign ministers, which would have had more serious consequences, especially with the ministers of England and Denmark, if the Empress herself had not interfered; thirdly, his contempt for religion in a country where it was particularly necessary to show respect for it (he had been seen frequently to dress himself in clothes of different colours, assuming the hunting uniforms of various noblemen whom he visited, with so much publicity that, one day in particular, during the Fête Dieu, he and all his legation, in green uniforms, laced with gold, broke through a procession which impeded them, in order to make their way to a hunting-party at the Prince de Paar's); and fourthly, the immense debts contracted by him and his people, which were tardily and only in part discharged.

The succeeding marriages of the Count de Provence and Count d'Artois, with two daughters of the King of

Sardinia, increasing the number of Princesses of the same age as Marie Antoinette's at Versailles, procured society for the Dauphiness more suitable to her age, and altered her mode of life. A pair of tolerably fine eyes obtained for the Countess de Provence, upon her arrival at Versailles, the only praises which could reasonably be bestowed upon her.

The Countess d'Artois though not deformed, was very small; she had a fine complexion; her face, tolerably pleasing, was not remarkable for anything except the extreme length of her nose. But being good and generous, she was beloved by those about her, and even possessed some weight, as long as she was the only one who had produced heirs to the Crown.

From this time the closest intimacy subsisted between the three young families. They took their meals together, except only on those days when they dined in public. This manner of living *en famille* continued until the Queen sometimes indulged herself in going to dine with the Duchess de Polignac, when she was governess; but the evening meetings at supper were never interrupted; they took place at the house of the Countess de Provence. Madame Elizabeth made one of the party when she had finished her education, and sometimes Mesdames, the King's aunts, were invited. This custom, which had no precedent at Court, was the work of Marie Antoinette, and she maintained it with the utmost perseverance.

The Court of Versailles saw no change in point of etiquette during the reign of Louis XV. Play took place at the house of the Dauphiness, as being the first female of the State. It had, from the death of Queen Maria Leckzinska to the marriage of the Dauphin, been held at the abode of Madame Adelaide. This removal, the result of an order of precedence not to be violated, was not the less displeasing to Madame Adelaide, who established a second party for play in her apartments, and scarcely ever went to that which not only the Court in general, but also the Royal Family, were expected to

attend. The full-dress visits to the King on his *debotter* were still continued. High Mass was attended daily. The airings of the Princesses were nothing more than rapid races in berlins, during which they were accompanied by body-guards, gentlemen-ushers, and pages on horseback. They generally galloped some leagues from Versailles. Calashes were used only in hunting.

The young Princesses were desirous to infuse animation into their circle of associates, by something useful as well as pleasant. They agreed to learn and perform all the best plays of the French Theatre ; the Dauphin was the only spectator ; the three Princesses, the two brothers of the King, and MM. Campan, father and son, were the sole performers ; but they made it of the utmost importance to keep this amusement as secret as an affair of State ; they dreaded the censure of the King's aunts ; and they had no doubt that Louis XV. would forbid such pastimes if he knew of their existence. They selected a retired room, which nobody had occasion to enter, for their performance. A kind of proscenium, which could be taken down and shut up in a closet, formed the stage. The Count de Provence always knew his part provokingly well ; the Count d'Artois knew his tolerably well, and recited elegantly ; the Princesses performed very indifferently. The Dauphiness acquitted herself in some characters with discrimination and feeling. The chief pleasure of this amusement consisted in their having all the costumes elegant and accurate. The Dauphin entered into the spirit of the diversions of the young family, laughed heartily at the comic characters as they came on the scene, and from these amusements may be dated his discontinuance of the timid manner of his youth, and his taking pleasure in the society of the Dauphiness.

A wish to extend the list of pieces for performance, and the certainty that these diversions would remain secret, had procured my father-in-law and my husband the honour of figuring among the Princes.

It was not till a long time afterwards that I learned

these particulars, M. Campan having kept the secret ; but an unforeseen event had well-nigh exposed the whole mystery. One day the Queen desired M. Campan to go down into her closet to fetch something that she had forgotten ; he was dressed for the character of Crispin, and was rouged : a private staircase led direct to the theatre through the dressing-room. M. Campan fancied he heard some noise, and remained still behind the door, which was shut. A servant belonging to the wardrobe, who was, in fact, on the staircase, had also heard some noise ; and either from fear or curiosity, he suddenly opened the door ; the figure of Crispin frightened him so that he fell down backwards, shouting with all his might, " Help ! help ! " My father-in-law raised him up, made him recognise his voice, and laid an injunction of silence as to what he had seen upon him. He felt himself, however, bound to inform the Dauphiness of what had happened ; and she was fearful that another similar occurrence might betray their amusements : they were, therefore, discontinued.

The Princess occupied her time in her own apartments, in the study of music and the parts in plays which she had to learn ; the latter exercise at least produced the beneficial effect of strengthing her memory and familarising her with the French language.

The Abbé de Vermond visited her daily, but took care to avoid the imposing tone of a governor ; and would not, even as a reader, recommend the study of history. I believe he never read a single volume of history in his life to his august pupil ; and, in truth, there never existed a Princess who manifested a more marked aversion for all serious study.

While Louis XV. reigned, the enemies of Marie Antoinette made no attempt to change public opinion with regard to her. She was always the object of the wishes and love of the French people in general, and particularly of the inhabitants of Paris, who, being deprived of the pleasure of possessing her within their city, went at all opportunities to Versailles ; the majority of them

attracted solely by the pleasure of seeing her. The courtiers did not fully enter into the truly popular enthusiasm which the Dauphiness had inspired: the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul had removed her real support from her; and the party which had continued in power since the exile of that minister was, politically, as much opposed to her family as to herself. The Dauphiness was, therefore, surrounded by enemies at Versailles.

Nevertheless, everybody appeared outwardly desirous to please her. The age of Louis XV. and the character of the Dauphin were sufficient to warn the long-sighted sagacity of the courtiers of the important part reserved for the Princess under the following reign, in case the Dauphin should become attached to her.

CHAPTER IV

About the beginning of May, 1774, Louis XV., the strength of whose constitution had promised a protracted life, was attacked by a confluent small-pox of the worst kind. The King's daughters at this juncture inspired the Dauphiness with a feeling of respect and attachment, of which she gave them repeated proofs when she ascended the throne. In fact, nothing could be more admirable or more affecting than the courage with which they braved that most horrible disease. The air of the palace was infected; more than fifty persons took the small-pox in consequence of having merely crossed the gallery of Versailles, and ten died of it.

The end of the monarch was approaching. His reign, peaceful in general, had preserved a degree of strength imparted to it by the power of his predecessor; on the other hand, his own weakness had been preparing misfortunes for the Prince who was to reign after him. The scene was about to change; hope, ambition, joy, grief, and all those feelings which variously affected the hearts of the courtiers, sought in vain to disguise themselves under a calm exterior. It was easy to detect the different motives which induced them all, every moment, to repeat the question, "How is the King?" At length, on the 10th of May, 1774, the mortal career of Louis XV. terminated.

The Countess du Barry had, a few days previously, withdrawn to Ruelle, to the Duke d'Aiguillon's; fourteen or fifteen persons belonging to the Court thought it their duty to visit her there; their liveries were observed; and these visits became for a long time grounds for dislike. More than six years after the King's death, one

of those persons being spoken of in the circle of the Royal Family, I heard it remarked, " That was one of the fifteen Ruelle carriages."

The whole Court went to the castle ; the bull's-eye was filled with courtiers, and the whole palace with the inquisitive. The Dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the Royal Family the moment the King should breathe his last sigh. But upon such an occasion decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the King's room that the latter should place a lighted taper near a window, and that at the instant of the King's decease one of them should extinguish it.

The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages and equerries mounted on horseback, and all was ready for setting off. The Dauphin was with the Dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of Louis XV. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment ; it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead Sovereign's ante-chamber to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign ; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees, and, both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, " O God ! guide us, protect us ; we are too young to govern."

The Countess de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute Marie Antoinette as Queen of France. She requested Their Majesties would condescend to quit the inner apartments for the grand saloon, to receive the Princes and all the great officers, who were desirous to do homage to their new Sovereigns. Marie Antoinette received these first visits leaning upon her husband, her handkerchief held to her eyes, and in the most affecting attitude. The carriages drove up, the guards and officers were on horseback. The castle was deserted—

everyone hastened to fly from a contagion, to brave which no inducement now remained.

On leaving the chamber of Louis XV., the Duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, ordered M. Andouillé, the King's chief surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. The chief surgeon must necessarily have died in consequence. "I am ready," replied Andouillé; "but while I operate, you shall hold the head; your office imposes this duty upon you." The Duke went off without saying a word, and the corpse was neither opened nor embalmed. A few under-servants and poor women continued with the pestiferous remains, and paid the last duty to their master. The surgeons directed that spirits of wine should be poured into the coffin.

The whole of the Court set off for Choisy, at four o'clock —Mesdames the King's aunts in their private carriage, and the Princesses under tuition with the Countess de Marsan, and their sub-governesses. The King, the Queen, Monsieur the King's brother, Madame, and the Count and Countess d'Artois went in the same carriage. The solemn scene that had just passed before their eyes—the multiplied ideas offered to their imaginations by that which was just opening, had naturally inclined them to grief and reflection; but, by the Queen's own confession, this impression, little suited to their time of life, wholly left them before they had gone half of their journey; a word, oddly pronounced by the Countess d'Artois, occasioned a general burst of laughter—and from that moment they dried their tears. The intercourse between Choisy and Paris became astonishing; never was a Court seen in greater agitation. What influence will the Royal aunts have? And the Queen? What fate is reserved for the Countess du Barry? Whom will the young King choose for his ministers? All these questions were answered in a few days. It was determined that the King's youth required him to have a confidential person near him; and that there should be a Prime Minister. All eyes were turned upon MM. de Machault and de Maurepas, both of them much advanced in years. The first had retired to

his estate, near Paris ; and the second to Pont Chartrain, to which place he had long been exiled. The letter summoning M. de Machault was already written, when Madame Adelaide obtained that important appointment for M. de Maurepas in preference. The page to whose care the first letter had been actually consigned was recalled.*

The Duke d'Aiguillon had been too openly known as the private friend of the King's mistress ; he was dismissed. M. de Vergennes, at that time ambassador of France at Stockholm, was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs ; Count du Muy, the intimate friend of the Dauphin the father of Louis XVI., obtained the War Department. The Abbé Terray in vain said, and wrote, that he had boldly done all possible injury to the creditors of the State during the reign of the late King ; that order was restored in the finances, that nothing but good remained to be done ; and that the new Court was about to enjoy the advantages of the regenerating part of his plan of finance. All these reasons, set forth in five or six memorials, which he sent in succession to the King and Queen, did not prevail to keep him in office. His talents were admitted, but the odium which his operations had unavoidably brought upon his character, combined with the immorality of his private life, forbade his further stay at Court : he was succeeded by M. de Clugny. De Maupeou, the Chancellor, was banished ; this gave universal satisfaction : lastly, the reassembling of the Parliaments produced the strongest sensation : Paris was in a delirium of joy, and not more than one person in a hundred foresaw that the spirit of the ancient magistracy would be still the same, and that in a short time it would make new attempts upon the Royal authority. Madame du Barry had been ordered to retire to Pont-aux-dames. This was a measure rather of necessity than of severity ; a short

* This fact has been doubted ; but I can assure the reader that Louis XVI. desired M. Campan to recall the page, whom he found ready to mount his horse, and whom he desired to come back again to return the letter to the King himself ; and that the Queen said to my father-in-law : " If the letter had gone, M. de Machault would have been Prime Minister ; for the King would never have consented to write a second letter, in contradiction of his first intention."

period of compulsory retreat was requisite in order to break off her connection with State affairs completely.

The possession of Luciennes and a considerable pension were continued to her.* Everybody expected the recall of M. de Choiseul; the regret occasioned by his absence among the numerous friends whom he had left at Court, the attachment of a young Princess, who was indebted to him for her elevation to the throne of France, and all concurring circumstances, seemed to foretell his return; the Queen entreated it of the King with the liveliest importunities, but she met with an insurmountable obstacle, and one which she had not foreseen. The King, it is said, had imbibed the strongest prejudices against that minister † from secret memoirs penned by his father, and which had been committed to the care of the Duke de la Vauguyon, with an injunction to place them in his hands as soon as he should be old enough to study the art of governing. It was by these memoirs that the esteem which he had conceived for Marshal du Muy was inspired, and we may add that Madame Adelaide, who at this early period possessed a powerful influence over the decisions of the young monarch, confirmed the impressions they had made.

The Queen conversed with M. Campan on the regret she felt at having been unable to contribute to the recall of M. de Choiseul, and disclosed the cause of it to him. The Abbé de Vermond, who, down to the time of the death of Louis XV., had been on terms of the strictest friendship with M. Campan, called upon him on the second day after

* The Countess du Barry never forgot the mild treatment she experienced from the Court of Louis XVI. During the most violent convulsion of the Revolution, she signified to the Queen that there was not in all France a female more grieved at the sufferings of her Sovereign than herself; that the honour she had for years enjoyed, of living near the throne, and the unbounded kindness of the King and Queen, had so sincerely attached her to the cause of Royalty that she entreated the Queen to honour her by disposing of all she possessed. Though they did not accept her offer, Their Majesties were affected at her gratitude. The Countess du Barry was, as is well known, one of the victims of the Revolution. She betrayed the lowest degree of weakness and the most ardent desire to live. She was the only woman who wept upon the scaffold and implored for mercy. Her beauty and tears made an impression on the populace, and the execution was hurried to a conclusion.

† These prejudices did not arise from the pretended crime of which slander had accused this minister, but principally from the suppression of the Jesuits, in which he had, in fact, taken an active part.

the arrival of the Court at Choisy, and, assuming a serious and austere air, said: "Sir, the Queen was indiscreet enough yesterday to speak to you of a minister to whom she must, of course, be attached, and whom his friends ardently desire to have near her. You are aware that we must give up all expectation of seeing the Duke at Court—you know the reasons why; but you do not know that the young Queen, having mentioned the conversation in question to me, it was my duty, both as her preceptor and her friend, to remonstrate most sharply with her on her indiscretion in communicating to you those particulars of which you are in possession. I am now come to tell you that if you continue to avail yourself of the good nature of your mistress, to intrude yourself into secrets of State, you will have me for your most determined enemy. The Queen ought to have no other confidant than myself here respecting things that ought to remain secret."* M. Campan answered that he did not covet the important and dangerous character at the new Court which the abbé appropriated to himself, and that he should confine himself to the duties of his office, being so satisfied with the continued kindness with which the Queen honoured him as to desire nothing more. Notwithstanding this, however, he informed the Queen on the very same evening of the injunction he had received. She owned that she had mentioned their conversation to the abbé; that he had, indeed, seriously reproved her in order to make her feel the necessity of being secret in concerns of business; and she added: "The abbé cannot like you, my dear Campan; he did not expect that I should, on my arrival in France, find in my household a man who would suit me so exactly as you have done.† I

* The Abbé de Vermond was not blamable for preventing the Queen's talking to one of the officers of her household about matters of importance, but he was so for saying that he himself ought to be the depositary of the most momentous secrets.

† The Abbé de Vermond was, indeed, not aware that the young Princess would find in her household a well-informed man, capable of amusing her by interesting and lively anecdotes of the Courts of Louis XV., the Regent, and even of Louis XIV. The abbé had taken pains at Vienna to prepossess the Dauphiness against M. Moreau, an aged advocate in the councils and historiographer of

know that he has taken umbrage at it—that is enough. I know, too, that you are incapable of attempting anything to injure him in my esteem—an attempt which would, besides, be vain, for I have been too long attached to him. As to yourself, be tranquil with regard to the abbé's hostility, which shall never in any way hurt you. We run no risk of doing unjust actions, except when the persons about us possess the treacherous art of disguising the motives of hatred or ambition by which they are prompted."

The Abbé de Vermond, having secured himself the office of sole confidant to the Queen, was nevertheless agitated whenever he saw the young monarch. The latter could not be ignorant that the abbé had been promoted by the Duke de Choiseul, and was believed to favour the Encyclopædists, against whom Louis XVI. entertained a latent prejudice, although he suffered them to gain so great an ascendency during his reign. The abbé therefore guessed that he could not stand very well with the King. He had, moreover, observed that never, while Dauphin, had that Prince addressed a single word to him, and that he very frequently answered him with a shrug of the shoulders. He therefore determined on writing to Louis XVI., and intimated that he owed his situation at Court solely to the confidence with which the late King had honoured him, and that habits contracted during the Queen's education placing him continually in the closest intimacy with her, he could not enjoy the honour of remaining near Her Majesty without the King's consent. Louis XVI. sent back his letter, after

France, whose talents had promoted him to the office of librarian to her. On the day after the arrival of the Dauphiness at Versailles, the Countess de Noailles asked her what orders she had to give for M. Moreau. She replied that the only order she had for him was to give up the key of her library to M. Campan, whom she installed into his office; adding that he might retain the title which the King had conferred upon him, but that he did not accept of his services. Her *dame d'honneur* exclaimed against this determination, and spoke very highly of M. Moreau's talents, but the Princess was so prejudiced against him that she insisted upon the execution of her order, and added that she would speak to the King about the matter; that she knew M. Moreau's abilities to be almost too considerable, and that she desired to have no people about her but those on whom she could rely. The historiographer and librarian never more appeared before the Queen. It is probable that the Dauphiness had been informed of the connection of M. Moreau with the Duke d'Aiguillon and some members of that minister's party.

writing upon it these words : " I permit the Abbé de Vermond to continue his office about the Queen."

Although, at the period of his grandfather's death Louis XVI. had not availed himself of his marital privilege, he began to be exceedingly attached to the Queen. The first period of so deep a mourning not permitting of indulgence in the diversion of hunting, he proposed to her walks in the gardens of Choisy. They went out like man and wife, the young King giving his arm to the Queen, and accompanied by a very small suite. The influence of this example had such an effect upon the courtiers that the next day several couples who had long, and for good reasons, been disunited, were, to the amusement of the whole Court, seen walking upon the terrace with the same apparent conjugal intimacy. Thus they spent whole hours, braving the intolerable wearisomeness of their protracted *tête-à-têtes* out of mere obsequiousness.

The self-devotion of Mesdames for the King their father, throughout his dreadful malady, had produced that effect upon their health which was generally apprehended. On the fourth day after their arrival at Choisy, the three Princesses were attacked by pains in the head and chest, which left no doubt as to the danger of their situation. It became necessary instantly to send away the young Royal Family, and the Château de la Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, was selected for their reception. Their arrival at their residence, which was very near Paris, drew so great a concourse of people into its neighbourhood that even at daybreak the crowd had begun to assemble round the gates. Shouts of " Vive le Roi ! " continued with scarcely a moment's interruption from six o'clock in the morning until sunset. The hopes to which a new reign gives birth, and the unpopularity which the late King had drawn upon himself during his latter years, occasioned all these transports of joy.

A fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young Queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted of the following pun : " Comfort in chagrin." All the fashions

and every part of dress received names significant of the spirit of the moment. The symbols of abundance were everywhere represented, and the head-dresses of the ladies were surrounded by ears of wheat. Poets hailed the new monarch ; all hearts, or, rather, all heads, in France were filled with unexampled enthusiasm. Never did the commencement of any reign excite more unanimous testimonials of love and attachment. It must be observed, however, that amidst all this intoxication the anti-Austrian party never lost sight of the young Queen, but, with the malicious desire to injure her, watched for such errors as might be expected to arise out of her youth and inexperience.

Their Majesties had to receive, at La Muette, the mourning visits of the ladies who had been presented at Court, who all felt themselves called on to pay homage to the new Sovereigns. Old and young hastened to present themselves on the day of general reception. Little black bonnets with great wings, old shaking heads, low curtesies, keeping time with the motions of the head, made, it must be admitted, a few venerable dowagers appear somewhat ridiculous ; but the Queen, who possessed much dignity and a high respect for propriety, was not guilty of the grievous sin of forgetting the decorum she was bound to observe. An indiscreet piece of drollery of one of the ladies of the palace, however, drew on her the imputation of having done so. The Marchioness de Clermont-Tonnerre, whose office required that she should continue standing behind the Queen, fatigued by the length of the ceremony, found it more convenient to seat herself upon the floor, concealing herself behind the fence formed by the hoops of the Queen and the ladies of the palace. Thus seated, and wishing to attract attention and to appear lively, she twitched the dresses of those ladies, and played off a thousand other tricks. The contrast of these childish pranks with the gloom which reigned over the rest of the Queen's chamber disconcerted Her Majesty several times. She placed her fan before her face to hide an involuntary smile, and the

Areopagus of old ladies pronounced that the young queen had derided all the respectable persons who were pressing forward to pay their homage to her ; that she liked none but the young ; that she was deficient in every point of decorum ; and that not one of them would attend her Court again. The epithet *moqueuse* was applied to her ; and there is not an epithet less favourably received in the world.

The next day a very ill-natured song was circulated ; the seal of the party to which it was attributable might easily be seen upon it. I remember none of it but the following chorus :

" Little Queen, you must not be
So saucy with your twenty years ;
Your ill-used courtiers soon will see
You pass, once more, the barriers."[1]

The errors of the great, or those which ill-nature chooses to impute to them, circulate in the world with the greatest rapidity, and become fixed there like an historical tradition, which the meanest boor delights to repeat. More than fifteen years after this occurrence, I heard some old ladies in the most retired part of Auvergne relating all the particulars of the day of public condolence for the late King, on which, as they said, the Queen had laughed in the faces of the duchesses and sexagenarian princesses who had thought it their duty to make their appearance on that occasion.

The King and the Princes, his brothers, determined to avail themselves of the advantages held out by inoculation, in order to preserve themselves from the fatal disorder under which their grandfather had just fallen ; but the utility of this new discovery not being then generally acknowledged in France, many persons in Paris were greatly alarmed at the step which the King and the Princes had just taken ; those who blamed it openly threw all the responsibility of it upon the Queen, who alone, they said, could have ventured to give such rash advice.

Inoculation was at this time safely practised in the Northern Courts, and the operation upon the King and his brothers, performed by Dr. Jauberthou, was fortunately quite successful.

When the convalescence of the Princes was perfectly established the Court became tolerably cheerful. In the excursions to Marly, parties on horseback, and in calashes, were formed continually. The Queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent enjoyment. She had never witnessed the dawn of day, and having now no other consent than that of the King to seek, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go at three o'clock in the morning to the eminences of the gardens of Marly, and being unfortunately little disposed to share in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The Queen then carried her intention into effect; but as she foresaw the possibility of some inconveniences in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her, and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual to prevent the effects of calumny, which even thus early sought to diminish the general attachment that she had inspired. A few days afterwards the most wicked ballad that appeared during the earlier years of this reign was circulated in Paris. The blackest colours were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless that there is scarcely a young woman in the country who has not endeavoured to procure it for herself. The verses which appeared on this occasion were entitled "Sunrise."*

The Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, was among those who accompanied the young Queen in her nocturnal ramble. He appeared very attentive to her on that occasion; but it was the only moment of his life in which there was any advance towards intimacy between

* It was thus, with libels and ballads, that the enemies of Marie Antoinette hailed the first days of her reign. They exerted themselves every way to render her unpopular. Their aim was, beyond all doubt, to have her sent back to Germany; and there was not a moment to be lost in its accomplishment. That the indifference of the King towards his amiable and beautiful wife had lasted so long was already a matter of wonder; day after day it was to be expected that the seductive charms of Marie Antoinette would undo all their machinations.

the Queen and himself. The King disliked the character of the Duke de Chartres, and the Queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is, therefore, without the slightest foundation in probability that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy, or wounded self-love, the hatred which he displayed towards the Queen during the latter years of their existence.

It was on the first journey to Marly that Bœhmer, the jeweller, appeared at Court: a man whose stupidity and avarice afterwards produced the occurrence which most fatally affected the happiness and reputation of Marie Antoinette. This person had, at great expense, collected six pear-formed diamonds of a prodigious size; they were perfectly matched and of the finest water. The ear-rings which they composed had, before the death of Louis XV., been destined for the Countess du Barry.

Bœhmer, by the recommendation of several persons about the Court, came to offer these jewels to the Queen. He asked 400,000 francs for them. The young Princess could not withstand her wish to purchase them; and the King having just raised the Queen's income—which under the former reign had been but 200,000 livres—to 100,000 crowns a year, she wished to make the purchase out of her own purse, and not burden the Royal Treasury with payment for a matter of pure fancy. She proposed to Bœhmer to take off the two buttons which formed the tops of the clusters, as they could be replaced by two of her own diamonds. He consented, and then reduced the price of the ear-rings to 360,000 francs: the payment for which was stipulated to be made by instalments, and was discharged in the course of four or five years by the Queen's first *femme de chambre*, entrusted with her privy purse. I have omitted no particulars of the manner in which the Queen first became possessed of these jewels, deeming them very necessary to place the too-famous circumstance of the necklace, which happened near the end of the reign of Marie Antoinette, in its true light. It was likewise on this first journey to Marly that the Duchess de Chartres—afterwards Duchess d'Orleans—

introduced into the Queen's household Mademoiselle Bertin, a milliner, who became celebrated at that time for the total change which she effected in the dress of the French ladies.

It will be seen that the admission of a milliner into the house of the Queen was followed by evil consequences to Her Majesty. The skill of the milliner, who was received into the household in spite of the usual custom which kept all persons of her description out of it, afforded her the means of introducing some new fashion every day. Up to this time the Queen had shown but a very plain taste in dress; she now began to make it an occupation of moment, and she was, of course, imitated by other women.

Everyone instantly wished to have the same dress as the Queen, and to wear the feathers and flowers to which her beauty, then in its brilliancy, lent an indescribable charm. The expenditure of young women was necessarily much increased, and mothers and husbands murmured at it; some giddy women contracted debts, and unpleasant domestic scenes occurred; in many families quarrels arose; in another affection was extinguished, and the general report was that the Queen would be the ruin of all the French ladies.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, flowers and feathers, arose to such a degree of loftiness that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping or holding their heads out of the windows. Others knelt down in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with the less danger. Innumerable caricatures, exhibited in all directions—and some of which artfully gave the features of the Queen—attacked the extravagance of fashion, but with very little effect. It changed only, as is always the case, through the influence of inconstancy and time.

The Princess's toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honour and the tire-woman usually

attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the Queen. The lady of honour poured out the water for her hands and put on her body linen. When a Princess of the Royal Family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the lady of honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the Princess of the Blood; in such a case the lady of honour was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the Princess of the Blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honour came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door—it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the Princess. A further noise: it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold. Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times: "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

All this etiquette, however inconvenient, was suitable to the Royal dignity, which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch.

Speaking here of etiquette, I do not allude to that order of State laid down for days of ceremony in all Courts, I mean those minute ceremonies that were observed towards our Kings in their inmost privacies, in

their hours of pleasure, in those of pain, and even during the most revolting of human infirmities.

These servile rules were drawn up into a kind of code ; they offered to a Richelieu, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Duras, in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities of intimacy useful to their interests ; and to humour their vanity they were pleased with customs which converted the right to give a glass of water, to put on a dress, and to remove a basin, into honourable prerogatives.

Princes thus accustomed to be treated as divinities naturally arrived at the belief that they were of a distinct nature, of a purer essence than the rest of mankind.

This sort of etiquette, which led our Princes to cause themselves to be treated in private as idols, made them in public martyrs to decorum. Marie Antoinette found in the castle of Versailles a multitude of established and revered customs which appeared to her insupportable.

None but sworn *femmes de chambre*, wearing the full Court dresses, were entitled to remain in the room and to attend in conjunction with the *dame d'honneur* and the tire-woman. The Queen abolished all this formality. As soon as her head was dressed, she curtesied to all the ladies who were in her chamber, and, followed only by her own women, went into her closet, where Mademoiselle Bertin, who could not be admitted into the chamber, used to await her. It was in this inner closet that she produced her new and numerous dresses. The Queen was also desirous of being served by the most fashionable hairdresser in Paris. Now the custom which forbade all persons in inferior office, employed by Royalty, to exert their talents for the public, was, no doubt, intended to cut off all communication between the privacy of princes and society at large ; the latter being always extremely curious respecting the most trifling particulars relative to the private life of the former. The Queen, fearing that the taste of the hairdresser would suffer if he should discontinue the general practice of his art, ordered him to serve as usual certain

ladies of the Court and capital; and this multiplied the opportunities of learning details respecting the household, and very often misrepresenting them.

One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen was that of dining every day in public. Maria Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice; Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was Dauphiness. The Dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner-hour there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the Dauphiness take her soup, went to see the Princes eat their *bouilli*, and then ran till they were out of breath to behold Mesdames at their dessert.*

Very ancient usage, too, required that the Queens of France should appear in public surrounded only by women; even at meal-times no persons of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women with everything which was presented to him directly at table. The lady of honour, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress, presented the plates to the King and Queen. The lady of honour handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed in the palace of Versailles by two of her women in Court dresses during those hours of the day when the ladies of the chamber were not with her. From that time she was accompanied by a single *valet de chambre* and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the

* It will be imagined that the charms of conversation, cheerfulness and good-natured freedom, which in France contribute to the pleasures of the table, were strangers to these ceremonious repasts. In fact, it was necessary to have been habituated from infancy to eat in public, in order to avoid losing all appetite from being the object to which the eyes of so many strangers were directed.

same description as those which I have just detailed. An inclination to substitute by degrees the simple customs of Vienna for those of Versailles proved more injurious to her than she could possibly have imagined.

The Queen frequently spoke to the Abbé de Vermond of the perpetually recurring impertinences from which she had to free herself; and I observed that after having listened to what he had to say on the subject, she always indulged in philosophical reveries on simplicity beneath the diadem, and paternal confidence in devoted subjects, with great pleasure. This charming romance of Royalty, which is not given to all Sovereigns to realise, flattered the tender heart and youthful fancy of Marie Antoinette in an extraordinary degree.

Brought up in a Court where simplicity was combined with majesty; placed at Versailles between a troublesome lady of honour and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising that when she became Queen she was desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see. The error sprang from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate Princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, possessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this who, like myself, have heard her with delight describe the patriarchal manners of the House of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the Princes of that House had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the Imperial Family. She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the Dukes of Lorraine levied their taxes. "The Sovereign Prince," said she, "went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hand in the air, to show that he was about to speak, and then mentioned the sum of which he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too,

that the Prince received more money than he asked for, in which case he restored the surplus."

All who were acquainted with the Queen's private qualities knew that she equally deserved attachment and esteem. Kind and patient to the utmost in all her relations with her household, she indulgently considered all around her, and interested herself in their fortunes and in their pleasures. She had, among her women, young girls from the Maison de Saint-Cyr, all well-born ; the Queen forbade them the play when the performances were not of a suitable degree of morality. Sometimes, when old plays were to be represented, if she found she could not with certainty trust to her memory, she would take the trouble to read them in the morning to enable her to judge of them, and then decide whether the girls should or should not go to see them ; rightly considering herself bound to watch over the morals and conduct of those young persons.

I am pleased at being able here to assert the truth respecting two valuable qualities which the Queen possessed in a high degree—temperance and modesty. Her customary dinner was a chicken, roasted or boiled, and she drank water only. She showed no particular partiality for anything but her coffee in the morning, and a sort of bread to which she had been accustomed in her infancy at Vienna.

Her modesty in every particular of her private toilet was extreme ; she bathed in a long flannel gown, buttoned up to the neck, and, while her two bathing-women assisted her out of the bath, she required one of them to hold a cloth before her, raised so that her attendants might not see her. And yet one Soulavie has dared, in the first volume of a most scandalous work, to say that the Queen was disgustingly immodest ; that she was accustomed to bathe naked ; and that she had even given admittance to a venerable ecclesiastic while in that state. What punishment can be too great for libellers who dare to give such perfidious falsehoods the title of Historical Memoirs ?

CHAPTER V

During the first few months of his reign Louis XVI. had dwelt at La Muette, Marly and Compiègne. When he was settled at Versailles he busied himself with a general revision of his grandfather's papers. He had promised the Queen to communicate to her all that he might discover relative to the history of the man with the iron mask. He thought, after what he had heard on the subject, this iron mask had become so inexhaustible a source of conjecture only in consequence of the interest which the pen of a celebrated writer had raised respecting the detention of a prisoner of State, who was merely a man of whimsical tastes and habits.

I was with the Queen when the King, having finished his researches, informed her that he had not found anything among the secret papers elucidating the existence of this prisoner; that he had conversed on the matter with M. de Maurepas, whose age proved him a contemporary with the epoch during which the anecdote in question must have been known to the ministers; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character in consequence of his disposition for intrigue, and was a subject of the Duke of Mantua. He was enticed to the frontier, arrested there, and kept prisoner, first at Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille. This transfer from one prison to the other took place in consequence of the appointment of the governor of the former place to the government of the latter. He was aware of the stratagems of his prisoner; and it was for fear the latter should profit by the inexperience of a new governor that he was sent with the Governor of Pignerol to the Bastille.

Such was, in fact, the real truth about the man on

whom people have been pleased to fix an iron mask. And thus was it related in writing, and published by M——, twenty years ago. He had searched the Depôt of Foreign Affairs, and there he had found the truth; he laid it before the public, but the public, prepossessed in favour of a version which attracted them by the marvellous, would not acknowledge the authenticity of the true account. Every man relied upon the authority of Voltaire; and it is still believed that a natural or a twin brother of Louis XIV. lived a number of years in prison with a mask over his face. The whimsical story of this mask, perhaps, had its origin in the old custom, among both men and women, in Italy, of wearing a velvet mask when they exposed themselves to the sun. It is possible that the Italian captive may have sometimes shown himself upon the terrace of his prison with his face thus covered. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner is said to have thrown from his window, it is known that such a circumstance did happen; but it happened at Valzin. It was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. This anecdote has been mixed up with the inventions respecting the Piedmontese prisoner.

It was also in this review of his grandfather's papers that Louis XVI. found some very curious particulars relative to his private treasury. Certain shares in various companies of finance afforded him a revenue, and had at last produced him a capital of some amount, which he applied to his secret expenses. The King collected his vouchers of title to these shares, and made a present of them to M. Thierry de Villedavray, his chief *valet de chambre*.

The Queen was desirous to secure the comfort of the Princesses, the daughters of Louis XV., who were held in the highest respect. About this period she contributed to furnish them with a revenue sufficient to provide them an easy competence. The King gave them the château of Bellevue, and added to the produce of it, which was given up to them, the expenses of their table and equipage, and payment of all the charges of their household,

the number of which was even increased. During the lifetime of Louis XV., who was a very selfish prince, his daughters, although they had attained forty years of age, had no other place of residence than their apartments in the palace of Versailles ; no other walks than such as they could take in the large park of that palace ; and no other means of gratifying their taste for a garden, but by having boxes and vases filled with plants in their balconies or closets. They had, therefore, reason to be much pleased with the conduct of Marie Antoinette, who had the greatest influence in the King's kindness towards his aunts.

Paris never ceased, during the first years of the reign, to testify joy whenever the Queen appeared at any of the plays of the capital. The representation of *Iphigenia in Aulis* achieved for her one of the most pleasing triumphs that ever was enjoyed by any Sovereign. The actor who sang the words, " Let us sing, let us praise our Queen," which were repeated by the chorus, directed, by a respectful movement towards Her Majesty, the eyes of the whole assembly upon her. Reiterated cries of " Encore ! " and clapping of hands were followed by such a burst of enthusiasm that many of the audience added their voices to those of the actors in order to celebrate, it might too truly be said, another Iphigenia. The Queen, deepy affected, covered her streaming eyes with her handkerchief ; and this public proof of sensibility raised the general enthusiasm to a still higher pitch.

Such a reception unfortunately induced the Queen too often to seek for circumstances which might either present or recall enjoyments equally delightful.

The King gave her Little Trianon.* Henceforward she amused herself with improving the gardens, without

* The seat called Little Trianon, which was built for Louis XV., is not remarkably handsome as a building. The luxuriance of the hot-houses rendered the place agreeable to that Prince. He spent a few days there several times in the year. It was while he was setting off from Versailles for Little Trianon that he was struck in the side by the knife of Damiens ; and it was there that he was attacked by the small-pox, of which disorder he died on the 10th of May, 1774.

allowing any addition to the building, or any change in the furniture, which had become very shabby, and remained, in 1789, in the same state as during the reign of Louis XV. Everything there, without exception, was preserved; and the Queen slept in a very faded bed, which in fact had been used by the Countess du Barry. The charge of extravagance generally made against the Queen is the most unaccountable of all the popular errors respecting her character which have crept into the world.* She had exactly the contrary failing; and I could prove that she often carried her economy to a degree of parsimony actually blameable, and particularly in a Sovereign. She took a great liking for her retirement of Trianon; she used to go there alone, followed by her valet; but she found attendants ready to receive her—a steward and his wife, who served her as *femme de chambre*, women of the wardrobe, footmen, etc.

When she first took possession of Little Trianon, a report was spread that she had changed the name of the seat which the King had just given her, and had called it Little Vienna, or Little Schönbrunn. A person, who belonged to the Court and was simple enough to give credit hastily to this report, wishing to visit Little Trianon with a party, wrote to M. Campan, requesting the Queen's permission to do so. In his note he called Trianon "Little Vienna." Similar requests were usually laid before the Queen just as they were made; she chose to give the permissions to see her gardens herself, feeling a pleasure in granting these little marks of favour. When she came to the obnoxious words, she was very much offended, and exclaimed angrily that there were too many fools ready to aid the malicious; that she had heard of the report circulated that she thought of nothing but her own country, and that she kept an Austrian heart, while the interests of France alone ought to engage her. She refused this request so awkwardly made, and desired

* This charge of prodigality, so unjustly laid against the Queen, was spread with such industry throughout France and all Europe that it must have been a part of the scheme for rendering the Court solely responsible for the ba state of the finances.

M. Campan to reply that Trianon was not to be seen for some time, and that the Queen was astonished that any man of respectability should believe she would do so ill-judged a thing as to change the French names of her palaces to substitute foreign ones.

Before the first visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to France, the Queen received a visit from the Archduke Maximilian, in 1775. An injudicious pretension, suggested by the persons who advised this Prince, or rather an act of stupidity of the ambassador, seconded on the part of the Queen by the Abbé Vermond, gave rise, at that period, to a discussion which incensed the Princes of the Blood and the chief nobility of the kingdom against the Queen. Travelling *incognito*, the young Prince insisted that the first visit was not due from him to the Princes of the Blood—and the Queen supported his determination.

From the time of the Regency, and on account of the residence of the family of Orleans in the bosom of the capital, Paris had preserved a remarkable degree of attachment and respect for that branch; and although the crown was becoming more and more remote from the Princes of the House of Orleans, they had the advantage (a great one with the Parisians) of being the descendants of Henry IV. An affront to the Princes, and especially to that beloved family, was a serious ground of dislike to the Queen. It was at this period, and perhaps for the first time, that the circles of the city, and even of the Court, expressed themselves bitterly about her levity and her partiality for the House of Austria. The Prince for whom the Queen had embarked in an important family quarrel—and a quarrel involving national prerogatives—was, besides, little calculated to inspire interest. Still young, uninformed, and deficient in natural talents, he was always committing some foolish errors.

The Archduke's visit was, in every point of view, a misfortune. He did nothing but commit blunders. He went to the King's garden; M. de Buffon, who received him there, presented him with a copy of his works; the Prince declined accepting the book, saying to M. de

Buffon, in the most polite manner possible, " I should be very sorry to deprive you of it." It may be supposed that the Parisians were much entertained with this answer.

The Queen was exceedingly mortified at the blunders committed by her brother ; but what hurt her most on the occasion was the being accused of preserving an Austrian heart. Marie Antoinette had more than once to endure that cruel imputation during the long course of her misfortunes ; habit never dried up the tears drawn forth by such instances of injustice ; but the first time she was suspected of not loving France she gave way to her indignation. All that she could say on the subject was useless ; by seconding the pretensions of the Archduke, she had put arms into her enemies' hands ; they were labouring to deprive her of the love of the people, and endeavoured, by all possible means, to spread a belief that the Queen sighed for Germany, and preferred that country to France.

Marie Antoinette had none but herself to rely on for preserving the fickle smiles of the Court and the public. The King, too indifferent to serve her as a guide, as yet had conceived no love for her ; the intimacy that grew between them at Choisy having had no such result.

In his closet Louis XVI. was immersed in serious study ; at the council he was busied with the welfare of his people ; hunting and mechanical occupations engrossed his leisure moments, and he never thought on the subject of an heir.

The coronation took place at Rheims with all the accustomed pomp. At this period Louis XVI. experienced that which can, and should, most powerfully affect the heart of a virtuous Sovereign. The people's love for him burst forth in those unanimous transports which are clearly distinguishable from the impulse of curiosity or the clamours of party. He replied to this enthusiasm by marks of confidence worthy of a people happy in being under the government of a good king ; he took a pleasure in repeatedly walking without guards in the midst of the

crowd which pressed around him and called down blessings on his head. I remarked the impression made at this time by an observation of Louis XVI. On the day of his coronation in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims, he put his hand up to his head, at the moment of the crown being placed upon it, and said, "It hurts me." Henry III. had exclaimed, "It pricks me." Those who were near the King were struck with the similitude between these two exclamations, though it will not be imagined that such as had the honour of being near the young monarch on that day were of the class which ignorance renders superstitious.

While the Queen, neglected as she was, could not even hope for the happiness of being a mother, she had the mortification to witness the confinement of the Countess d'Artois, and the birth of the Duke d'Angoulême.

Custom required that the Royal Family and the whole of the Court should be present at the delivery of the Princesses; that of a Queen was obliged to be absolutely public. The Queen was, therefore, compelled to stay the whole day in her sister-in-law's chamber. The moment the Countess d'Artois was informed it was a Prince, she exclaimed with energy: "My God, how happy I am!" The Queen felt very differently at this involuntary and natural exclamation. At that moment she had not even the hope of being a mother. She nevertheless disguised her mortification. She bestowed all possible marks of tenderness upon the young mother, and would not leave her until she was put into bed; she afterwards passed along the staircase and through the guard-room with a calm demeanour in the midst of an immense crowd. The *poissardes*, who had assumed a right of speaking to Sovereigns in their own gross and ridiculous language, followed her into her very apartments, calling out to her in the most licentious expressions that *she* ought to produce heirs. The Queen hastened to her inner room, extremely agitated; she shut herself up to weep with me alone, not from jealousy of her sister-in-law's

happiness—of that she was incapable—but from affliction at her own situation.

I have often had occasion to admire the Queen's moderation in all cases of great and personal interest ; she was extremely affecting when in misfortune.

Deprived of the happiness of giving an heir to the crown, the Queen endeavoured to create illusions around her to beguile her feelings. She had always children belonging to the people of her house near her, and lavished the tenderest caresses upon them. She had long been desirous of bringing up one of them herself, and of making it the constant object of her care. A little village boy, four or five years old, full of health, with a pleasing countenance, remarkably large blue eyes, and fine light hair, carelessly got under the feet of the Queen's horses when she was taking an airing in a calash through the hamlet of St. Michel, near Luciennes. The coachman and postillions stopped the horses, and the child was rescued from its imminent peril without the slightest injury. Its grandmother rushed out of the door of her cottage to take it, but the Queen stood up in her calash and, extending her arms to the old woman, called out that the child was hers, and that Providence had given it to her to console her, no doubt, until she should have the happiness of having one herself. " Is his mother alive ? " asked the Queen. " No, madam : my daughter died last winter, and left five small children upon my hands." " I will take this one and provide for all the rest—do you consent ? " " Ah, madam, they are too fortunate," replied the cottager ; " but James is very wayward : I hope he will stay with you ! " The Queen, taking little James upon her knee, said that she would soon make him used to her ; that it should be her occupation ; and she ordered the equipage to proceed. It was necessary, however, to shorten the ride, so violently did James scream and kick the Queen and her ladies.

The arrival of Her Majesty at her apartments at Versailles, holding the little rustic by the hand, astonished

the whole household; he screamed out lustily that he wanted his grandmother, his brother Louis and his sister Marianne; nothing could calm him. He was taken away by the wife of a servant, who was appointed to attend him as nurse. The other children were put to school. Poor James, whose family name was Armand, came back to the Queen two days afterwards; a white frock trimmed with lace, a rose-coloured sash with silver fringe, and a hat decorated with feathers, were now substituted for the woollen cap and the little red frock and wooden shoes. The child was really very beautiful. The Queen was enchanted with him; he was brought to her every morning at nine o'clock; he breakfasted and dined with her, and often with the King. She liked to call him "My child,"* and lavished the tenderest caresses upon him, still maintaining a deep silence respecting the affliction which constantly occupied her heart.

This child remained with the Queen until the time when Madame was old enough to come home to her august mother, who had particularly taken upon herself the care of her education.

The King began to take pleasure in the society of the Queen, although he had not yet exercised the privilege of a husband. The Queen was incessantly talking of the good qualities which she admired in Louis XVI., and gladly attributed to herself the slightest favourable change in his manner. Perhaps she displayed too unreservedly the joy she felt at it, and the part she fancied herself to have in it.

One day Louis XVI. saluted her ladies with more kindness and grace than usual, and the Queen said to them: "Now confess, ladies, that for one so badly brought up, the King has saluted you very prettily."

The Queen detested M. de Vauguyon; she accused him

* This little unfortunate was nearly twenty in 1792; the incendiary endeavours of the people, and the fear of being thought a favoured creature of the Queen's, had made him the most sanguinary terrorist of Versailles. He was killed at the battle of Jemappes.

alone of those points in the habits, and even the sentiments, of the King which hurt her.

An old lady, who had been first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Maria Leckzinska, had continued in office near the young Queen. She was one of those old people who are fortunate enough to spend their whole lives in the service of kings, without knowing anything of what is passing at Court. She was a great devotee. The Abbé Grisel, an ex-Jesuit, was her confessor. Being rich from her savings and an income of 50,000 livres, which she had long enjoyed, she kept a very good table, and in her apartment the most distinguished persons who still advocated the Order of the Jesuits often assembled. The Duke de la Vauguyon was intimate with her; their chairs at the Church des Recollets were placed near each other; at High Mass they sang the "Gloria in excelsis" and the "Magnificat" together; and the pious old virgin, seeing in him only one of God's elect, little imagined him to be the declared enemy of a Princess whom she served and revered. On the day of his death she ran all in tears to relate to the Queen the acts of piety, humanity and repentance of the last moments of the Duke de la Vauguyon. He had called his people together, she said, to ask their pardon. "For what?" replied the Queen, sharply; "he has placed and pensioned off all his servants. It was of the King and his brothers that the holy man you bewail should have asked pardon for having paid so little attention to the education of Princes on whom the fate and happiness of 25,000,000 of men depend. Luckily," added she, "although they are still young, the King and his brothers have incessantly laboured to repair the errors of their preceptor."

The progress of time, and the confidence with which the King and the Princes his brothers were inspired by the change of their situation since the death of Louis XV. had developed their characters. I will endeavour to depict them.

The features of Louis XVI. were fine though somewhat impressed with melancholy; his walk was heavy and

unmajestic; his person greatly neglected; his hair, whatever might be the skill of his hairdresser, was soon in disorder, through his inattention to its neatness. His voice, without being harsh, possessed nothing agreeable: if he grew warm in speaking, he often got above his natural pitch, and uttered shrill sounds. The Abbé de Radonvilliers, his preceptor, a learned, mild and amiable man, had given him, and Monsieur, also, a taste for study. The King had continued to instruct himself; he knew the English language perfectly. I have often heard him translate some of the most difficult passages in Milton's poem; he was a skilful geographer, and was fond of drawing and colouring maps; he was perfectly well versed in history, but had not perhaps sufficiently studied the spirit of it. He relished dramatic beauties, and was a judicious critic of them. At Choisy, one day, several ladies strongly expressed their dissatisfaction because the French actors were going to perform one of Molière's pieces there: the King enquired of them why they disapproved of the choice? One of them answered that everyone must admit that Molière's works were in a *very bad taste*. The King replied that many things might be found in Molière contrary to fashion, but that it appeared to him difficult to point out any in bad taste.

This Prince combined with his attainments the qualities of a good husband, a tender father and an indulgent master. When we think of so many virtues, the years which have elapsed since the barbarities of faction and the misfortunes of France seem too short to allow us to believe that depravity could ever rise to the dreadful height which it attained in perpetrating the horrible crime of his destruction.

Unfortunately the King showed too much predilection for the mechanical arts; masonry and lock-making so delighted him that he admitted into his private apartment a common locksmith, with whom he made keys and locks; and his hands, blackened with that sort of work, were often, in my presence, the subject of remonstrances

and even reproaches from the Queen, who would have chosen other amusements for the King.

Austere and rigid with regard to himself alone respecting the laws of the Church, the King fulfilled them with scrupulous exactness. He fasted and observed abstinence through the whole of Lent. He did not wish the Queen to observe these customs with the same strictness. Though he was sincerely pious, the wisdom of the age had disposed his mind to toleration. Modest and simple in his habits, Turgot, Malesherbes and Necker judged that a Prince of such a character would willingly sacrifice the Royal prerogative for the solid greatness of his people. His heart, in truth, led him to ideas of reform, but his principles, prejudices and fears, and the clamours of pious and privileged persons, intimidated him and made him abandon the plans which his love for the people had suggested.

Monsieur had more dignity of demeanour than the King, but his size and corpulency rendered his gait inelegant. He was fond of pageantry and magnificence. He cultivated the *belles-lettres*, and under borrowed names repeatedly contributed verses, of which he himself was the author, to the *Mercury* and other papers.

His wonderful memory was the handmaid of his wit, furnishing him with the happiest quotations. He knew everything by heart, from the finest passages of the Latin classics to the Latin of all the prayers, from the works of Racine to the *vaudeville* of *Rose et Colas*.

The Count d'Artois had an agreeable countenance, was well made, active in bodily exercises, lively, sometimes impetuous, fond of pleasure, and very particular in his dress.

Some happy observations made by him were repeated with pleasure ; several of them gave a favourable idea of his heart. The Parisians liked the free and open air of this Prince, as an attribute of the French character, and showed real affection for him.

The empire that the Queen was gaining over the King's mind, the charms of a society in which Monsieur

displayed the graces of his wit, and to which the Count d'Artois gave life by the vivacity of youth, gradually softened that roughness in the character of Louis XVI., which a better conducted education might have prevented.

Still this defect showed itself too often, and in spite of his extreme simplicity, the King inspired those who had occasion to speak to him with diffidence. A commendable fear made those about him avoid his abrupt sallies, which were difficult to be foreseen. Courtiers submissive in the presence of their Sovereign are only the more ready to caricature him; with little good breeding, they called these answers, which they so much dreaded, *les coups de boutoir du Roi*.

Methodical in all his habits, the King always went to bed at eleven precisely. One evening the Queen was going with her usual circle to a party, either at the Duke de Duras's or the Princess de Guéménée's. The hand of the clock was slyly put forward, to hasten the King's departure to bed by a few minutes; he thought in good earnest that bed-time was come, retired, and found none of his attendants ready to wait on him. This joke became known in all the drawing-rooms of Versailles, and was much disapproved of. Kings have no privacy. Queens have neither closets nor boudoirs. This is a truth that cannot be too strongly impressed upon them. If those who are in immediate attendance upon Sovereigns be not of themselves disposed to transmit their private habits to posterity, the meanest valet will relate what he has seen or heard; his tales circulate rapidly, and form that alarming public opinion which rises gradually, but keeps increasing, and at length attaches to the most august persons characters which, however often they may be false, are almost always indelible.

CHAPTER VI

The winter following the confinement of the Countess d'Artois was very severe: the Queen, recollecting the pleasure which sledge-parties had given her in her childhood, wished to establish similar ones in France. This amusement had already been seen in the Court of France, as was proved by the circumstance that sledges were found in the stables which had been used by the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., in his youth. Some were constructed for the Queen in a more modern taste. The Princes likewise ordered several; and in a few days there was a tolerable number of these vehicles. They were driven by the Princes and noblemen of the Court. The noise of the bells and balls with which the harnesses of the horses were furnished, the elegance and whiteness of their plumes, the variety of forms in the carriages, the gold with which they were all ornamented, rendered these parties delightful to the eye. The winter was very favourable to them, the snow remaining on the ground nearly six weeks: the races in the park afforded a pleasure shared by the spectators. No one imagined that any blame could attach to so innocent an amusement. But the party were tempted to extend their rides as far as the Champs Elysées; a few sledges even crossed the boulevards: the ladies being masked, the Queen's enemies did not omit the opportunity of saying that the Queen had traversed the streets of Paris in a sledge.

This became a matter of moment. The public discovered in such a fashion a predilection for the habits of Vienna; and yet sledge-parties were not a new fashion at Versailles. But all that Marie Antoinette did was criticised. Factions formed in Courts do not openly carry

different insignia, as do those generated by revolutionary convulsions. They are not, however, on that account the less dangerous for those whom they pursue ; and the Queen was never without a party against her.

Sledge-driving, which savours of the customs of the Northern Courts, had no success among the Parisians. The Queen was informed of this ; and although all the sledges were preserved, and several subsequent winters proved favourable to the amusement, she would not pursue it any further.

It was at the time of the sledge-parties that the Queen became intimate with the Princess de Lamballe, who made her appearance in them, wrapped in fur, with all the brilliancy and freshness of the age of twenty : she looked like Spring peeping from under sable and ermine. Her situation, moreover, rendered her peculiarly interesting : married when she was scarcely past childhood, to a young prince who ruined himself by the contagious example of the Duke d'Orleans, she had had from the time of her arrival in France, a constant succession of calamities. A widow at eighteen, and childless, she lived with Monsieur the Duke de Penthièvre upon the footing of an adopted daughter. She had the tenderest respect and attachment for that venerable Prince ; but the Queen, though doing justice as well as the Princess to his virtues, saw that the Duke de Penthièvre's way of living, whether at Paris or at his country seat, could neither afford his young daughter-in-law the amusements of her time of life, nor ensure her for the future an establishment such as she was deprived of by her widowhood. She determined, therefore, to establish her at Versailles ; and, for her sake, revived the office of superintendent, which had been discontinued at Court from the time of the death of Mademoiselle de Clermont. It is said that Maria Leckzinska had decided that this place should continue vacant, the superintendent having so extensive a power in the houses of Queens as to be frequently a restraint upon their inclinations. Differences, which soon took place between Marie Antoinette and the Prin-

cess de Lamballe, respecting the official prerogatives of the latter, proved that the wife of Louis XV. had acted judiciously in abolishing the office ; but a kind of petty treaty, made between the Queen and the Princess, smoothed all difficulties. The blame of too obstinate an assertion of claims fell upon a secretary of the superintendent's who had been her adviser, and everything was so arranged that a firm and lively friendship reigned between these two Princesses down to the disastrous period which terminated their career.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which the splendour, graces and goodness of the Queen generally inspired, silent intrigues continued in operation against her. A very short time after the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the Minister of the King's household was informed that a most offensive libel against the Queen was about to appear. The lieutenant of police deputed a man named Goupil, an inspector of police, to bring to light this libel : he came, soon after, to say that he had found out the place where the work was being printed, and that it was at a country house, near Yverdun. He had already got possession of two sheets, which contained the most atrocious calumnies, but conveyed with a degree of art which might make them very dangerous to the Queen's reputation. This Goupil said that he could obtain the rest, but that he should want a considerable sum for that purpose. Three thousand louis were given him, and very soon afterwards he brought the whole manuscript, and all that had been printed, to the lieutenant of police. He received a thousand louis more as a reward for his address and zeal, and a much more important office was about to be given him, when another spy, envious of Goupil's good fortune, gave information that Goupil himself was the author of the libel ; that, ten years before, he had been put into the Bicêtre for theft ; and that Madame Goupil had only been three years out of the Salpêtrière, where she had been placed under another name. This Madame Goupil was very pretty and very intriguing ; she had found means to form an

intimacy with Cardinal de Rohan, whom she led, it is said, to hope for a reconciliation with the Queen. All this affair was hushed up, and no account of it got abroad : but it shows that it was the Queen's fate to be incessantly attacked by the meanest and most odious machinations.

Another woman, named Cahoutte de Villers, whose husband held the office of one of the treasurers of France, being very irregular in conduct and of a scheming turn of mind, conceived the mad wish to appear, in the eyes of her friends in Paris, as a person in favour at Court, whither she was not entitled to go either by birth or office. During the latter years of the life of Louis XV. she had made many dupes, and picked up considerable sums, by passing herself off for the King's mistress. The fear of irritating Madame du Barry was, according to herself, the only thing which prevented her enjoying that title openly : she came regularly to Versailles, kept herself concealed in a furnished lodging, and her dupes imagined she was called to Court by secret motives. This woman formed the scheme of getting admission, if possible, to the presence of the Queen, or, at least, of establishing probabilities which might enable her to cause it to be believed. She took, for her lover, Gabriel de Saint-Charles, intendant of Her Majesty's finances ; an office the privileges of which were confined to the right of entering the Queen's apartment on a Sunday. Madame de Villers came every Saturday to Versailles with M. de Saint-Charles, and lodged in his apartment ; M. Campan was there several times ; she painted tolerably well ; she requested him to do her the favour to present to the Queen a portrait of Her Majesty which she had just copied. M. Campan knew the woman's conduct and refused her. A few days after he saw on Her Majesty's couch the portrait which he had declined presenting to her. The Queen thought it ill painted, and gave orders that it should be carried back to the Princess de Lamballe, who had sent it to her. Madame de Villers succeeded in her project through the medium of the

Princess. The ill-success of the portrait did not deter the scheming woman from following up the design she had formed of making it believed that she was admitted to an intimacy with the Queen. She easily procured, through M. de Saint-Charles, patents and orders signed by Her Majesty; she then set about imitating her writing, and composed a great number of notes and letters, as if written by Her Majesty, in the tenderest and most familiar style. For several months she showed them as great secrets to several of her particular friends. Afterwards she made the Queen appear to write to her, as before, to procure her various fancy articles. Under the pretext of wishing to execute her Majesty's commissions faithfully, she gave these letters to the tradesmen to read; and succeeded in having it said in several houses that the Queen had a particular kindness for her. She then enlarged her scheme, and represented the Queen as desiring her to borrow 200,000 francs which she had need of, but which she did not wish to ask of the King from his private funds. This letter being shown to M. Beranger, farmer-general, took effect; he thought himself fortunate in being able to render this assistance to his Sovereign, and lost no time in sending the 200,000 francs to Madame de Villers. This first step was followed by some doubts, which he communicated to people better informed than himself of what was passing at Court, and who added to his uneasiness. He then went to M. de Sartine, who unravelled the whole plot. The woman was sent to St. Pelagie, and the unfortunate husband was ruined by replacing the sum borrowed, and paying for the jewels fraudulently purchased in the Queen's name. The forged letters were sent to Her Majesty: I compared them, in her presence, with the real handwriting, and the only distinguishable difference was a little more regularity in the disposition of the letters.

This trick, discovered and punished with prudence and coolness, produced no more sensation out of doors than that of the inspector Goupil.

If the spirit of independence spread through the nation had already shorn the throne of some of its dazzling beams; if a party, formed in the very bosom of the Court, was struggling to overthrow an Austrian Princess, without reflecting that the blows aimed at her equally tended to shake the throne itself; it will, I must confess, be urged that it was the duty of that Princess to be circumspect in her every step, and to render her conduct unassailable; but let not her youth, her inexperience, and her friendless situation, be forgotten. No, she was not guilty; the Abbé de Vermond was always the Queen's sole guide; at an age, and invested with a right to represent to her how important the consequences of her slightest levities might be, still he did not make that representation; and she continued, while on the throne, to seek the pleasures of private society with increasing eagerness.

A year after the nomination of the Princess de Lamballe to the post of superintendent of the Queen's household, balls and quadrilles gave rise to the intimacy of Her Majesty with the Countess Jules de Polignac. This lady really interested Marie Antoinette. She was not rich, and generally lived upon her estate at Claye. The Queen was astonished at not having seen her at Court earlier. The confession that her want of fortune had even prevented her appearance at the celebration of the marriages of the Princes added to the interest which she had inspired.

The Queen was full of sensibility, and took delight in counteracting the injustice of fortune. The Countess was induced to come to Court by her husband's sister, Madame Diana de Polignac, who had been appointed lady of honour to the Countess d'Artois. The Countess Jules was truly fond of a tranquil life; the impression she made at Court affected her but little; she felt only the attachment manifested for her by the Queen. I had occasion to see her at the very commencement of her favour at Court; she repeatedly passed an hour with me while waiting for the Queen. She conversed with me freely

and ingenuously about all that she saw of honour, and at the same time of danger, in the kindness of which she was the object. The Queen sought for the sweets of friendship ; but can this gratification, so rare in any rank, exist at all in its purity between a Queen and a subject, when they are surrounded, moreover, by snares laid by the artifices of courtiers ? This very pardonable error was fatal to the happiness of Marie Antoinette, for happiness is not to be found in illusion.

The retiring character of the Countess Jules, afterwards the Duchess de Polignac, cannot be spoken of too favourably. I always considered her the victim of an elevation which she never sought ; but if her heart was incapable of forming ambitious projects, her family and friends beheld their own fortune in hers, and endeavoured to fix the favour of the Queen permanently.

The Countess Diana, sister of M. de Polignac, and the Baron de Besenval and M. de Vaudreuil, particular friends of the Polignac family, made use of means the success of which was infallible. One of my friends (the Count Demoustier, who was in their secret) came to tell me that Madame de Polignac was about to quit Versailles suddenly ; that she would take leave of the Queen only in writing ; that the Countess Diana and M. de Vaudreuil had dictated her letter ; and that the whole affair was arranged for the purpose of stimulating the hitherto unprofitable attachment of Marie Antoinette. The next day, when I went up to the palace, I found the Queen with a letter in her hand, which she was reading with much emotion ; it was the letter from the Countess Jules ; the Queen showed it to me. The Countess expressed in it her grief at leaving a Princess who had loaded her with kindness. The narrowness of her fortune dictated the necessity of her doing so ; but she was much more strongly impelled by the fear that the Queen's friendship, after having raised up dangerous enemies against her, might abandon her to their hatred, and to the regret of having lost the august favour of which she was then the object.

This step produced the full effect that had been expected from it. A young and susceptible Queen cannot long bear the idea of contradiction. She determined more firmly than ever to settle the Countess Jules near herself, by making such a provision for her as should place her beyond anxiety. Her disposition was just what the Queen liked : she had merely natural talents, no presumption, nor affectation of knowledge. She was of medium size ; her complexion very fair, her eyebrows and hair dark brown, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, her smile enchanting, and her whole person beaming with grace. She disliked dress, and was seen almost always in an undress, remarkable only for its neatness and good taste ; nothing upon her appeared placed with design, nor even with care. I do not think I ever once saw diamonds about her, even at the highest pitch of her fortune, and when she enjoyed the rank of duchess at Court. I always thought that her sincere attachment to the Queen, as much as her love of simplicity, induced her to avoid everything that might raise a belief of her being a wealthy favourite. She had not one of the failings which usually accompany that title. She loved the persons who shared the Queen's affections, and was entirely free from jealousy. Marie Antoinette flattered herself that the Countess Jules and the Princess de Lamballe would be her especial friends, and that she should possess a society formed of her own taste. "I will receive them in my closet or at Trianon," she said. "I will enjoy the comforts of private life, which exist not for us, unless we have the resolution to secure them for ourselves." My memory faithfully recalls to me all the charms which so pleasing an illusion held out to the Queen in a scheme of which she fathomed neither the impossibility nor the dangers. The happiness she thought to secure was only destined to cause her vexation. All those courtiers who were not admitted into this intimacy became so many jealous and vindictive enemies.

It was necessary to make a suitable provision for the Countess. The place of first equerry, in reversion after

the Count de Tessé, being given to Count Jules unknown to the holder, displeased the family of Noailles. This family had just sustained another mortification: the appointment of the Princess de Lamballe having, in some degree, rendered the resignation of the Countess de Noailles necessary, whose husband was thereupon made a marshal of France. The Princess de Lamballe, although she did not quarrel with the Queen, was alarmed at the establishment of the Countess Jules at Court, and did not form, as Her Majesty had hoped, a part of that intimate society which was composed, in succession, of Mesdames Jules and Diana de Polignac, d'Andlau and de Chalon; and MM. de Guignes, Coigny, d'Adhemar, de Besenval, lieutenant-colonel of the Swiss, de Polignac, de Vaudreuil and de Guiche: the Prince de Ligne and the Duke of Dorset, the English ambassador, were also admitted.

It was a long time before the Countess Jules maintained any great state at Court. The Queen contented herself with giving her a fine suite of apartments at the top of the marble staircase. The salary of first equerry, the trifling emoluments derived from M. de Polignac's regiment, added to their slender patrimony, and perhaps some small pension, at that time formed the whole fortune of the favourite. I never saw the Queen make her a present of real worth. I was even astonished one day at hearing Her Majesty mention, with pleasure, that the Countess had gained 10,000 francs in the lottery. "She was in great want of it," added the Queen.

Thus it will be seen that the Polignacs were not settled at Court in any degree of splendour which could justify the murmuring of others. The Noailles, however, had perhaps reason to feel hurt on the occasion; they had some right to the reversion after the Count de Tessé. The restoration of the office of superintendent had been likewise mortifying to the Countess de Noailles, who, finding a superior set over her, had retired. This family, which had great weight at Court, was not, however, the only one which the advancement of the Count de Polignac

incensed against Marie Antoinette. Whatever one courtier sees obtained by others always appears to him a spoliation of his own property—that is a rule. In this instance, however, the substantial part of the favours bestowed upon the Polignacs was less envied than the intimacy which was about to be established between them and their dependents and the Queen. In the society of the Countess Jules was seen an opening to the acquisition of favour, places and embassies. Those who had no hope of introduction into that society were irritated.

Madame de Polignac's drawing-room did Marie Antoinette much mischief; it increased the malice of her enemies. However, at the time I speak of, the society around the Countess Jules—fully engaged in strengthening the Queen's attachment to her—was far from interfering in serious matters, to which the young Queen, indeed, was yet a stranger. To gratify her was the leading object of all the favourite's friends. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was a conspicuous member of the circle of the Countess Jules. He was a shining wit—the friend and protector of the fine arts. He had a long list of *protégés* among men of letters and celebrated artists.

The Baron de Besenval preserved all the plainness of the Swiss, to which he added all the cunning of a French courtier. The fifty years he had numbered, and the grey hairs on his head, enabled him to enjoy among women all that confidence inspired by maturity of age, although he had not quite given up the thoughts of love intrigues. He talked of his native mountains with enthusiasm. He would willingly, at any time, sing the "Ranz des vaches" with tears in his eyes, and was the best story-teller in the Countess Jules's circle. The last new song, the repartee of the day, and the ordinary little tattling tales, were the sole topics of conversation in the Queen's parties. Learning was proscribed in them. The Countess Diana, more inclined to literary pursuits than her sister-in-law, one day recommended her to read the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The latter replied, laughing,

that she was perfectly acquainted with the Greek poet, and said, to prove it :

" Homère était aveugle et jouait du hautbois."
(Homer was blind and played on the hautboy.)

The Queen found this sort of humour very much to her taste, and said that no pedant had ever been her friend.

The splendour of the house of Polignac was not at its height until several years after the period of which I have just spoken ; and the Queen did not make a practice of spending a part of each day at the house of the Duchess until the latter had succeeded the Princess de Guéménée in the capacity of governess of the children of France, and the Duke had become both superintendent of the post and first equerry.

Before the Queen fixed her assemblies at Madame de Polignac's, she occasionally passed the evening at the house of the Duke and Duchess de Duras ; they had always a brilliant party of young persons to meet her. They introduced a taste for trifling games, such as question and answer, *guerre panpan*, blindman's buff, and especially a game called *descampativos*.

The people of Paris continually criticising, and at the same time constantly imitating the practices of the Court, were infected with the mania for these childish sports. The rage for *descampativos* and *guerre panpan* extended to every house where many young women were assembled.

Madame de Genlis, in one of her plays, written with an intention to sketch the follies of the day, speaks of these famous *descampativos ;* and also of the fashion of making a friend, called the *inseparable*, until a whim, or the slightest indifference, produced a total rupture.

CHAPTER VII

The Duke de Choiseul made his reappearance at Court on the ceremony of the King's coronation. From the general wishes of the public on the subject, his friends conceived hopes of seeing him again in the Administration or in the Council of State ; but these hopes were only of short duration. The opposite party was too firmly fixed at Versailles, and the young Queen's influence was outweighed, in the mind of the King, by long-standing and lasting prejudices : she therefore gave up for ever her attempt to reinstate the Duke. Thus this Princess, who has been described as so ambitious, and so strenuously supporting the interest of the House of Austria, failed twice in the only scheme which could forward the views constantly attributed to her, and spent the whole of her reign, down to the earliest shocks of the Revolution, surrounded by her own enemies and those of her house.

Marie Antoinette took but little pains to promote literature and the fine arts. She had suffered some vexations, in consequence of her having ordered the performance of the *Connétable de Bourbon*, on the celebration of the marriage of Madame Clotilde, the King's sister, with the Prince of Piedmont. The Court and the people of Paris censured as indecorous the performance of a piece in which such parts were assigned to characters bearing the names of the reigning family, and of that with which the new alliance was formed.* The reading of this piece by the Count de Guibert in the Queen's

* The *Connetable de Bourbon* was not, it must be admitted, a fit piece for performance before all the French Princes. It might also create some surprise if the whole Court should be found approving a composition, in which the Connétable, of all things, desires :

"The rare pleasure of humbling a King."

closet had produced in Her Majesty's circle that sort of enthusiasm which prevents all sober and judicious criticism. She promised she would have no more readings. Yet at the request of M. de Cubières, the King's equerry, the Queen agreed to hear the reading of a comedy written by his brother. She collected her intimate friends, Messieurs de Coigny, de Vaudreuil, de Besenval, and Mesdames de Polignac, de Chalon, etc.; and to increase the number of judges, she admitted the two Parnys, the Chevalier de Bertin,* my father-in-law, and myself. Molé† read for the author. I never could satisfy myself by what magic the skilful reader gained our unanimous approbation of a work equally bad and ridiculous. Surely the delightful voice of Molé, by awakening our recollection of the dramatic beauties of the French stage, prevented the wretched lines of Derat Cubières from striking on our ears. I can assert that the words "Beautiful! beautiful!" repeatedly interrupted the reader. The piece was admitted for performance at Fontainebleau; and, for the first time, the King had the curtain dropped before the end of the play. It was called the *Dramomane* or *Dramarturge*. All the characters died of poison mixed in a pie. The Queen, highly disconcerted at having recommended this absurd production, resolved once more never to hear another reading, and this time she kept her word.

The tragedy of *Mustapha and Zeangir*, by M. de Chamford, was highly successful at the Court Theatre at Fontainebleau. The Queen procured the author a pension of 1,200 francs, but his play failed on being performed at Paris.

The spirit of opposition which prevailed in that city delighted in annulling the decisions of the Court. The Queen determined never more to give any marked countenance to new dramatic works. She reserved her

* The Chevalier de Parny was already known by his heroic poems, and the Chevalier de Bertin by some well-received verses.

† An actor who was the delight of the Théâtre Français. He preceded Fleury, and took the same line of character.

patronage for musical composers alone, and in a few years their art arrived at a degree of perfection it had never before attained in France.

It was solely to gratify the Queen that the manager of the Opera collected the first company of comic actors at Paris. Gluck, Piccina and Sacchini were brought there in succession. These eminent composers, and particularly the first, were treated with great distinction at Court. Immediately on his arrival in France, Gluck was admitted to the Queen's toilet, and she never ceased talking to him all the time he remained with her. She asked him one day whether he had nearly brought his grand opera of *Armida* to a conclusion, and whether it pleased him. Gluck replied very coolly, in his German accent, "Madame, it will soon be finished, and really it will be *sublime*." His opinion, thus roundly expressed, was confirmed; for surely the lyric stage never witnessed a more effective piece. There was a great outcry against the confidence with which the composer had spoken of his own production. The Queen defended him warmly; she insisted that he could not be ignorant of the merit of his works, that he well knew they were generally admired, and that, no doubt, he was fearful lest a modesty, merely dictated by politeness, should look like affectation in him. The Queen did not confine her admiration to the lofty style of the French and Italian operas: our comic opera also pleased her much. She greatly valued Grétry's music, so well adapted to the spirit and feeling of the words that time has not yet diminished its charm. It is known that a great deal of the poetry set to music by Grétry is by Marmontel. The day after the first performance of *Zemira and Azor*, Marmontel and Grétry were presented to the Queen in the gallery of Fontainebleau, as she was passing through it to go to Mass. The Queen addressed all her compliments on the success of the new opera to Grétry; told him that during the night she had dreamed of the enchanting effect of the trio by Zemira's father and sisters behind the magic mirror; having said this she

left them. Grétry, in a transport of joy, took Marmontel in his arms. "Ah! my friend," cried he; "excellent music may be made of this." "And execrable words," coolly observed Marmontel, to whom Her Majesty had not addressed a single word.

The Queen had no taste for pictures. The most indifferent artists were permitted to have the honour of painting her. A full-length portrait representing Marie Antoinette in all the pomp of Royalty was exhibited in the gallery of Versailles. This picture, which was intended for the Court of Vienna, and executed by a man who does not deserve to be named, disgusted all people of taste. It seemed as if this art, which is justly placed in the foremost rank of the fine arts, had in France retrograded several centuries. True it is that Vanloo and Boucher had so corrupted the style of the French school that, with eyes accustomed to look only at the foreign and native master-pieces which now surround us, we can scarcely believe that Boucher's paintings could have been objects of admiration at a period so near the age of Louis XIV.

The Queen had not that enlightened judgment, or even that mere taste, which in Princes is sufficient to enable them to develop and protect great talents. She confessed frankly that she saw no merit in any portrait beyond the likeness. When she went to the Louvre on the exhibition of the pictures, she would run hastily over all the little imitative subjects, and come out, as she acknowledged, without having once raised her eyes to the grander compositions.

There is no good portrait of the Queen, save that by Werthmüller, chief painter to the King of Sweden, which was sent to Stockholm; and that by Madame Le Brun, which was saved from the revolutionary fury by the commissioners for the care of the furniture at Versailles. In the composition of the latter picture there reigns a striking analogy to that of Henrietta of France, the wife of the unfortunate Charles I., painted by Vandyke. Like Marie Antoinette, she is seated.

surrounded by her children, and that resemblance adds to the melancholy interest raised by this beautiful production.

In admitting, with that candour which I will never lose sight of, that the Queen gave no direct encouragement to any art but that of music, I should be wrong to pass over in silence the patronage conferred by her and the Princes, brothers of the King, on the art of printing.

To Marie Antoinette we are indebted for a splendid quarto edition of the Works of Metastasio : to Monsieur the King's brother, for a quarto Tasso, embellished with engravings after Cochin ; and to the Count d'Artois. for a small collection of select works, which is considered one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the celebrated Didot's press.

In 1775, on the death of the Maréchal du Muy, the ascendency of the sect of innovators occasioned the call of M. de Saint-Germain to Court, that the important post of Minister of War might be entrusted to him. His first care was the abolition of the King's military household establishment, which had been an imposing and effectual rampart round the sovereign power.

It is to be observed that, at the period when the Chancellor Maupeou obtained the consent of Louis XV. to the destruction of the Parliament and the banishment of all the ancient magistrates, the *mousquetaires* were charged with the execution of the commission for this purpose ; and that at the stroke of midnight, the presidents and members were all arrested, each by two *mousquetaires*.

In the spring of 1755 a popular insurrection had taken place in consequence of the high price of bread. M. Turgot's new regulation, which permitted unlimited trade in corn, was either its cause or the pretence for it ; and the King's household troops had, upon that occasion, contributed mainly to the restoration of public tranquillity.

A great number of persons, enlightened by the disastrous events at the end of the reign of Louis XVI.,

have suspected M. de Saint-Germain of a treacherous confederacy in favour of schemes, formed long beforehand, it is true, by the enemies of good order; but by what fatality was the Queen drawn in to promote such objects? I could never discover the true cause of it, unless indeed in the marked favour shown to the captains and officers of the body-guards, who, in consequence of the reduction, became the only soldiers of their rank entrusted with the safety of the Sovereign; or else in the Queen's strong prejudice against the Duke d'Aiguillon, then commander of the light horse. M. de Saint-Germain, however, retained fifty gendarmes and fifty light horse to form a Royal escort on State occasions; but in 1787 the King disbanded both these military bodies. The Queen then remarked, with evident satisfaction, that at last she could see no more red-coats in the gallery of Versailles.

From 1775 to 1781 the Queen passed the most pleasant part of her life, and that in which she indulged most in the gratifications which on all sides offered themselves to her. In the little journeys to Choisy, performances frequently took place at the theatre twice in one day—grand opera and French or Italian comedy at the usual hour, and at eleven at night parodies, in which the best actors of the Opera presented themselves in the most whimsical parts and costumes. The celebrated dancer, Guimard, always took the leading character in the latter performances. She danced better than she acted; her extreme leanness and her small hoarse voice added to the burlesque in the parodied characters of Ernelinde and Iphigénie.

The most magnificent and complimentary *fête* ever given to the Queen was one prepared for her by Monsieur the King's brother at Brunoy. That Prince did me the honour to admit me there, and I followed Her Majesty everywhere in the group that surrounded her. In roving about the gardens she found, in the first copse, knights in full armour asleep beneath the shades of trees, whence hung their spears and shields. The absence of

the beauties who had incited the nephews of Charlemagne to lofty deeds is supposed to occasion this lethargic slumber. But the Queen appears at the entrance of the copse; they are on foot in an instant; melodious voices sing the cause of their disenchantment and their eagerness to signalise their skill and valour. They then hastened into a vast arena, magnificently decorated exactly in the style of the ancient tournaments.

Fifty dancers, dressed as pages, presented to the knights twenty-five superb black horses and twenty-five of a dazzling whiteness, all most richly caparisoned. The party led by Augustus Vestris wore the Queen's colours. Picq, ballet-master at the Russian Court, commanded the opposing band. There was running at the black helmet, tilting and, lastly, desperate single combat, perfectly well imitated. Although the spectators were aware that the Queen's colours could not but be victorious, they did not the less enjoy the various and prolonged sensations occasioned by the apparent uncertainty of the triumph.

Nearly all the agreeable women of Paris, who are always ready to enjoy spectacles of this description, were ranged upon the steps which surrounded the area of the tourney. This assemblage completed the illusion. The Queen, surrounded by the Royal Family, and the whole Court, was placed beneath an elevated canopy. A play, followed by a ballet pantomime and a ball, terminated the *fête*. Fireworks and illuminations were not spared. Finally from a prodigious high scaffold, placed on a rising ground, shouts of "Vive Louis! Vive Marie Antoinette!" were sent forth in the air, in the midst of a very dark but calm night.

Pleasure was the sole pursuit of every one of this young family, with the exception of the King. Their love of it was perpetually encouraged by a crowd of those officious people, who, by anticipating the desires, and even the passions of Princes, find means of showing their zeal, and so hope to gain or secure favour for themselves.

Who would have dared, by cold or solid reasonings, to

check the amusements of a Queen, young, lively and handsome? A mother or a husband alone had the right to do it, and the King threw no impediment in the way of Marie Antoinette's inclinations. His long indifference had been followed by feelings of admiration and love. He was a slave to all the wishes of the Queen, who, delighted with the happy change in the mind and manners of the King, did not sufficiently conceal the satisfaction she felt at it, nor the ascendency she was gaining over him.

The King went to bed every night at eleven precisely; he was very methodical, and nothing was allowed to interfere with his rules. He had not, as yet, omitted a single night to share the nuptial bed; but the noise which the Queen unavoidably made, when she returned very late from the evenings which she spent with the Princess de Guéménée, or the Duke de Duras, at last annoyed the King, and it was amicably agreed that the Queen should apprise him when she intended to sit up late. The King then began to sleep in his own apartment, which had never before happened from the time of their marriage.

During the winter the opera-balls beguiled many of the Queen's nights; she attended them with a single lady of the palace, and Monsieur and the Count d'Artois were always there. Her people concealed their liveries under grey cloth overcoats. She always thought she was not recognised, while all the time she was known to the whole assembly, from the first moment she entered the theatre. They pretended, however, not to recognise her, and some masquerade manœuvre was always adopted to give her the pleasure of fancying herself *incognito*.

Louis XVI. determined once to accompany the Queen to a masked ball; it was agreed that the King should hold not only the *Grand* but the *petit coucher*, as if actually going to bed. The Queen went to his apartment through the inner corridors of the palace, followed by one of her women with a black domino; she assisted him to put it on, and they went alone to the chapel court, where a carriage waited for them, with the captain of the guard

on duty, and a lady of the palace. The King was but little amused, spoke only to two or three persons, who knew him immediately, and found nothing to admire at the masquerade but Punches and Harlequins, which served as joke against him for the Royal Family, who often amused themselves with laughing at him about it.

An event, very simple in itself, brought lamentable suspicions upon the conduct of the Queen. She was going out one evening with the Duchess de Luynes, lady of the palace. Her carriage broke down at the entrance into Paris ; she was obliged to alight ; the Duchess led her into a shop, while a footman called a *fiacre*. As they were masked, if they had but known how to keep silence, the event would never have been known ; but to ride in a *fiacre* is an adventure so whimsical for a Queen, that she had hardly entered the opera-house when she could not help saying to some persons whom she met there, "I came in a *fiacre ;* is it not droll ? "

From that moment all Paris was informed of the adventure of the *fiacre ;* it was said that everything connected with that night-adventure was mysterious ; that the Queen had kept an assignation in a private house with a nobleman honoured by her kindness : the Duke de Coigny was openly named. He was, indeed, very well received at Court, but equally so by the King and Queen. These suppositions of gallantry once set afloat, there were no longer any bounds to all the foolish conjectures of the gossips of the day, and still less to the calumnies circulated at Paris respecting the Queen ; if, during the chase, or at cards, she spoke to Lord Edward Dillon, De Lambertye, or others whose names I cannot at this moment bring to my recollection, they were so many favoured lovers. The people of Paris did not know that none of those young persons were admitted into the Queen's private circle of friends, nor had even any claim to be introduced there ; but the Queen went about Paris in disguise, and had made use of a *fiacre ;* and, unfortunately, a single instance of levity gives room for the suspicion of others, and ill-disposed persons do not hesi-

tate to presume that which could not really take place. Calm in consciousness of innocence, and well knowing that all about her must do justice to her private life, the Queen spoke of these false reports with contempt, contenting herself with the supposition that some vain folly in the young men above mentioned had given rise to them. She therefore left off speaking to them, or even looking at them. Their vanity took alarm at this, and the pleasure of revenge induced them either to say, or to leave others to think, that it was their misfortune to please no longer. Other young coxcombs, placing themselves near the private box which the Queen occupied *incognito* when she attended the public theatre at Versailles, had the presumption to imagine that they were noticed by her; and I have known such notions entertained merely on account of the Queen's requesting one of those gentlemen to enquire behind the scenes whether it would be long before the commencement of the second piece.

The list of persons received into the Queen's closet, which I have given above, was placed in the hands of the gentlemen ushers of the chamber by the Princess de Lamballe; and the persons there enumerated were to present themselves to enjoy the distinction on those days whereon the Queen chose to be with her intimates in a private manner, and on no other; and this was only after she had been confined, or when she was slightly indisposed. People of the first rank at Court sometimes requested audiences of her; the Queen then received them in a room within that called the wardrobe-women's closet, and these women announced whoever was coming into Her Majesty's apartment.

I was one day in this cabinet when the Duke de Lauzun passed through it, after an occurrence which requires some explanation.

The Duke de Lauzun (since Duke de Biron), who made himself conspicuous in the Revolution, among the associates of the Duke d'Orleans, has left behind him some manuscript Memoirs, in which he calumniates the

character of Marie Antoinette. He relates one anecdote respecting a heron's plume. The following is the true history of the matter.

The Duke de Lauzun had a good deal of original wit and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen was accustomed to see him at the King's suppers, and at the house of the Princess de Guéménée, and always showed him attention. One day he made his appearance at Madame de Guéménée's in uniform, and the most magnificent plume of white heron's feathers that it was possible to behold. The Queen admired the plume, and he offered it to her through the Princess de Guéménée. As he wore it, the Queen had not imagined that he could think of giving it to her. Much embarrassed with the present which she had, as it were, drawn upon herself, she did not dare to refuse it, nor did she know whether she ought to make one in return ; fearful, if she did give anything, of giving either too much or too little, she contented herself with wearing the plume once, and letting M. de Lauzun see her adorned with the present he had made her. In his secret Memoirs the Duke attaches an importance to his present of the *aigrette*, which proves him utterly unworthy of an honour accorded only to his name and rank.

His vanity magnified the value of the favour done him. A short time after the present of the heron plume he solicited an audience ; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other nobleman of equal rank. I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received. A few minutes after his arrival, the Queen opened the door and said aloud, and in an angry tone of voice, " Go, sir." M. de Lauzun bowed low and withdrew. The Queen was much agitated. She said to me, " That man shall never again come within my doors." A few years before the Revolution of 1789 the Marshal de Biron died. The Duke de Lauzun, heir to his name, aspired to the important post of colonel of the regiment of French guards. The Queen, however, procured it for the Duke du Châtelet : such is often the origin of the most im-

placable hatred. The Duke de Biron espoused the cause of the Duke d'Orleans, and became one of the most violent enemies of Marie Antoinette.

It is with reluctance that I enter very minutely on a defence of the Queen against two infamous accusations with which libellers have dared to swell their envenomed volumes. I mean the unworthy suspicions of too strong an attachment for the Count d'Artois, and of the motives for the close friendship which subsisted between the Queen, the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac. I do not believe that the Count d'Artois was, during the earlier years of his own youth, and that of the Queen, so much enamoured as has been said with the beauty and loveliness of his sister-in-law; but I can affirm that I always saw that Prince maintain the most respectful demeanour towards the Queen; that she always spoke of him, of his good nature and cheerfulness, with that freedom which never attends any other than the purest sentiments, and that none of those about the Queen ever saw in the affection she manifested towards the Count d'Artois more than that of a kind and tender sister for her youngest brother. As to the intimate connection between Marie Antoinette and the ladies I have named, it never had, nor could have, any other motive than the very innocent wish to secure herself two *friends* in the midst of a numerous Court; and, notwithstanding this intimacy, that tone of dignified respect, observed by persons of the most exalted rank towards Royal Majesty, was never forgotten.

The Queen, entirely occupied with the society of Madame de Polignac and amusements which succeeded each other in an unbroken series, had for some time found but little leisure for the Abbé de Vermond; he therefore resolved to retire from Court. The world did him the honour to believe that he had hazarded remonstrances upon his august pupil's frivolous employment of her time, and that, both as an ecclesiastic and as instructor, he was now, when at Court, out of his place. But the world deceived itself: his dissatisfaction arose purely

from the favour shown to the Countess Jules. After a fortnight's absence, we saw him at Versailles again, resuming his usual functions. I will relate by-and-by his motives for absenting himself, and the conditions for which he stipulated, upon his return.

CHAPTER VIII

From the time of Louis XVI.'s accession to the throne, the Queen had been expecting a visit from her brother the Emperor Joseph II. That Prince was the constant theme of her discourse. She boasted of his intelligence, his love of occupation, his military knowledge and the perfect simplicity of his manners. Those about Her Majesty ardently wished to see at Versailles a Prince so worthy of his rank. At length the coming of Joseph II., under the title of Count Falkenstein, was announced, and the very day on which he would be at Versailles was mentioned.* The first interview between the Queen and her august brother took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest interest when displayed by Sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

The Emperor was at first generally admired in France; men of science, skilful officers and celebrated artists were sensible of the great extent of his information. He made less impression at Court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; from these characteristics he was looked upon rather as a singular than an admirable Prince. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle. The Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a *cabaret* (that was his very expression). The Queen insisted, and

* The Queen received the Emperor at Versailles, and did not go to meet him in a cabriolet, as is said in some of the collections of anecdotes respecting the Court of Louis XVI., especially in a very respectable work in which this false anecdote is inserted, as it is likewise in the *English Spy*, from which it was probably taken.

assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied that he knew the château of Versailles was extensive enough, and that he might claim a place there as well as any of the other *blackguards* who were lodged in it, but his *valet de chambre* had made up his camp-bed in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge.

He dined with the King and Queen, and supped with the whole family assembled together. He appeared to take an interest in the young Princess Elizabeth, then just past childhood, and blooming in all the freshness of that age. A report of an intended marriage between him and this young sister of the King was circulated at the time, but I believe it had no foundation in truth.

The table still continued to be attended by females only when the Queen dined in private with the King, the Royal Family, or crowned heads.* I was present at the Queen's dinner almost every day. The Emperor would there speak much and fluently ; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say that he liked *spectaculous* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the Court of France, and even in the presence of the

* The custom was that, even supposing dinner to have commenced, if a Princess of the Blood arrived and she was asked to sit down at the Queen's table, the comptrollers and gentlemen-in-waiting immediately came to attend and the Queen's women withdrew. These had succeeded the maids of honour in several parts of their service and had preserved some of their privileges. One day the Duchess d'Orleans arrived at Fontainebleau at the Queen's dinner-hour. The Queen invited her to the table, and herself motioned to her women to leave the room and let the men take their places. Her Majesty said she was resolved to continue a privilege which kept places of that description honourable and rendered them a fit resort for ladies of birth without fortune.

Madame de Mizery, Baroness de Biache, the Queen's first lady of the chamber, to whom I was reversioner, was a daughter of the Count de Chemant, and her grandmother was a Montmorency. The Prince de Tingry, in the presence of the Queen, used to call her *cousin*.

The ancient household of the Kings of France conferred prerogatives acknowledged in the State. Many of the offices were tenable only by those of noble blood, and were sold at from 40,000 to 300,000 francs. A collection of edicts of the Kings in favour of the prerogatives and right of precedence of the persons holding office in the King's household is still in existence.

King aimed his sarcasms at them. The King smiled, but never made any answer; the Queen appeared to feel pain from them. The Emperor frequently terminated his observations upon the objects in Paris which he had admired by reproaching the King by remaining in ignorance of them. He could not conceive how such rich treasures of art should remain shut up in the dust of immense depositories,* and told him one day that but for the practice of placing some of them in the apartments of Versailles, he would not know even the principal *chefs-d'œuvre* that he possessed.† He also reproached him for not having visited the Hôtel des Invalides or the Military School, and even went so far as to tell him before us that he ought not only to know what Paris contained, but to travel in France and reside a few days in each of his large towns.

At last the Queen was really hurt at the Emperor's indiscreet sincerity, and gave him a few lectures upon the thoughtlessness with which he allowed himself to lecture others. One day she was busied in signing warrants and orders for payment for her household, and was conversing with M. Augeard, her secretary for such matters, who presented the papers one after another to be signed, and replaced them in his portfolio. While this was going forward the Emperor walked about the room; all at once he stopped to censure the Queen rather severely for signing all those papers without reading them, or at least without running her eye over them; and he spoke most judiciously to her upon the danger of signing her name inconsiderately. The Queen answered that very wise principles might be very ill applied; that her secretary for orders, who deserved her implicit confidence, was at that moment laying before her nothing but orders for

* Shortly after the Emperor's departure the Count d'Angivillers laid before the King plans for the erection of the Museum, which was then begun.

† The Emperor loudly blamed the practice existing at that time of allowing shopkeepers to erect shops near the outward walls of all the palaces and to establish something like a fair upon the staircases in the galleries of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and even up to each landing-place of the great staircases.

payment of the quarter s expenses of her household, registered in the Chamber of Accounts ; and that she ran no risk of giving her signature for any improper design.

The Queen's toilet was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions, and teased her abour her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more ; and, pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted, " A little more under the eyes," said the Emperor to the Queen ; " lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does." The Queen entreated her brother to cease observations of this sort, and at all events to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone. This manner of criticising established fashions and customs agreed very well with the sneering spirit which then prevailed, otherwise the Emperor would have been generally blamed. Those who from principle adhered to the ancient customs were the only persons displeased, and were, indeed, much offended with him for his misplaced frankness.

The Queen had made an appointment to meet him at the Italian theatre ; Her Majesty changed her mind, and went to the French theatre. She sent a page to the Italian theatre requesting that her brother would come to her. The Emperor left his box, lighted by the comedian Clairval, and attended by M. de la Ferté, comptroller of the Queen's privy purse, who was much hurt at hearing His Imperial Majesty, after condescendingly expressing his regret at not being present at the Italian performance, say to Clairval, " Your young Queen is very giddy ; but, luckily, you Frenchmen have no great objection to that."

I was with my father-in-law in one of the Queen's apartments when the Emperor came to wait for her there, and, knowing that M. Campan did the duty of librarian, he conversed with him about such books as would of course be found in the Queen's library. After

talking of our most celebrated authors, he casually said, "There are no works on finance or on administration here, of course."

These words were followed by his opinion on all that had been written on those topics, and the different systems of our two famous ministers, Sully and Colbert; on the errors which were daily committed in France in points so essential to the prosperity of the empire, and on the reform he himself would make at Vienna as soon as he should be able. Holding M. Campan by the button, he spent more than an hour talking vehemently, and without the slightest reserve, about the French Government. This was certainly wrong, for the Emperor should have conversed with the secretary-librarian only upon matters connected with his office, if he had consulted delicacy and dignity. But he was so full of self-sufficiency respecting the science of government that he fell into this childish error. My father-in-law and myself continued in profound silence, as much from astonishment as from respect; and when we were left alone we agreed not to speak of this interview.

The Emperor was fond of telling secret anecdotes of the Italian Courts that he had visited. The jealous quarrels between the King and Queen of Naples amused him highly; he described to the life the manner and speech of that Sovereign, and the simplicity with which he used to go and solicit the first chamberlain to obtain permission to return to the nuptial bed, when the angry Queen had banished him from it. The time he was made to wait for this reconciliation was calculated between the Queen and her chamberlain, and always proportioned to the gravity of the offence. He also related several very amusing stories relative to the Court of Parma, of which he spoke with no little contempt. If what this Prince said of those Courts, and even of Vienna, had been written down from day to day, the whole would have formed a very interesting collection. I recollect but one anecdote which calls to mind the infatuation of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the system of the economists, and

gives an idea of the judgment the Emperor had formed of him. The Emperor related to the King that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples being together, the former talked much about the changes he had effected in his State. He said he had issued a vast number of new edicts, in order to carry the precepts of the economists into execution, and trusted that in so doing he was labouring for the welfare of his people. The King of Naples suffered him to go on speaking for a long time, and then merely asked him how many Neapolitan families there were in Tuscany. The Duke soon reckoned them up, as they were but few. "Well, brother," replied the King of Naples, "I do not understand the indifference of your people respecting this said welfare, for I have four times the number of Tuscan families settled in my States that you have of Neapolitan families in yours."

The Queen being at the Opera with the Emperor, the latter did not wish to show himself; but she took him by the hand, and with a little gentle force drew him forward to the first row of the box. This presentation to the public was most warmly received. The performance was *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and for the second time the chorus, "Chantons, célébrons notre Reine!" was called for with the greatest ardour, and sung in the midst of universal plaudits.

A *fête* of a novel description was given at Petit Trianon. The art with which the English garden was lighted, not illuminated, produced a charming effect: earthen lamps concealed by painted green boards threw light upon the beds of shrubs and flowers, and brought out their several tints in the most varied and pleasing manner. Several hundred burning faggots in the moat behind the Temple of Love kept up a blaze of light, which rendered the spot the most brilliant in the garden. After all, this evening's entertainment had nothing remarkable about it beyond that for which it was indebted to the good taste of the artists, yet it was much talked of. The situation did not allow of the admission of a great part of the Court; those

who were uninvited were dissatisfied ; and the people, who never forgive any *fêtes* but those they share in, contributed greatly to the envious exaggerations which were circulated as to the cost of this little *fête*, which were so ridiculously absurd as to state that the faggots burnt in the moat required the destruction of a whole forest. The Queen, being informed of these reports, was determined to know exactly how much wood had been consumed, and she found that fifteen hundred faggots had sufficed to keep up the fire until four o'clock in the morning.

The Emperor left France after staying a few months, and promised his sister to come and see her again.

All the officers of the Queen's chamber had taken many opportunities of serving him during his stay, and expected that he would make presents before his departure. Their oath of office positively forbade them receiving a gift from any foreign Prince ; they had, therefore, agreed to refuse the Emperor's presents at first, but to ask the time necessary for obtaining permission to accept them. The Emperor, probably informed of this custom, relieved the good people from the difficulty of getting themselves released from their oath, for he set off without making a single present.

The Countess d'Artois already had two children, while the Queen had not even a hope of giving heirs to the throne. There were many secret conjectures respecting the obstacles which could so long have opposed this. At last, about the latter end of 1777, the Queen, being alone in her closet, sent for my father-in-law and myself, and giving us her hand to kiss, told us that, looking upon us both as persons deeply interested in her happiness, she wished to receive our congratulations ; that at length she really was the Queen of France, and that she hoped soon to have children ; that up to that moment she had concealed her grief, but that she had shed many tears in secret.

We have calculated and found that she was brought to

bed of Madame, daughter of the King, exactly a year after the confidence she had deigned to repose in us. This tardy consummation was not made public.

Dating from this long-delayed but happy moment, the King's attachment to the Queen assumed every characteristic of love. The good Lassone, first physician to the King and Queen, frequently spoke to me of the uneasiness that the King's indifference, the cause of which he had been so long in overcoming, had given him, and appeared to me at that time to entertain anxiety of a very different description.

In the winter of 1778 the King's permission for the return of Voltaire, after an absence of twenty-seven years, was obtained. A few austere or cautious persons considered this condescension on the part of the Court as very injudicious. The Emperor, on leaving France, passed by Ferney, and did not think fit to stop there. He had advised the Queen not to suffer Voltaire to be presented to her. A lady belonging to the Court learned the Emperor's opinion on that point, and reproached him with his want of enthusiasm towards the greatest genius of the age. He replied that, for the good of the people, he should always endeavour to profit by the knowledge of the philosophers, but that his own business of Sovereign would always prevent his ranking himself amongst the adepts of that sect. The clergy also took steps to hinder Voltaire's appearance at Court. Paris, however, carried the honours paid to the great poet to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. It was highly imprudent to give the people of Paris an opportunity of showing with how much pleasure they could maintain an opinion contrary to that of the Court. This was pointed out to the Queen, and she was told that, without conferring on Voltaire the honour of a presentation, she might see him in the State apartments. She was not very adverse to following this advice, and appeared embarrassed solely about what she should say to him in case of consenting to see him. She was recommended to talk to him about nothing but the *Henriade*, *Mérope* and *Zaïre*. The Queen

told those who had taken the liberty to make these observations to her that she would still consult a few other persons in whom she had great confidence. The next day she gave for answer that it was irrevocably decided Voltaire should not see any member of the Royal Family, his writings being full of principles which aimed too directly at religion and morals. "It is, however, strange," said the Queen as she gave this answer, "that while we refuse to admit Voltaire into our presence as the leader of philosophical writers, Madame la Maréchale de Mouchy, with all the intriguing disposition of the sect, should have presented to me, some years ago, Madame Geoffrin, who owed her celebrity to the title of foster-mother of the philosophers."

When the intended duel of the Count d'Artois with the Prince de Bourbon was known, the Queen determined to see the Baron Besenval, who was to be one of the persons present at the meeting, privately, in order to communicate the King's intentions. I read with infinite pain the manner in which that simple fact is perverted in M. de Besenval's memoirs. He is right in saying that M. Campan led him through the upper corridors of the château, and introduced him into an apartment unknown to him ; but the air of romance given to the interview is equally culpable and ridiculous. M. de Besenval says that he found himself, without knowing how he came there, in a plain apartment, *but very conveniently furnished*, of the existence of which he was till then utterly ignorant. He was astonished, he adds, *not that the Queen should have so many facilities, but that she should have ventured to procure them.* Ten printed sheets of the woman Lamott's impure libels contain nothing so injurious to the character of Marie Antoinette as these lines, written by a man whom she honoured by kindness thus undeserved. He could not possibly have had any opportunity of knowing the existence of these apartments, which consisted of a very small ante-chamber, a bedchamber and a closet. Ever since the Queen had occupied her own apartment this had been appropriated to Her Majesty's lady of honour

in cases of confinement or sickness, and was actually in such use when the Queen was confined. It was so important that it should not be known the Queen had spoken to the Baron before the duel that she had determined to go through her inner room into this little apartment to which M. Campan was to conduct him. When men write upon times still in remembrance they should be scrupulously exact, and not indulge in any exaggerations or constructions of their own.

The Baron de Besenval, in his memoirs, appears mightily surprised at the Queen's sudden coolness, and in a very unfavourable manner refers to the fickleness of her disposition. I can explain the reason for the change by repeating what Her Majesty said to me at the time, and I will not alter one of her expressions. Speaking of the strange presumption of men, and the reserve with which women ought always to treat them, the Queen added that age did not deprive them of the hope of pleasing if they retained any agreeable qualities; that she had treated the Baron de Besenval as a brave Swiss, agreeable, polished and witty, whose grey hairs had induced her to look upon him as a man whom she might see without fear of censure, but that she had been much deceived. Her Majesty, after having enjoined me to the strictest secrecy upon what she was about to impart, informed me that finding herself alone with the Baron, he began to address her with so much gallantry that she was thrown into the utmost astonishment, and that he was mad enough to fall upon his knees and make her a declaration in form. The Queen added that she said to him, "Rise, sir; the King shall not be informed of an offence which would disgrace you for ever"; that the Baron grew pale, and stammered an apology; that she left her closet without saying another word, and that since that time she hardly ever spoke to him. The Queen said to me on this occasion, "It is delightful to have friends, but in a situation like mine it is sometimes difficult to adopt the friends of our friends."

The Baron, like a bold courtier, knew how to digest

both the shame attendant on a step so blamable, and the resentment which had of course succeeded. He did not lose the honourable distinction of being on the list of persons received in the society of Trianon.

In the beginning of the year 1779 Chevalier d'Eon obtained permission to return to France, on condition that he should appear there in no other dress than that of a female. The Count de Vergennes entreated my father, M. Genet, chief clerk of foreign affairs, who had long known the Chevalier d'Eon, to receive that whimsical personage at his house, to guide and restrain, if possible, his restless disposition. The Queen, on learning his arrival at Versailles, sent a footman to desire my father to bring him into her presence. My father thought it his duty, first, to inform the minister of Her Majesty's wishes. The Count de Vergennes expressed himself pleased with my father's prudence, and desired him to accompany him to the Queen. The minister had a few minutes' audience ; Her Majesty came out of her closet with him, and finding my father in the room beyond it, condescended to express to him the regret she felt at having troubled him to no purpose ; and added, smiling, that a few words which M. de Vergennes had just said to her had for ever cured her of her curiosity. The late discovery and confirmation, in London, respecting the true sex of this pretended woman, gives room for belief that the few words uttered by the minister for foreign affairs to the Queen contained merely a solution of the enigma. It is known that while the Chevalier d'Eon was minister plenipotentiary in London, he outrageously attacked the honour of the Count de Guerchy ; and the Court of France in not permitting him to make his appearance again in his own country in any other dress than that of a woman, made some atonement for his insulting conduct towards a family of consideration.

The Chevalier d'Eon had been useful in Russia in the private espionage of Louis XV. While still very young, he had found means to introduce himself at the Court of

the Empress Elizabeth, and had served that Sovereign in the capacity of reader. Resuming afterwards his military dress, he served with honour, and was wounded. Appointed chief secretary of legation, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary at London, he offended Count de Guerchy, the ambassador, by the most unpardonable insults. They were of such a nature that the official order for the Chevalier's return to France was actually delivered to the King's Council; but Louis XV. delayed the departure of the courier who was to be the bearer of it, and sent off another courier, privately, who gave the Chevalier d'Eon a letter in his own writing, in which he said: "I know that you have served me as effectually in the dress of a woman as in that which you now wear. Resume it instantly; withdraw into the city; I warn you that the King yesterday signed an order for your return to France. You are not safe in your hotel, and you will here find too powerful enemies." I heard the Chevalier d'Eon repeat the contents of this letter, in which Louis XV. thus separated his personal existence from that of the King of France, several times at my father's. The Chevalier, or rather the *Chevalière*, d'Eon had preserved all the King's letters. Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes wished to get these letters out of his hands, as they feared he would print them. This eccentric being had long solicited his return to France; but it was necessary to find a way of sparing the family he had offended the kind of insult they would see in his return; he was therefore made to resume the costume of that sex in which in France everything is pardoned. The desire to see his native land once more undoubtedly determined him to submit to the condition, but he consoled himself by contrasting the long train of his gown and his three deep ruffles with the attitude and conversation of a grenadier, which, however, made him very disagreeable company.

At last the event so long desired by the Queen, and by all those who wished her well, took place. Her Majesty became pregnant; the King was in ecstasies on the

occasion. Never was there a more united or happier couple. The disposition of Louis XVI. was entirely altered, and was becoming prepossessing and conciliatory; he had submitted to the yoke of love, and the Queen was well compensated for the uneasiness which the King's indifference during the early part of their union had caused her.

The summer of 1778 was extremely hot. July and August passed, but the air was not cooled by a single shower. The Queen, incommoded by her size, spent whole days in close rooms, and could not sleep until she had breathed the fresh night air, which she did, walking with the Princesses and her brothers upon the terrace under her apartments. These promenades at first gave rise to no remarks; but it occurred to some of the party to enjoy the music of wind instruments during these fine summer nights. The musicians belonging to the chapel were ordered to perform pieces suited to instruments of that description, upon steps constructed in the middle of the garden. The Queen, seated on one of the terrace benches, enjoyed the effect of this music, surrounded by the whole of the Royal Family, with the exception of the King, who joined them but twice, disliking to break in upon his hour of going to bed. Nothing could be more innocent than these parties; yet Paris, France, nay, all Europe, were soon canvassing them in a manner most disadvantageous to the reputation of Marie Antoinette. It is true that all the inhabitants of Versailles chose to enjoy these serenades, and that there was a crowd near the spot from eleven at night until two or three in the morning. The windows of the ground floor, occupied by Monsieur and Madame, were kept open, and the terrace was perfectly well lighted by the numerous wax candles burning in the two apartments. Lamps were likewise placed in the garden, and the lights of the orchestra illuminated the rest of the place.

I do not know whether a few inconsiderate females might not have ventured further, and wandered to the bottom of the Park; it may have been so; but the

Queen, Madame and the Countess d'Artois were always arm-in-arm, and never left the terrace. The Princesses were not remarkable when seated on the benches, being dressed in cambric muslin gowns, with large straw hats and muslin veils, a costume universally adopted by females at that time; but when standing up, their different figures always distinguished them, and the persons present stood on one side to let them pass. It is true that, when they seated themselves upon the benches, private individuals would sometimes, to their great amusement, come and sit down by their side. A young clerk in the war department, lively and of good address, either not knowing the Queen, or pretending not to know her, spoke to her. The beauty of the night and the delightful effect of the music, formed the topic of conversation. The Queen, fancying she was not recognised, amused herself by keeping up the *incognito*, and they talked of several private families of Versailles, who were perfectly well known to the Queen, as they all consisted of persons belonging to the King's household, or her own. After thus passing a few minutes, the Queen and Princesses rose to walk, and on leaving the bench curtsied to the clerk. The young man knowing, or having subsequently discovered, that he had been conversing with the Queen, boasted of it in his office. On this being made known, he was desired to hold his tongue; and so little attention did he excite that the Revolution found him still a mere clerk as before. Another evening one of Monsieur's body-guard, in the same manner, came and seated himself near the Princesses, and knowing them, left the place where he was sitting, and came up to the Queen to tell her that he was very fortunate in being able to seize an opportunity of imploring the kindness of his Sovereign; that he was soliciting at Court—at the word soliciting, the Queen and Princesses rose hastily and withdrew into Madame's apartment.*

I was at the Queen's residence that very day. She

* Soulavie has most criminally perverted these two facts.

talked of this little occurrence all the time of her *coucher ;* though she only complained that one of Monsieur's guards should have the effrontery to speak to her. Her Majesty added that he ought to have respected her being *incognito,* and that that was not the place where he should have ventured to make a request. Madame had recognised him, and talked of making a complaint to his captain ; the Queen opposed it, attributing his error to his ignorance and provincial origin.

The most scandalous tales were made up and inserted in the libels of the day respecting these two insignificant occurrences, which I have related with scrupulous exactness. Nothing could be more false than those calumnious reports. It must be confessed, however, that such meetings were liable to serious ill consequences. I ventured to say as much to the Queen, and informed her that one evening, when Her Majesty had beckoned to me to go and speak to her, on the bench on which she was sitting I thought I recognised two women, deeply veiled, who were seated in profound silence by her side ; that those women were no other than the Countess du Barry and her sister-in-law ; and that my suspicions were confirmed when, at a few paces from the seat and nearer to Her Majesty, I met a tall footman belonging to Madame du Barry, and whom I had seen in her service all the time she resided at Court.

My advice was useless. Misled by the pleasure she found in these promenades, and lulled into security by the consciousness of blameless conduct, the Queen would not see the lamentable resu'ts by which they must necessarily be followed. This was very unfortunate, for, besides the mortifications they brought upon her, it is highly probable that they prompted the idea of the vile romance which gave rise to the Cardinal de Rohan's fatal error.

Having enjoyed these evening promenades about a month, the Queen ordered a private concert within the colonnade which contains the group of Pluto and Proserpine. Sentinels were placed at all the entrances to

the grove, and ordered to admit within the colonnade only such persons as should produce tickets signed by my father-in-law. A fine concert was performed there by the musicians of the chapel and the female musicians belonging to the Queen's chamber. The Queen went with Mesdames de Polignac, de Chalon and d'Andlau, and Messieurs de Polignac, de Coigny, de Besenval and de Vaudreuil; there were also a few equerries present. Her Majesty gave me permission to attend the concert with some of my female relations. There was no music upon the terrace. The crowd of inquisitive people, whom the sentinels kept at a distance from the enclosure of the colonnade, went away highly discontented; and the most disgusting calumnies were circulated respecting this private concert.*

Many people wished to enjoy it, and it really was very delightful. The small number of the persons admitted, no doubt, occasioned jealousy, and gave rise to offensive comments, which were caught up by the public with avidity. It is very essential to know how far the proceedings of the great should be matters of calculation. I do not pretend here to apologise for the kind of amusement with which the Queen indulged herself during this and the following summer; the consequences were so lamentable that the error was no doubt very great. The result will prove it. I shall not withhold that result, but what I have said respecting the character of these promenades may be relied on as true.

When the season for evening walks was at an end odious couplets were spread about Paris; the Queen was treated in them in the most insulting manner. Her pregnancy had ranked among her enemies persons attached to the only Prince who, for several years, had appeared likely to give heirs to the Crown. People ventured upon the most inconsiderate language; and those improper conversations took place in societies wherein the imminent danger

* This anecdote is in the same manner detestably perverted in Soulavie's infamous collection; yet his six volumes are unfortunately admitted into libraries, and particularly into the libraries of foreigners.

of violating, to so criminal an extent, both truth and the respect due to Sovereigns, ought to have been better understood. A few days before the Queen's confinement a whole volume of manuscript songs, concerning her and all the ladies about her anyway remarkable for rank or station, was thrown in at the "bull's-eye."

This manuscript was immediately put into the hands of the King, who was highly incensed at it, and said that he had himself been at those promenades; that he had seen nothing connected with them but what was perfectly harmless; that such songs would disturb the harmony of twenty families of the Court and city; that it was a capital crime to have made any against the Queen herself, and that he would have the author of the infamous libels sought out, discovered and punished. A fortnight afterwards it was known publicly that the verses were by M. Champcenetz de Riquebourg,* who was not even molested.

I was assured at the time that the King spoke to M. de Maurepas, before two of his most confidential servants, respecting the risk which he saw the Queen ran from those night walks upon the terrace of Versailles, the public venturing to censure them thus openly. The old minister had the cruel policy to answer the King that she should be suffered to go on, that she possessed talent, that her friends were very ambitious, and longed to see her take a part in public affairs, and that to let her acquire the reputation of levity would do no harm. M. de Vergennes was as hostile to the Queen's influence as M. de Maurepas. It may, therefore, be fairly presumed—since the Prime Minister durst point out to his King an advantage to be gained by the Queen's degrading herself—that he and M. de Vergennes employed all those means within the reach of powerful ministers, and availed themselves of the

* This M. Champcenetz de Riquebourg was known as the author of a great many songs, some of which are very well written. Lively and satirical by nature, he did not lose either his cheerfulness or his carelessness before the revolutionary tribunal, where after hearing his own sentence of condemnation read, he asked his judges if he might not be allowed to find a substitute.

slightest errors of that unfortunate Princess, in order to ruin her in the opinion of the public.

The Queen's pregnancy advanced; *Te Deums* were sung and prayers offered up in all the cathedrals. At length, on the 11th of December, 1778, the Queen felt her pains come on. The Royal family, Princes of the Blood and grand officers of State passed the night in the rooms adjoining the Queen's bed-chamber. Madame, the King's daughter, came into the world before midday, on December 19th. The etiquette of allowing all persons indiscriminately to enter at the moment of the delivery of a Queen was observed so literally that at the instant when the accoucheur, Vermond, said aloud, "La Reine va s'accoucher," the torrents of inquisitive persons who poured into the chamber were so great and tumultuous that the rush was near destroying the Queen. During the night the King had taken the precaution to have the enormous tapestry screens which surrounded Her Majesty's bed secured with cords. Had it not been for this foresight they certainly would have been thrown down upon her. It was impossible to move about the chamber, which was filled with so motley a crowd that anyone might have fancied himself in some place of public amusement. Two Savoyards got upon the furniture to obtain a better sight of the Queen, who was placed opposite the fireplace, upon a bed prepared for the moment of delivery. The noise, and the sex of the infant—which the Queen was made acquainted with by a signal previously agreed upon, as it is said, with the Princess de Lamballe—or some error of the accoucheur, brought on symptoms which threatened the most fatal consequences; the accoucheur exclaimed, "Give her air—warm water—she must be bled in the foot!" The windows were caulked up; the King opened them with a strength which his affection for the Queen gave him at the moment. They were of great height and pasted over with strips of paper all round. The basin of hot water not being brought quickly enough, the accoucheur desired the chief surgeon

to use his lancet without waiting for it. He did so; the blood streamed out freely, and the Queen opened her eyes. The joy which now succeeded to the most dreadful apprehensions could hardly be contained. The Princess de Lamballe was carried through the crowd in a state of insensibility. The *valets de chambre* and pages dragged out by the collar such inconsiderate persons as would not leave the room. This cruel etiquette was abolished ever afterwards. The Princes of the family, the Princes of the Blood, the chancellor and the ministers are surely sufficient to attest the legitimacy of an hereditary prince. The Queen was snatched from the very jaws of death; she was not conscious of having been bled, and, on being replaced in bed, asked why she had a linen bandage upon her foot.

The delight which succeeded the moment of fear was equally lively and sincere. We were all embracing each other and shedding tears of joy. The Count d'Esterhazy and the Prince de Poix, to whom I was the first to announce that the Queen had spoken and was restored to life, inundated me with their tears, and embraced me in the midst of a whole room full of the nobility. When recalling those bursts of happiness, those transports of delight, that moment when Heaven gave us back again a Princess beloved by all about her, how often have I reflected upon that impenetrable and wholesome obscurity by which all knowledge of the future is concealed from us! What should we not have felt if, in the midst of our joyful delirium, a heavenly voice, unfolding the secret decree of Fate, had cried to us, "Bless not that human art which calls her back to life; weep, rather, for her return to a world fatal and cruel to the object of your affections. Ah! let her leave it honoured, beloved, regretted. You can now weep over her grave, you can now cover it with flowers—the day will come when all the furies of the earth, after having pierced her heart with a thousand envenomed darts, after having engraven on her noble and enchanting features the premature marks of age, will deliver her

over to an execution more cruel than that inflicted upon criminals, will deprive her body of burial, and will precipitate you in the same gulf with herself if you suffer the slightest demonstration of compassion at so dreadful a spectacle to escape you."

CHAPTER IX

At length the Queen was restored to our fondest wishes. During the moment of alarm, regret at not possessing an heir to the throne was not even thought of. The King himself was wholly occupied with the care of preserving an adored wife. The young Princess was presented to the Queen. She pressed her to her truly maternal heart. "Poor little one," said she, "you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the State; you shall be mine; you shall have my undivided care, shall share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles."

The King despatched a courier to Paris, and wrote letters himself to Vienna by the Queen's bedside; part of the rejoicings ordered took place in the capital, and the age of the King and Queen affording ground for a presumption that they would have a numerous progeny, hope was again turned towards a new pregnancy.

A great number of attendants watched near the Queen during the first nights of her confinement. This made her uneasy; she knew how to feel for others, and ordered large arm-chairs for her women, the backs of which were capable of being let down by springs, and which served perfectly well instead of beds.

M. de Lassone, the chief physician, the chief surgeon, the chief apothecary, the principal officers of the buttery, etc., remained likewise nine nights without going to bed. The royal children were in like manner watched for a long time, and one of the nurses remained nightly, up and dressed, during the first three years from their birth.

The Queen made her entry into Paris for the churching.

One hundred maidens were portioned and married at Notre Dame. There were only a few popular acclamations, but Her Majesty was perfectly well received at the Opera.

A few days after the Queen's recovery from her confinement, the Curé of the Madeleine de la Cité at Paris wrote to M. Campan, and requested a private interview with him; it was to desire he would deliver into the hands of the Queen a little box containing her wedding ring, with this note written by the Curé: "I have received under the seal of confession the ring which I send to your Majesty, with an avowal that it was stolen from you in 1771, in order to be used in sorceries to prevent your having any children." On seeing her ring again, the Queen said that she had in fact lost it about seven years before, while washing her hands, and that she had resolved to use no endeavour to discover the superstitious woman who had done her the injury.

The Queen's attachment for the Countess Jules increased every day; she went frequently to her house at Paris, and even took up her own abode at the Château de la Muette, to be more at hand to visit her during her confinement. She married Mademoiselle de Polignac, who was scarcely thirteen years of age, to M. de Grammont, who, on account of this marriage, was made Duke de Guiche and captain of the King's guards in reversion after the Duke de Villeroi. The Duchess de Curac, Madame Victoire's *dame d'honneur*, had been promised the place for the Duke de Lorges, her son: and all this much increased the number of discontented families at Court.

The name of favourite was too openly given to the Countess Jules by her friends: the lot of a favourite of a Queen is not, in France, a happy one; the favourites of Kings are treated, out of gallantry, with much greater indulgence.

A short time after the birth of Madame the Queen again became pregnant; she had mentioned it only to the King, to her physician and to a few persons honoured

with her intimate confidence, when having exerted her strength in pulling up one of the glasses of her carriage, she felt that she had hurt herself ; and eight days afterwards she miscarried. The King spent the whole morning at her bedside consoling her, and manifesting the tenderest concern for her. The Queen wept exceedingly ; the King took her affectionately in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers. The Queen repeated several times that she was glad she had not mentioned her pregnancy in her family ; that people would not have failed to attribute her misfortune to some imprudence of her own, while in fact it had been occasioned by a very simple accident. The King enjoined silence among the small number of persons who were informed of this unfortunate occurrence, and it remained generally unknown. It was some time before the Queen recovered her health ; the King was much interested in it, and waited patiently for the moment when new hopes might be indulged. These particulars, which are punctually true, furnish an accurate idea of the manner in which this august couple lived together.

The Empress Maria Theresa did not enjoy the happiness of seeing her daughter give an heir to the Crown of France. That illustrious Princess terminated her mortal career about the close of 1780, after having proved by her example that, as in the instance of Queen Blanche, the talents of a Sovereign might be blended with the virtues of a pious Princess. The King was deeply affected at the death of the Empress ; and on the arrival of the courier from Vienna, said that he could not bring himself to afflict the Queen by informing her of an event which had grieved him so much. His Majesty thought the Abbé de Vermond, who had possessed the confidence of Maria Theresa during his stay at Vienna, the most proper person to discharge this painful duty towards the Queen. He sent his first *valet de chambre*, M. de Chamilly, to him on the evening of the day he received the despatches from Vienna, to order him to come the next day to the Queen before her breakfast

hour, to acquit himself discreetly of the afflicting commission with which he was charged, and to let His Majesty know the moment of his entering the Queen's chamber. It was the King's intention to be there about a quarter of an hour after him, and he was punctual to his time. He was announced ; the Abbé came out, and His Majesty said to him, as he drew up at the door to let him pass, " I thank you, M. l'Abbé, for the service you have just done me." This was the only time during nineteen years that the King spoke to him.

So great was the Queen's grief that it was right to anticipate and provide against its effects. Within an hour after learning the event she put on temporary mourning, while waiting until her Court mourning should be ready ; she kept herself shut up in her closet for several days, went out only to Mass, saw none but the Royal Family, and received none but the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac. She never ceased talking of the courage, the misfortunes, the abilities and pious virtues of her mother. The feelings of Christian meekness never forsook that Princess. Her shroud and the dress in which she was to be buried, made entirely by her own hands, were found ready prepared in one of her rooms. The Queen found no greater comfort in her affliction than talking of her beloved mother ; she was thoroughly versed in the various events which distinguished the Empress's reign, and in all the qualities which rendered her dear to her family, her intimates and her people. She often testified the regret she felt in thinking that the numerous duties of her august mother had prevented her watching in person over the education of her daughters, and modestly said that she herself would have been more worthy if she had had the good fortune to receive lessons directly from a Sovereign so enlightened and so deserving of admiration.

These pages were penned long after I was witness to, and sometimes depository of, things which would have been well worth recording. I regret the loss of several anecdotes of the Court of Maria Theresa of which I have

only confused ideas remaining; but I cannot avoid relating one in particular, which struck me forcibly, and which still adheres to my memory. The Queen told me one day that her mother was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking; that she was secretly informed of a scheme projected by her three principal ministers, to make themselves agreeable to her; of a compact made between them, that the losers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feeling of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain his Sovereign's heart; and that they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two. The Empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after the breaking up of the council over which she had presided, turned the conversation upon the subject of female Sovereigns and the duties of their sex and rank; and then, applying her general reflections to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weakness of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favour of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in State affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life and its calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her so far as to lead her to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers, more ambitious than amorous, gave up their projects for ever.

The Queen's second pregnancy was publicly known in the month of April; her health was excellent down to the moment of her confinement. At length, on October 22nd, 1781, she gave birth to a Dauphin. So deep a silence prevailed in the room at the moment the child first saw the light that the Queen thought she had only produced a daughter; but after the Keeper of the Seals had declared the sex of the infant, the King went up to the Queen's bed and said to her, "Madam, you have

fulfilled my wishes, and those of France; you are the mother of a Dauphin." The King's joy was boundless —tears streamed from his eyes, he gave his hand to everyone present without distinction, and his happiness raised him quite above his habitual manner. Cheerful and affable to all, he was incessantly taking occasion to introduce the words, *my son*, or *the Dauphin*. As soon as the Queen was in bed, she would see the long-looked-for infant. The Princess de Guéménée brought it to her. The Queen told her there was no necessity for commending the precious deposit to her, but that, in order to enable her to attend to him more freely, she would herself share with her the cares which the education of her daughter required. When the Dauphin was settled in his apartment, he received the customary homages and visits. The Duke d'Angoulême, meeting his father at the entrance of the Dauphin's apartment, said to him, "Oh, papa! how little my cousin is!" "The day will come when you will think him great enough, my dear," answered the Prince, almost involuntarily.

The birth of the Dauphin appeared to crown the hopes of all classes with universal joy; the people, the nobility, all seemed in this respect to belong to one family. Men stopped one another in the streets, spoke without being acquainted, and those who were acquainted embraced each other. Alas! personal interest is much more frequently the source of transports such as these than any sincere attachment to those who seem to occasion them. In the birth of a legitimate heir to the sovereign power every man beholds a pledge of prosperity and tranquillity.

The rejoicings were equally splendid and ingenious. The artificers and tradesmen of Paris spent considerable sums in order to go to Versailles in a body with their various insignia. Their new and elegant dresses formed a most agreeable sight. Almost every troop had music with it. When they arrived at the court of the palace, they there ranged themselves ingeniously and presented a

most interesting moving picture. Chimney-sweepers, quite as well dressed as those that appear upon the stage, carried an ornamented chimney, at the top of which was perched one of the smallest of their fraternity. The chairmen carried a sedan highly gilt, in which were to be seen a handsome nurse and a little Dauphin. The butchers made their appearance graced with good fat beef. Cooks, masons, blacksmiths, all trades, were on the alert. The smiths hammered away upon an anvil, the shoemakers finished off a little pair of boots for the Dauphin, and the tailors a little suit of the uniform of his regiment. The King remained a long time upon the balcony to enjoy the sight. The whole Court was delighted with it. So general was the enthusiasm, that (the police not having carefully examined the procession) the grave-diggers had the impudence to send their deputation also, with the emblematic devices of their ill-omened occupation. They were met by the Princess Sophie, the King's aunt, who was thrilled with horror at the sight, and entreated the King to have the audacious fellows driven out of the procession, which was then drawing up on the terrace.

The market-women came to congratulate the Queen, and were received with the ceremonies due to that body of dealers. They appeared to the number of fifty, dressed in black silk gowns, the old-established full dress of their order, and they almost all wore diamonds. The Princess de Chimay went to the door of the Queen's bedroom to receive three of these ladies, who were led up to the Queen's bed. One of them addressed Her Majesty in a speech written by M. de la Harpe. It was set down on the inside of a fan, to which the speaker repeatedly referred, but without any embarrassment. She was handsome, and had a remarkably fine voice. The Queen was affected by the address, and answered it with great affability, making a distinction between these women and the *poissardes*, who always left a disagreeable impression on her mind. The King ordered a substantial repast for all these women. One of His Majesty's *maîtres*

*d'hôtel,** wearing his hat, sat as president, and did the honours of the table. The public were admitted, and numbers of people had the curiosity to go.

The *poissardes'* songs were numerous, and some of them tolerably good. The King and Queen were much pleased with the following one, and sang it several times during the Queen's confinement:

"Ne craignez pas, cher papa,
D'voir augmenter vot' famille
Le bon Dieu z'y pourvoira:
Fait's-en tant que Versaille en fourmille
Y eût-il cent Bourbons cheu nous,
Y a du pain, du laurier pour tous."

The body-guards obtained the King's permission to give the Queen a dress-ball in the great room of the opera-house at Versailles. Her Majesty opened the ball in a minuet with a private, selected by the corps, to whom the King granted the *bâton* of an exempt. The *fête* was most splendid. All was joy, happiness and peace.

The Dauphin was a year old when the Prince de Guéménée's bankruptcy compelled the Princess, his wife, who was governess to the children of France, to resign her situation.

The Queen was at La Muette, where her daughter was undergoing inoculation. She sent for me, and condescended to say she wished to converse with me about a scheme which delighted her, but in the execution of which she foresaw some inconveniences. Her plan was to appoint the Duchess de Polignac to the office lately held by the Princess de Guéménée. She saw with ecstasy the facility which this appiontment would give her to superintend the education of her children, without running any risk of hurting the pride of the governess; and that it would bring together in one place all the objects of

* Proofs of nobility, or at least of being noble in the third degree, were required for the office of *maître d'hôtel*.

her warmest affections—her children and her friend "The friends of the Duchess de Polignac," continued the Queen, "will be gratified by the splendour and importance conferred by the employment. As to the Duchess, I know her. The place by no means suits her plain and quiet habits, nor the indolence (if I may use the expression) of her disposition. If she yields to my wish, then she will give me the greatest possible proof of her devotion to me."[1] The Queen also spoke of the Princess de Chimay and the Duchess de Duras, whom the public pointed out as fit to fill the place of governess; but she thought the Princess de Chimay's piety too rigid; and as to the Duchess de Duras, her wit and knowledge quite frightened her. What the Queen dreaded as the consequence of her selection of the Duchess de Polignac was, principally, the jealousy of the courtiers, who would never fail to make her feel the mortifications inseparable from that elevation. The Queen showed so lively a desire to see the execution of her scheme that I had no doubt she would soon set at naught the obstacles she discovered. I was not mistaken. A few days afterwards the Duchess was invested with the office of governess.

The Queen's object in sending for me to converse about her scheme was, no doubt, to furnish me with the means of explaining the feelings which induced her to prefer a governess disposed by friendship to suffer her to enjoy all the privileges of a mother. Her Majesty knew that I saw a great deal of company.

The Queen frequently dined at the Duchess's after having been present at the King's private dinner. Sixty-one thousand francs were therefore added to the salary of the latter as governess, as a compensation for this increase of expense.

The Queen was tired of the excursions to Marly, and had no great difficulty in setting the King against them. He did not like the expense of them, for everybody was entertained there gratis. Louis XIV. established a kind of parade upon these excursions, differing from

that of Versailles, but still more annoying. Card and supper parties occurred perpetually and occasioned much expense in dress.

On Sundays and holidays the fountains played, the public were admitted into the gardens, and there was always as great a crowd as at the *fêtes* of St. Cloud.

Every age has its peculiar complexion, and that very decidedly. Marly showed the colour of that of Louis XIV. even more than Versailles. Everything in the former place appeared to have been produced by the magic power of a fairy's wand.

The palaces and gardens of that seat of pleasure might be also compared to the scenic decorations of the fifth act of an opera. Not the slightest trace of all this splendour remains. The revolutionary spoilers even tore up from the bosom of the earth the pipes which served to supply the fountains. Possibly a brief description of this palace and the usages established there by Louis XIV. may be acceptable.

The very extensive garden of Marly rose by an imperceptible ascent up to the Pavilion of the Sun, which was occupied only by the King and his family. The pavilions of the twelve zodiacal signs bounded the two sides of the lawn. They were connected by elegant bowers impervious to the rays of the sun. The pavilions nearest to that of the sun were reserved for the Princes of the Blood and the ministers, the rest were occupied by persons holding superior offices at Court, or by persons invited to stay at Marly. Each pavilion was named after fresco paintings, which covered its walls, and which were executed by the most celebrated artists of the age of Louis XIV.

Upon a line with the upper pavilion there was, on the left, the chapel; on the right a pavilion, called La Perspective, which concealed a long suite of offices, containing a hundred lodging-rooms appropriated to the persons belonging to the service of the Court, kitchens, and spacious dining-rooms in which more than thirty tables were splendidly laid out.

CHAPTER IX

During one half of Louis XV.'s reign the ladies still wore the Marly Court dress, so named by Louis XIV., and which differed but little from that devised for Versailles. The French gown, puckered in the back, and great hoops, succeeded this dress, and maintained their ground to the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

The diamonds, feathers, rouge, and embroidered stuffs spangled with gold, banished even the slightest traces of rural character from this spot; but the people loved to see the splendour of their Sovereign and a brilliant Court glittering in the shades of the woods.

After dinner, and before the hour for cards, the Queen, Princesses and their ladies paraded among the clumps of trees, in little carriages, beneath canopies richly embroidered with gold, rolled forward by the King's livery servants. The trees were planted by Louis XIV., and were of prodigious height, which, however, was surpassed, in several of the groups, by fountains of the clearest water; while among others, cascades over white marble, the waters of which, being met by the sunbeams, looked like draperies of silver gauze and formed a contrast to the solemn darkness of the groves.

In the evening nothing more was necessary for any well-dressed man to procure admission to the Queen's card-parties than to be named and presented by some officer of the Court to the gentleman-usher of the card room. This room, which was very large and of octagonal shape, rose to the very top of the Italian roof, and terminated in a cupola, furnished with balconies, in which females who had not been presented easily obtained leave to place themselves, and enjoy the sight of the brilliant assemblage.

Though not of the number of persons belonging to the Court, gentlemen admitted into this saloon were allowed to request one of the ladies seated with the Queen, at lansquenet or faro, to bet upon her cards with such gold or notes as they presented to her.

Rich people and the deep gamesters of Paris did not miss one of the evenings at the Marly saloon, and

there were always very considerable sums won and lost.

Louis XVI. hated high play, and very often showed displeasure when the loss of large sums was mentioned. The fashion of wearing a black coat without being in mourning had not then been introduced, and the King gave a few raps on the knuckles to certain Chevaliers de Saint-Louis dressed in this manner, who came to venture two or three louis in the hope that fortune would favour the handsome Duchesses who deigned to play them on their cards.

Singular contrasts are often seen amidst the grandeur of Courts. In order to manage such high play at the Queen's faro-table it was necessary to have a banker provided with large sums of money, and this necessity placed at the table, to which none but the highest-titled persons were admitted in general, not only M. de Chalabre, who was the banker, but also a mere retired captain of foot, who officiated as his second. A low word, appropriated to express the manner in which the Court was attended there, was often heard. Gentlemen presented at Court, who had not been invited to stay at Marly, came there notwithstanding, as they did to Versailles, and returned again to Paris; under such circumstances, it was said such an one had been to Marly *en polisson;* and nothing appeared to me more odd than to hear an agreeable Marquis, in answer to the inquiry of one of his intimates whether he was of the Royal party at Marly, say, "No, I am only here *en polisson*"; meaning nothing more than, "I am here on the footing of all those whose nobility is of a later date than 1400." What powerful talents, how many persons of merit, who were unhappily destined too soon to attack the ancient monarchy, were in the class designated by the word *polisson*.

The Marly excursions were exceedingly expensive to the King. Besides the superior tables, those of the almoners, equerries, *maîtres d'hôtel*, etc., were all supplied with such a degree of magnificence as to allow of inviting

strangers to them ; and almost all the visitors from Paris were boarded at the expense of the Court.

The personal frugality of the unfortunate Prince, who sank beneath the weight of the national debts, thus enabled the Queen to indulge her predilection for her Petit Trianon ; and for five or six years preceding the Revolution the Court very seldom visited Marly.

The King, always attentive to the comfort of his family, gave the Princesses, his aunts, the enjoyment of the château of Bellevue, and afterwards purchased the Princess de Guéménée's house, at the entrance to Paris, for Madame Elizabeth.* The Countess de Provence bought a small house at Montreuil ; Monsieur already had Brunoy ; the Countess d'Artois built Bagatelle ; Versailles became in the estimation of all the members of the Royal Family the least agreeable of residences. They only fancied themselves at home in plainer houses, surrounded by English gardens. The taste for cascades and statues was entirely past.

The Queen occasionally remained a whole month at Petit Trianon, and had adopted all the ways of a country life. She entered the sitting-room without driving the ladies from their pianoforte or embroidery. The gentlemen continued their billiards or backgammon without suffering her presence to interrupt them. There was but little room in the small château of Trianon. Madame Elizabeth accompanied the Queen there, but the ladies of honour and ladies of the bed-chamber had no establishment at Trianon. When invited by the Queen, they came from Versailles to dinner. The King and Princes came regularly to sup. A white gown, a gauze kerchief and a straw hat were the uniform dress of the Princesses. The pleasure of examining all the manufactories of the hamlet, seeing the cows milked and fishing in the lake delighted the Queen ; and every year she showed increased aversion to the pompous excursions to Marly.

* Madame Elizabeth enjoyed this house for several years ; but the King arranged that she should not sleep there until she was twenty-five years of age. The Revolution broke out before that time.

The Queen at first intended to live at Trianon free from the trouble and display of all artificial amusements ; but she changed her mind and determined to act plays, as it was then the fashion to do in most country houses. It was agreed that no other young man than the Count d'Artois should be admitted into the company of performers, and that the audience should consist only of the King, Monsieur and the Princesses, who did not play ; but in order to stimulate the actors a little, the first boxes were to be occupied by the readers, the Queen's ladies, their sisters and daughters, making altogether about forty persons.

The Queen laughed heartily at the voice of M. d'Adhemar, formerly a very fine one, but latterly become rather tremulous. His shepherd's dress in Colin, in the *Devin du Village*, contrasted very ridiculously with his time of life, and the Queen repeatedly said that it would be difficult for malevolence itself to find anything to criticise in the choice of such a lover. The King was highly amused with these plays.

Louis XVI. was present at every performance ; he was often waited for before they were begun. Caillot, a celebrated actor, who had long quitted the stage, and Dazincourt, both of acknowledged good character, were selected to give lessons, the first in comic opera, which was preferred as easiest, and the second in comedy. The office of hearer of rehearsals, prompter and stage manager was given to my father-in-law. The Duke de Fronsac, first gentleman of the chamber, was much hurt at this appointment. He thought himself called upon to make serious remonstrances upon the subject, and wrote to the Queen, who contented herself with making him the following answer : " You cannot be first gentleman when we are the actors. Besides, I have already intimated to you my determination respecting Trianon. I hold no Court there, I live like a private person, and M. Campan shall be always employed to execute orders relative to the private *fêtes* I choose to give there." This not putting a stop to the Duke's remonstrances,

the King was obliged to interfere. The Duke continued obstinate, and insisted that his rights, as first gentleman of the chamber, allowed him to decline being represented by any deputy; that he was entitled to manage the private amusements as much as those which were public. It became absolutely necessary to end the argument in a positive manner.

The diminutive Duke de Fronsac never failed, whenever he came to pay his respects to the Queen at her toilet, to turn the conversation upon Trianon, in order to make some ironical remarks on my father-in-law, of whom, from the time of his appointment, he always spoke as "my colleague Campan." The Queen would shrug her shoulders and say, when he was gone, "It is quite shocking to find so little a man in the son of the Marshal de Richelieu."

La Gageure Imprévue was one of the pieces performed at Trianon. The Queen played Gotte; the Countess Diana, Madame de Clainville; Madame Elizabeth, the young woman, and the Count d'Artois one of the men's characters. Colette, in the *Devin du Village*, was really very well played by the Queen. They performed also, in the course of the following seasons, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*, *Le Sorcier*, *L'Anglais à Bordeaux*, *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, *Le Barbier de Séville*, etc.

So long as no strangers were admitted to these performances they were but little censured; but a profusion of praise enhanced the idea which the performers entertained of their talents, and made them look for a larger circle of admirers.

The Queen permitted the officers of the body-guards and the equerries of the King and Princes to be present at the play. Private boxes were provided for some of the people belonging to the Court; a few more ladies were invited, and claims arose on all sides for the favour of admission.

The Queen refused to admit the officers of the body-guards of the Princes, the officers of the King's hundred

Swiss guards, and many other persons, who were highly mortified at the refusal.

The company, for a private company, was good enough, and the acting was applauded to the skies; nevertheless, as the audience withdrew, criticisms were plainly heard, and a few of the visitors would observe that the piece was *royally ill-played*.

While delight at having given an heir to the throne of the Bourbons and a succession of *fêtes* and amusements filled up the happy days of Marie Antoinette, the community was solely engrossed with the Anglo-American War. Two Kings, or rather their ministers, planted and propagated the love of liberty in the New World—the King of England, by shutting his ears and his heart against the continued and respectful representations of subjects at a distance from their native land, who had become numerous, rich and powerful through the resources of the soil they had fertilised; and the King of France, by giving support to a people in rebellion against their ancient Sovereign. Many young soldiers belonging to the first families of the country followed La Fayette's example, and broke through all the illusions of grandeur, and all the charms of luxury, of amusements and of love, to go and tender their courage and their information to the revolted Americans. Beaumarchais, secretly seconded by MM. de Maurepas and de Vergennes, obtained permission to send out to the Americans supplies of arms and clothing. Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who to the reputation of a most skilful naturalist added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of

three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the Palace of Versailles Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sèvres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was :

" Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame ; however, the Countess Diana, having to keep up to her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate ; a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sèvres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana as a New Year's gift. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution, at such a distance, could excite one in which the day would come when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.

However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people rendering homage to the prudence, courage and good qualities of a young Frenchman, and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de la Fayette. The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America, and until the 10th of August, on which day my house was plundered, I had preserved some lines from Gaston and Bayard, in which the friends of M. de

la Fayette saw the exact outline of his character, written by her own hand :

. . . " Why talk of youth,
When all the ripe experience of the old
Dwells with him ? In his schemes, profound and cool,
He acts with wise precaution, and reserves
For times of action his impetuous fire.
To guard the camp, to scale the leaguered wall,
Or dare the hottest of the fight, are toils
That suit the impetuous bearing of his youth ;
Yet, like the grey-haired veteran, he can shun
The field of peril. Still before my eyes
I place his bright example, for I love
His lofty courage, and his prudent thought.
Gifted like him a warrior has no age."

These lines were applauded and encored at the French theatre : all was delirium. There was no class of persons that did not heartily approve of the support given openly by the French Government to the cause of American independence. The Constitution desired for the new nation was digested at Paris, and while liberty, equality and the rights of man were commented upon by the Condorcets, Baillys, Mirabeaus, etc., the Minister Segur published the King's edict, which, by repealing that of the 1st of November, 1750, declared all officers not noble by four generations incapable of filling the rank of captain, and denied all military rank to those who were not gentlemen, excepting sons of the Chevaliers de Saint-Louis. The injustice and absurdity of this law was, no doubt, a secondary cause of the Revolution. To be aware of the extent of despair, nay, of rage, with which this law inspired the Third Estate, we should form part of that honourable class. The provinces were full of plebeian families, who for ages had lived as people of property upon their own domains and paid the subsidies. If these persons had several sons they would place one in the King's service, one in the Church, another in the Order of Malta as a *chevalier servan*

d'armes, and one in the magistracy, while the eldest preserved the paternal manor. If the family were situated in a country celebrated for wine they would, besides selling their own produce, add a kind of commission trade in the wines of the canton. I have seen an individual of this justly respected class who had been long employed in diplomatic business, and even honoured with the title of minister plenipotentiary, the son-in-law and nephew of colonels and *majors de place*, and, on his mother's side, nephew of a lieutenant-general with a *cordon rouge*, unable to introduce his sons as junior lieutenants into a regiment of foot.

Another decision of the Court, but which could not be announced by an edict, was that all ecclesiastical benefices, from the humblest priory up to the richest abbey, should in future be appendages to nobility. Being the son of a village surgeon, the Abbé de Vermond, who had great influence in the disposition of benefices, was particularly struck with the justice of this decree of the King.

During the absence of the Abbé in an excursion he made for his health, I prevailed on the Queen to write a postscript to the petition of a curate, one of my friends, who was soliciting a priory near his curacy, with the intention of retiring to it. I obtained him his object. On the Abbé's return he heard of this, came to my house, and told me very harshly that I acted in a manner quite contrary to the King's wishes in obtaining similar favours; that the wealth of the Church was for the future to be invariably devoted to the support of the poorer nobility; that it was the interest of the State that it should be so; and a plebeian priest, happy in a good curacy, had only to remain curate.

Can we, then, wonder at the line of conduct shortly afterwards adopted by the deputies of the Third Estate when called to the States-General?

CHAPTER X

About the close of the last century several of the Northern Sovereigns took pleasure in travelling. Christian III., King of Denmark, visited the Court of France in 1763, during the reign of Louis XV. We saw the King of Sweden and Joseph II. at Versailles. The Grand Duke of Russia, son of Catherine II. (afterwards Paul I.), and the Princess of Würtemberg, his wife, likewise resolved to visit France. They travelled under the titles of the Count and Countess du Nord. They were presented on the 20th of May, 1782. The Queen received them with infinite grace and dignity. On the day of their arrival at Versailles they dined in private with the King and Queen.

The plain, unassuming appearance of Paul I. pleased Louis XVI. He spoke to him with more confidence and cheerfulness than he had done to Joseph II. The Countess du Nord was not at first so successful with the Queen. This lady was of a fine height, very fat for her age, with all the stiffness of the German demeanour, well informed, and perhaps displayed her acquirements with rather too much confidence. At the moment the Count and Countess du Nord were presented, the Queen was exceedingly intimidated. She withdrew into her closet before she went into the room where she was to dine with the illustrious travellers, and asked for a glass of water, confessing "she had just experienced how much more difficult it was to play the part of a Queen in the presence of other Sovereigns, or of Princes born to become so, than before courtiers."

She soon recovered from her first confusion, and made her reappearance with ease and confidence. The dinner was tolerably cheerful and the conversation very animated.

CHAPTER X

Brilliant entertainments were given at Court in honour of the King of Sweden and the Count du Nord. They were received in private by the King and Queen, but they were treated with much more ceremony than the Emperor, and Their Majesties always appeared to me to be very cautious before these personages. However, the King one day asked the Grand Duke of Russia if it were true that he could not rely on the fidelity of any one of those who accompanied him. The Prince answered him without hesitation, and before a considerable number of persons, that he should be very sorry to have with him even a poodle dog that was much attached to him, because his mother would take care to have it thrown into the Seine, with a stone round its neck, before he should leave Paris. This reply, which I myself heard, quite thrilled me with horror, whether it depicted the disposition of Catherine or expressed the Prince's prejudice against her.

The Queen gave the Grand Duke a supper at Trianon, and had the gardens illuminated as they had been for the Emperor. The Cardinal de Rohan very indiscreetly ventured to introduce himself there without the Queen's knowledge. Having always been treated with the utmost coolness ever since his return from Vienna, he had not dared to ask her himself for permission to see the illumination ; but he persuaded the porter of Trianon to admit him as soon as the Queen should have set off for Versailles, and His Eminence engaged to remain in the porter's lodge until all the carriages should have left the château. He did not keep his word ; and while the porter was busy in the discharge of his duty, the Cardinal, who had kept on his red stockings, and merely thrown a greatcoat over him, went down into the garden, and, with an air of mystery, drew up in two different places to see the Royal Family and suite pass by.

Her Majesty was highly offended at this piece of boldness, and the next day ordered the porter to be discharged. There was a general feeling of disgust at the Cardinal's treachery to the unfortunate man, and of

commiseration towards the latter for the loss of his place. Affected at the misfortune of the father of a family, I obtained his forgiveness, and since that time I have often regretted the feeling of the moment which induced me to interfere. The notoriety of the discharge of the porter of Trianon, and the odium that circumstances would have fixed upon the Cardinal, would have made the Queen's dislike to him still more publicly known, and would, probably, have prevented the scandalous and notorious intrigue of the necklace, but for the artful manner in which the Cardinal introduced himself into the gardens of Trianon; but for the air of mystery which he affected whenever the Queen met him there, he would not have been able to say that he had been deceived by any emissary between the Queen and himself.

The Queen, who was much prejudiced against the King of Sweden, received him very coldly. All that was said of the private character of that Sovereign—his connection with the Count de Vergennes from the time of the Revolution of Sweden in 1772, the character of his favourite Armsfeld, and the prejudices of the monarch himself against the Swedes, who were well received at the Court of Ver ailles—formed the grounds of this dislike. He came one day, uninvited and unexpected, and requested to dine with the Queen. The Queen received him in the little closet, and sent for me immediately. She desired me to send for her clerk of the kitchen that she might be informed whether there was a proper dinner to set before Count d'Haga, and to add to it if necessary. The King of Sweden assured her that there would be enough for him; and I could not help smiling at the idea of augmenting the dinner provided for the King and Queen, not half of which would have made its appearance had they dined in private. The Queen looked significantly and seriously at me, and I withdrew. In the evening she asked me why I had looked so astonished when she ordered me to add to her dinner, saying that I ought instantly to have seen that she was giving the

King of Sweden a lesson for his presumption. I owned to her that the scene had appeared to me so much in the city style that I had involuntarily thought of the cutlets on the gridiron, and the omelette, which in families in middling circumstances serve to piece out short commons. She was highly diverted with my answer and repeated it to the King, who also laughed heartily at it.

The peace with England gave great satisfaction to all classes of society interested in the national honour. The departure of the English commissary from Dunkirk, who had been fixed at that place ever since the shameful peace of 1763 as inspector of our navy, occasioned an ecstasy of joy. The Government prudently communicated to the Englishman the order for his departure before the treaty was made public. But for that precaution the populace would have probably committed some excess or other, in order to make the agent of English power feel the effects of the resentment which was constantly increasing during his stay at that port. Those engaged in trade were the only persons dissatisfied with the treaty of 1783. That article which provided for the free admission of English goods annihilated at one blow the trade of Rouen and the other manufacturing towns throughout the kingdom. French industry has since removed that superiority which secured to England the exclusive trade of the whole world. The English poured into Paris. A considerable number of them were presented at Court. The Queen paid them marked attention. Doubtless she wished them to distinguish between the esteem she had for their noble nation and the political views of the Government in the support it had afforded to the Americans. Discontent was, however, strongly manifested at Court, in consequence of the marks of favour bestowed by the Queen upon the English noblemen. These attentions were called infatuations. This was illiberal, and the Queen justly complained of such absurd jealousy.

The journey to Fontainebleau, and the winter at Paris and at Court, were extremely brilliant. The spring

brought back with it those amusements which the Queen began to prefer to the splendour of *fêtes*. The most perfect harmony subsisted between the King and Queen; I never saw but one difference between the august couple. It was soon dispelled; the cause of it is still perfectly unknown to me.

My father-in-law, whose penetration and experience I respected greatly, recommended me, when he saw me placed in the service of a young Queen, to shun all kinds of confidence. "It procures," said he, "but a very fleeting and at the same time dangerous sort of favour; serve with zeal, to the best of your judgment, and never do more than obey. Instead of setting your wits to work to discover why an order or a commission which may appear of consequence is given to you, use them to prevent the possibility of your knowing anything of the matter." I had occasion to avail myself of this wise and useful lesson. One morning at Trianon I went into the Queen's chamber when she was in bed; there were letters lying on the bed, and she was weeping bitterly. Her tears were mingled with sobs, which she occasionally interrupted by exclamations of, "*Ah! that I were dead!—wretches! monsters! What have I done to them?*" I offered her orange-flower water and ether. "*Leave me,*" said she, "*if you love me: it would be better to kill me at once.*" At this moment, she threw her arm over my shoulder and began weeping afresh. I saw that some weighty but concealed trouble oppressed her heart, that she wanted a confidante, and that that confidante ought to be no other than her friend. I told her so, and suggested sending for the Duchess de Polignac: this she strongly opposed. I renewed my arguments and solicitations, to procure her the consolation of a disclosure of which she stood in need, and her opposition grew weaker. I disengaged myself from her arms, and ran to the ante-chamber, where I knew that a horseman always waited, ready to mount and start at a moment's warning for Versailles. I ordered him to go at full speed, and tell the Duchess de Polignac

that the Queen was very uneasy, and desired to see her instantly. The Duchess always had a carriage ready. In less than ten minutes she was at the Queen's door. I was the only person there, having been forbidden to send for the other women. Madame de Polignac came in; the Queen held out her arms to her, the Duchess rushed towards her. I heard her sobs renewed, and withdrew.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the Queen, who had become calmer, rang to be dressed. I sent her woman in; she put on her gown and retired to her boudoir with the Duchess. Very soon afterwards the Count d'Artois arrived from Compiègne, where he had been with the King. He hastily crossed the ante-chamber and the chamber, and eagerly enquired where the Queen was. He remained half an hour with her and the Duchess; and on coming out told me the Queen asked for me. I found her seated on her couch by the side of her friend; her features had resumed their usual cheerful and gracious appearance. She held out her hand to me, and said to the Duchess, "I know I have made her so uncomfortable this morning that I must set her poor heart at ease." She then added, "You must have seen, on some fine summer's day, a black cloud suddenly appear and threaten to pour down upon the country and lay it waste. The lighest wind drives it away, and the blue sky and serene weather are restored. This is just the image of what has happened to me this morning." She afterwards told me that the King would return from Compiègne after hunting there, and sup with her; that I must send for her purveyor, to select with him, from his bill of fare, all such dishes as the King liked best: that she would have no others served up in the evening at her table: and that this was a mark of attention that she wished the King to observe. The Duchess de Polignac also took me by the hand, and told me how happy she was that she had been with the Queen at a moment when she stood in need of a friend. I never knew what could have created in the Queen so lively

and so transient an alarm; but I guessed from the particular care she took respecting the King that attempts had been made to irritate him against her; that the malice of her enemies had been promptly discovered and counteracted by the King's penetration and attachment; and that the Count d'Artois had hastened to bring her intelligence of it.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, during one of the Trianon excursions, that the Queen of Naples sent the Chevalier de Bressac to Her Majesty, on a secret mission relative to a projected marriage between the Hereditary Prince, her son, and Madame the King's daughter; in the absence of the lady of honour, he addressed himself to me. Notwithstanding he said a great deal to me about the close confidence with which the Queen of Naples honoured him, and about his letters of credit, I thought he had quite the air of an adventurer.* He had, indeed, private letters for the Queen, and his mission was not feigned. He talked to me very inconsiderately even before his admission, and entreated me to do all that lay in my power to dispose the Queen's mind in favour of his Sovereign's wishes. I declined it, assuring him that it did not belong to me to meddle with State affairs. He endeavoured, but in vain, to prove to me that the union contemplated by the Queen of Naples ought not to be looked upon in that light.

I procured M. de Bressac the audience he desired, but without suffering myself even to seem acquainted with the object of his mission. The Queen told me what it was: she thought him a person ill-chosen for the occasion; and yet she thought that the Queen, her sister, had done very well in not making use of a man fit to be avowed; it being impossible that what she solicited should take place. I had an opportunity on this occasion, as, indeed, on many others, of judging to what extent the Queen valued and loved France and the dignity of our Court. She then told me that Madame,

* I know that he afterwards spent several years shut up in the Castle de l'Œuf.

in marrying her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, would not lose her rank as daughter of the Queen, and that her situation would be far more preferable to that of Queen of any other country ; that there was nothing in Europe to be compared to the Court of France, and that it would be necessary, in order to avoid exposing a French Princess to feelings of deep regret, in case she should be married to a foreign Prince, to take her from the Palace of Versailles at seven years of age, and send her immediately to the Court in which she was to dwell ; and that at twelve it would be too late, for that recollections and comparisons would ruin the happiness of all the rest of her life. The Queen looked upon the fate of her sisters as far beneath her own, and frequently mentioned the mortifications inflicted by the Court of Spain upon her sister, the Queen of Naples ; and of the necessity she was under of employing the mediation of the King of France.

She showed me several letters that she had received from the Queen of Naples, relative to her differences with the Court of Madrid respecting the Minister Acton. She thought him useful to her people, inasmuch as he was a man of considerable information and great activity. In these letters she minutely acquainted Her Majesty with the nature of the affronts she had received, and represented Mr. Acton to her as a man whom malevolence itself could not suppose capable of interesting her otherwise than by his services. She had had to suffer the impertinence of a Spaniard named Las Casas, who had been sent her by the King, her father-in-law, to persuade her to dismiss Mr. Acton from the business of the State and from her intimacy. She complained bitterly to the Queen, her sister, of the disgusting proceedings of this *chargé d'affaires*, whom she told, in order to convince him of the nature of the feelings which attached her to Mr. Acton, that she would have portraits and busts of him executed by the most eminent artists of Italy, and that she would then send them to the King of Spain, to prove that nothing but the desire to retain

a man of superior capacity had induced her to bestow on him the favour he enjoyed. This Las Casas dared to answer her that it would be a useless trouble; that the ugliness of a man did not always render him displeasing; and that the King of Spain had too much experience not to know that there was no accounting for the caprices of a woman.

This audacious reply filled the Queen of Naples with indignation, and her emotion caused her to miscarry on the same day. Through the inter-mediation of Louis XVI., the Queen of Naples obtained complete satisfaction in this affair, and Mr. Acton continued in his post of Prime Minister.

Among the characteristics which denoted the great goodness of the Queen, her respect for personal liberty should have a place. I have seen her put up with the most troublesome importunities from people whose minds were deranged rather than have them taken up. Her patient benignity was put to a very disagreeable trial by an old member of the Bordeaux Parliament, named Castelnaux; this man declared himself a lover of the Queen, and was generally known by that appellation. For ten successive years did he follow the Court in all its excursions. Pale and wan, as people who are out of their senses usually are, his sinister appearance occasioned the most uncomfortable sensations. During the two hours that the Queen's public card-parties lasted, he would remain fixed opposite Her Majesty. He placed himself in the same manner before her eyes at chapel, and never failed to be at the King's dinner, or the *grand couvert*. At the theatre he invariably seated himself as near the Queen's box as possible. He always set off for Fontainebleau or St. Cloud the day before the Court, and when Her Majesty arrived at her various residences, the first person she met on getting out of her carriage was this melancholy madman. He never spoke to anyone. While the Queen was at Petit Trianon the passion of this unhappy man became still more annoying. He would hastily swallow his morsel at some eating-house,

and spend all the rest of the day, even when it rained, in going round and round the garden, always walking at the edge of the moat. The Queen frequently met him when she was walking either alone or with her children ; and yet she would not suffer any violence to be used to relieve her from this intolerable annoyance. Having one day given M. de Sèze permission to enter Trianon, she sent to desire he would come to me, and directed me to inform that celebrated advocate of M. de Castelnaux's derangement, and then to send for him, that M. de Sèze might have some conversation with him. He talked to him nearly an hour, and made considerable impression on his mind ; and at last M. de Castelnaux requested me to inform the Queen that positively, since his presence was disagreeable to her, he would retire to his province. The Queen was very much rejoiced, and desired me to express her full satisfaction to M. de Sèze. Half an hour after M. de Sèze was gone the unhappy madman was announced to me. He came to tell me that he withdrew his promise, that he had not sufficient command of himself to give up seeing the Queen as often as possible. This new determination was a disgreeable message to take to Her Majesty ; but how was I affected at hearing her say, " Well, let him annoy me ! but let him not be deprived of the blessing of freedom."*

The direct influence of the Queen on affairs during the earlier years of the reign was only shown in her obliging exertions to obtain from the King a revision of the decrees in two celebrated causes.†

* On the fatal arrest of the King and Queen at Varennes, this unfortunate Castelnaux attempted to starve himself to death. The people in whose house he lived, becoming uneasy at his absence, had the door of his room forced open, where he was found stretched senseless on the floor. I do not know what became of him after the 10th of August.

† The Queen did not venture to meddle with those two causes further than to solicit a revision of them ; for it was contrary to her principles to interfere in matters of justice, and never did she avail herself of her influence to bias the tribunals. The Duchess de Praslin, through a criminal caprice, carried her enmity to her husband so far as to disinherit her children in favour of the family of M. de Guéménée. The Duchess de Choiseul, who was warmly interested in this affair, one day entreated the Queen, in my presence, at least to condescend to ask the First President when the cause would be called on. The Queen replied that she could not even do that, for it would manifest an interest which it was her duty not to show.

If the King did not inspire the Queen with a lively feeling of love, it is at least quite certain that she yielded him a mixed tribute of enthusiasm and affection for the goodness of his disposition and the equity of which he gave so many accumulated proofs throughout his reign. One evening she returned very late ; she came out of the King's closet, and said to M. de Mizery and myself, drying her eyes, which were filled with tears, " You see me weeping, but do not be uneasy at it : these are the sweetest tears that a wife can shed ; they are caused by the impression which the justice and goodness of the King have made upon me ; he has just complied with my request for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier, victims of the Duke d'Aiguillon's hatred to the Duke de Choiseul. He has been equally just to the Duke de Guines in his affair with Le Tort. It is a happy thing for a Queen to be able to admire and esteem him who has admitted her to a participation of his throne ; and as to you, I congratulate you upon your having to live under the sceptre of so virtuous a Sovereign." Our tears of affection mingled with those of the Queen : she condescended to suffer us to kiss her charming hands. This affecting scene is not yet effaced from my recollection—and was it under the sway of Sovereigns so merciful and so feeling that we endured horrors for which the most cruel tyranny would have been no excuse ? And were these the beings, so august, so formed by Divine Providence for the happiness of the people, whom we had the anguish of seeing sacrificed to a rage equally senseless and barbarous ?

The Queen laid before the King all the memorials of the Duke de Guines, who, during his embassy to England, was involved in difficulties by a secretary who speculated in the public funds in London on his own account, but in such a manner as to throw a suspicion of it on the ambassador. Messieurs de Vergennes and Turgot, bearing but little goodwill to the Duke de Guines, who was the friend of the Duke de Choiseul, were not disposed to render the ambassador any service. The Queen suc-

ceeded in fixing the King's particular attention on this affair, and the innocence of the Duke de Guines triumphed through the equity of Louis XVI.

An incessant underhand war was carried on between the friends and partisans of M. de Choiseul, who were called the Austrians, and those who sided with Messieurs d'Aiguillon, de Maurepas and de Vergennes, who, for the same reason, kept up the intrigues carried on at Court and in Paris against the Queen. Marie Antoinette, on her part, supported those who had suffered in this political quarrel, and it was this feeling which led her to ask for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier. The first, a colonel and inspector of artillery, and the second a proprietor of a foundry at St. Etienne, were, under the ministry of the Duke d'Aiguillon, condemned to imprisonment for twenty years and a day, for having withdrawn from the arsenals of France, by order of the Duke de Choiseul, a vast number of muskets, which were thrown out as being of no value except as old iron, while in point of fact the greater part of those muskets were immediately embarked and sold to the Americans. It appears that the Duke de Choiseul imparted to the Queen, as grounds of defence for the accused, the political views which led him to authorise that reduction and sale in the manner in which it had been executed. What rendered the case of Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier more unfavourable was, that the artillery officer who made the reduction in the capacity of inspector was, through a clandestine marriage, brother-in-law of the owner of the foundry who became the purchaser of the rejected arms. The innocence of the two prisoners was nevertheless made apparent, and they came to Versailles with their wives and children to throw themselves at the feet of their benefactress. This affecting scene took place in the grand gallery, at the entrance to the Queen's apartment. She wished to restrain the women from kneeling, saying that " they had only had justice done them, and that she ought at that very moment to be congratulated

upon the most substantial happiness attendant upon her station, that of laying just appeals before the King."

Whenever she had to express her thoughts in public, the Queen always used the most appropriate, elegant and striking language, notwithstanding the difficulty a foreigner might be expected to experience. She answered all addresses herself, and persevered in that custom, which she first learned at the Court of Maria Theresa. The Princesses of the House of Bourbon had long ceased to take the trouble of pronouncing their answers in such cases. Madame Adelaide blamed the Queen for not doing as they did, assuring her that it was quite sufficient to mutter a few words that might sound like an answer, while the addressers, solely occupied with what they themselves had just been saying, would always take it for granted that a proper answer had been returned. The Queen saw that idleness alone had pointed out such a course of proceeding, and that as the practice even of muttering a few words showed the necessity of answering in some way, it must be more proper to reply plainly, distinctly and in the best style possible. Sometimes, indeed, when apprised of the subject of the address, she would write down her answer in the morning, not to learn it by heart, but in order to settle the ideas or sentiments she wished to introduce into it.

The influence of the Countess de Polignac increased daily, and her friends availed themselves of it to effect changes in the Ministry. The dismissal of M. de Montbarrey, a man without talents or character, was generally approved of. It was justly attributed to the Queen. He had been placed in administration by M. de Maurepas, and backed by his aged wife; both of course became more inveterate than ever against the Queen and the Polignac circle.

The appointment of M. de Ségur to the place of Minister at War, and of M. de Castries to that of Minister of Marine were wholly the work of that circle. The Queen always dreaded making ministers; her favourite

often wept when the men of her circle compelled her to interfere. Men blame women for meddling in business, and yet in Courts it is continually the men themselves who make use of the influence of the women in matters with which the latter ought to have nothing to do.

On the day when M. de Segur was presented to the Queen on his new appointment, she said to me: "You have just seen a minister of my making. I am very glad, as far as regards the King's service, that he is appointed, for I think the selection a very good one; but I almost regret the part I have taken in this appointment. I take a responsibility upon myself. I was fortunate in being free from any; and in order to relieve myself from this as much as possible, I have just promised M. de Segur, and that upon my word of honour, not to back any petition nor to clog any of his operations by solicitations on behalf of my *protégés*."

During the first administration of M. Necker, whose ambition had not then drawn him into schemes repugnant to his better judgment, and whose views appeared to the Queen to be very judicious, she indulged in hopes of the restoration of the finances. Knowing that M. de Maurepas wished to drive M. Necker to give in his resignation, she urged him to have patience until the death of an old man whom the King kept about him from a fondness for his first choice and out of respect for his advanced age. She even went so far as to tell him that M. de Maurepas was always ill and that his end could not be very distant. M. Necker would not wait for that event. The Queen's prediction was fulfilled. M. de Maurepas ended his days immediately after a journey to Fontainebleau 1781.

M. Necker had retired. He had been exasperated by a piece of treachery in the old minister for which he could not forgive him. I knew something of this intrigue at the time it took place; it has since been fully explained to me by Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau. M. Necker saw that his credit at Court was drooping, and fearing lest that circumstance should injure his financial operations,

he wrote to the King requesting His Majesty would grant him some favour which might show the public that he had not lost the confidence of his Sovereign. He concluded his letter by pointing out five different requests—such an office, *or* such a mark of distinction, *or* such a badge of honour, and so on, and handed it to M. de Maurepas. The *ors* were changed into *ands*; and the King was displeased at M. Necker's ambition, and the assurance with which he displayed it.

Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau assures me that Marshal de Castries saw the minute of M. Necker's letter perfectly in accordance with what he had told him, and that he likewise saw the altered copy.*

The interest which the Queen took in M. Necker decreased during his retirement, and at last changed into strong prejudice against him. He wrote too much about the measures he would have pursued, and the benefits that would have resulted to the State from them. The ministers who succeeded him thought their operations embarrassed by the care that M. Necker and his partisans incessantly took to occupy the public with his plans; his friends were too ardent. The Queen discerned a party spirit in these combinations and sided wholly with his enemies.

After those inefficient Comptrollers-General, Messieurs Joly, de Fleury and d'Ormesson, it became necessary to resort to a man of more acknowledged talent, and the Queen's friends at that time combining with the Count d'Artois, and, from I know not what motive, with M. de Vergennes, got M. de Calonne appointed. The Queen was highly displeased at this, and her close intimacy with the Duchess de Polignac thenceforth began gradually to dissolve. It was at this period she said that when Sovereigns chose favourites they raised powers about them which, being flattered at first for their master's sake, were afterwards flattered for their own; formed a party in the State, acted alone, and caused the odium

* I have this anecdote under that lady's hand.

of their actions to fall upon the Sovereigns to whom they owed their influence.

The inconveniences attendant on the private life of a Sovereign then struck the Queen in all their bearings. She talked to me about it in confidence, and often told me that I was the only person aware of the vexations that her social habits brought upon her ; but that she must bear the anxieties of which she herself was the sole author ; that the appearance of fickleness in a friendship such as that which she had contracted with the Duchess, or a total rupture, would be attended with still greater evils, and could only produce fresh calamities. It was not that she had to reproach Madame de Polignac with a single fault which could make her regret the choice she had made of her for a friend, but she had not foreseen the inconvenience of having to support the friends of our friends which society obliges one to do.

Her Majesty, continuing to converse with me upon the difficulties she had met with in private life, told me that ambitious men without merit sometimes found means to gain their ends by dint of opportunity, and that she had to blame herself for having procured M. d'Adhemar's appointment to the London Embassy, merely because he teased her into it at the Duchess's house. She added, however, to this avowal that it was at a time of perfect peace with the English ; that the minister knew the inefficiency of M. d'Adhemar as well as she did, and that he could do neither harm nor good.

Often in conversations of unreserved frankness the Queen owned that she had purchased rather dearly a piece of experience which would make her carefully watch over the conduct of her daughters-in-law, and that she would be particularly scrupulous about the qualifications of the ladies who might be their attendants ; that no consideration of rank or favour should bias her in so important a choice. She attributed several of her youthful errors to a lady of great levity, whom she found in her palace on her arrival in France. She also determined to forbid the Princesses whom she could control the practice

of singing with professors, and said sincerely, and with as much severity as her slanderers could have done, "I ought to have heard Garat sing, and not to have sung duets with him." Thus impartially did she speak of her youth. What was not to be expected of her maturer age!

CHAPTER XI

The Queen did not sufficiently conceal the dissatisfaction she felt at having been unable to prevent the appointment of M. de Calonne. She even one day went so far as to say at the Duchess's, in the midst of the partisans and protectors of that minister, that the finances of France passed alternately from the hands of an honest man without talent into those of a skilful knave. M. de Calonne was, therefore, far from acting in concert with the Queen all the time that he continued in place; and, while dull verses were circulated about Paris describing the Queen and her favourite dipping at pleasure into the coffers of the Comptroller-General, the Queen was avoiding all communication with him.

During the long and severe winter of 1783-4, the King gave 3,000,000 livres for the relief of the indigent. M. de Calonne, who felt the necessity of making advances to the Queen, caught at this opportunity of showing her his respect and devotion, but in vain. He came and offered to place in her hands 1,000,000 of the 3,000,000 to be distributed in her name and under her direction. His proposal was rejected. The Queen answered that the charity ought to be wholly distributed in the King's name, and that she would this year debar herself of even the slightest enjoyments, in order to contribute to the relief of the unfortunate all that her savings would enable her to give.

The moment M. de Calonne left the closet the Queen sent for me. "Congratulate me, my dear," said she; "I have just escaped a snare, or at least a matter which eventually might have caused me much regret." She related the conversation which had taken place, word for word, to me, adding, "That man will complete the ruin

of the national finances. It is said that I placed him in his situation. The people are made to believe that I am extravagant, yet I have refused to suffer a sum of money from the Royal Treasury, although destined for the most laudable purpose, to pass through my hands."

The Queen, making monthly retrenchments from the expenditure of her privy purse, and not having spent the gifts customary at the period of her confinement, was in possession of from five to six hundred thousand francs, her own savings. She made use of from two to three hundred thousand francs of this, which her principal women sent to M. Lenoir, to the curates of Paris and Versailles, and to the *Sœurs Hospitalières*, and so distributed them among families in need.

Desirous to implant in the breast of her daughter, not only a desire to succour the unfortunate, but those qualities necessary for the due discharge of that sacred duty, the Queen incessantly talked to her, though she was yet very young, about the sufferings of the poor during a season so inclement. The Princess already had a sum of from eight to ten thousand francs for charitable purposes, and the Queen made her distribute a part of it herself.

Wishing to give her children yet another lesson of beneficence, she desired me on New Year's Eve to get from Paris, as in other years, all the fashionable playthings and to have them spread out in her closet. Then, taking her children by the hand, she showed them all the dolls and toys which were ranged there, and told them that she had intended to give them some handsome New Year's gifts, but that the cold made the poor so wretched that all her money was spent in blankets and clothes to protect them from the rigour of the season, and in supplying them with bread, so that this year they would only have the pleasure of looking at the new playthings. When she returned with her children into her sitting-room, she said there was still an unavoidable expense to be incurred ; that assuredly many mothers would at that season think as she did ; that the toyman must lose

by it, and therefore she gave him fifty louis to repay him for the cost of his journey, and console him for having sold nothing.

The purchase of St. Cloud, a matter very simple in itself, had, on account of the prevailing spirit, very unfavourable consequences to the Queen.

The Palace of Versailles, pulled to pieces in the interior by a variety of new arrangements, and mutilated in point of uniformity, partly by the removal of the ambassadors' staircase, and partly by that of the peristyle of columns placed at the bottom of the marble court, was equally in want of substantial and ornamental repair. The King therefore desired M. Micque to lay before him several plans for the repairs of the palace. He consulted me on certain arrangements analogous to some of those adopted in the Queen's establishment, and in my presence asked M. Micque how much money would be wanted for the execution of the whole work, and how many years he would be in completing it. I forget how many millions of livres were mentioned; but I remember M. Micque replied that six years would be sufficient time for performing the whole undertaking if the Treasury made the necessary advances from time to time without any delay. "And how many years shall you require," said the King, "if the advances are not punctually made?" "Ten, Sire," replied the architect. "We must then reckon upon ten years," said His Majesty, "and put off this great undertaking until the year 1790; *it will occupy the rest of the century.*" The King afterwards talked of the depreciation of property which took place at Versailles whilst the Regent kept the Court of Louis XV. at the Thuileries, and said that he must consider of means to prevent that inconvenience. It was the desire to do this that promoted the purchase of St. Cloud. The Queen first conceived the idea of it one day when she was riding out with the Duchess de Polignac and the Countess Diana. She mentioned it to the King, who was much pleased with the thought, the purchase confirming him in the intention

of quitting Versailles, which he had entertained for ten years.

The King determined to continue the ministers, public officers, pages, and a considerable part of his stabling, at Versailles. Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne were instructed to treat with the Duke d'Orleans for the purchase of St. Cloud ; at first they hoped to be able to conclude the business by a mere exchange. The value of Choisy, La Muette and one forest was equivalent to the sum demanded by the House of Orleans ; and in the exchange which the Queen expected she saw there was a saving to be made, instead of an increase of expense. By this arrangement the government of Choisy, in the hands of the Duke de Coigny, and that of La Muette, in the hands of the Marshal de Soubise, would be suppressed. At the same time the two *conciergeries*, and all the servants employed in these two Royal houses, would be reduced. But while the treaty was going forward Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne gave up the point of exchange, and some millions in specie were substituted for Choisy and La Muette.

The Queen advised the King to give her St. Cloud as a means of avoiding the establishment of a governor, her plan being to have merely a housekeeper there ; by which means the governor's expenses would be saved. The King agreed, and St. Cloud was purchased for the Queen. She provided the same liveries for the porters at the gates and servants of the castle as for those at Trianon. The housekeeper at the latter place had put up some regulations of internal police, with these words : "*By order of the Queen.*" The same thing was done at St. Cloud. The Queen's livery at the door of a palace, where it was expected none but that of the King would be seen, and the words, "By order of the Queen," at the head of the printed papers pasted near the iron gates, caused a great sensation and produced a very unfortunate effect, not only among the common people, but also among persons of a superior class. They saw in it an attack upon the customs of monarchy, and customs are

nearly equal to laws. The Queen heard of this, but she thought that her dignity would be compromised if she made any change in the form of these regulations, though they might have been altogether superseded without any inconvenience. "My name is not misplaced," said she, "in gardens belonging to myself; surely I may give orders there without infringing on the rights of the State." This was the only answer she made to the representations which a few faithful servants ventured to make to her on the subject. The discontent of the Parisans on this occasion probably induced M. d'Espremenil, upon the first troubles about the Parliament, to say that it was *impolitic* and *immoral* in a Queen of France to possess palaces of her own; thus a change, effected through an economical motive, assumed a very different character in the eyes of the public.

The Queen was very much dissatisfied with the manner in which M. de Calonne had managed this matter. The Abbé de Vermond, the most active and persevering of that minister's enemies, saw with delight that the expedients of those from whom alone new resources might be expected were gradually exhausting, because the period when the Archbishop of Toulouse would be placed over the finances was thereby hastened.

The Royal navy had resumed an imposing attitude during the war for the independence of America; a glorious peace with England had compensated for the former attacks of our enemies upon the fame of France; and the throne was surrounded by numerous heirs. The sole ground of uneasiness was in the finances, but that uneasiness related only to the manner in which they were administered. In a word, France felt confidence in its own strength and resources, when two events, which seem scarcely worthy of a place in history, but which have, nevertheless, an important one in that of the French Revolution, introduced a spirit of sarcasm and contempt, not only against the highest ranks, but even against the most august personages. I allude to a comedy and a great swindling transaction.

Beaumarchais had long possessed a brilliant reputation in certain circles in Paris for his wit and musical talents, and at the theatres for dramas more or less indifferent, when his comedy of *The Barber of Seville* procured him a more decided reputation upon the French stage. His Memoirs against M. Goësman had amused Paris by the ridicule they threw upon a Parliament which was disliked, and his admission to an intimacy with M. de Maurepas procured him a degree of influence over important affairs. Thus honourably situated, he became ambitious of the dangerous reputation of giving a general impulse to the minds of the people of the capital by a kind of drama, in which the most respected manners and customs were held up to popular derision and the ridicule of the new philosophers. After several years of prosperity, the minds of the French had become more generally turned to criticism and ridicule; and when Beaumarchais had finished his monstrous but diverting *Marriage of Figaro*, all people of any consequence were eager for the gratification of hearing it read, for the censors of the police had decided that the piece should not be performed. These readings of *Figaro* grew so numerous through the author's polite complaisance, that people were daily heard to say, "I have been (or I am going to be) at the reading of Beaumarchais' play." The desire to see it performed became universal: an expression that he had the art to insert in his work compelled, as it were, the approbation of the superior nobility, or of persons in power, who aimed at the honour of being ranked among the magnanimous. He made his Figaro say that "*none but little minds dreaded little books.*" The Baron de Breteuil and all the men of Madame de Polignac's circle entered the lists as the warmest protectors of the comedy. Solicitations to the King became so pressing that His Majesty determined to judge for himself of a work which so much engrossed the public attention, and desired me to ask M. le Noir, lieutenant of police, for the manuscript of the *Marriage of Figaro*. One morning I received a note from the Queen, ordering me to be with her at three

o'clock, and not to come without having dined, for she should detain me some time. When I got to the Queen's inner closet I found her alone with the King; a chair and a small table were ready placed opposite to them, and upon the table lay an enormous manuscript in several books. The King said to me, "That is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must read it to us. You will find several parts troublesome, on account of the erasure and references. I have already run it over, but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with the work. You will not mention this reading to anyone."

I began. The King frequently interrupted me by remarks, either of praise or censure, which were always just. He frequently exclaimed, "That's in bad taste; this man continually brings the Italian *concetti* on the stage." At that soliloquy of Figaro in which he attacks various points of government, but aims most particularly at State prisons, the King rose up and said indignantly, "That's detestable; that shall never be played; that Bastille must be destroyed before the licence to act this play can be any other than an act of the most dangerous folly. This man scoffs at everything that is to be respected in a government." Surely the King here gave a decision to which experience must have reconciled all the enthusiastic admirers of the whimsical production in question. "It will not be played, then?" said the Queen. "No certainly," replied Louis XVI.; "you may rely upon that."

Still, it was constantly reported in company that *Figaro* was about to be performed. There were even many wagers laid upon the subject. I never should have laid any myself, fancying myself much better informed as to the probability than anybody else; if I had, however, I should have been completely deceived. The protectors of Beaumarchais, or rather of his work, persuading themselves that they should certainly succeed in their scheme of rendering it popular in spite of the King's prohibition, distributed the parts in the *Marriage of Figaro* among the actors of the Théâtre Français.

Beaumarchais had made them enter into the spirit of his characters, and they determined to enjoy at least one performance of this pretended *chef-d'œuvre* of the drama. The first gentleman of the chamber agreed that M. de la Ferte should lend the theatre of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs at Paris, which was used for rehearsals of the Opera. Tickets were distributed to a vast number of persons of the first rank in society, and the day for the performance was fixed. The King heard of these arrangements only on the very morning of that day, and signed a *lettre-de-cachet*,* which prohibited the performance. When the messenger who brought the order arrived he found a part of the theatre already filled with spectators, and the streets leading to the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs were filled with carriages; the piece was not performed. This prohibition of the King's was looked upon as an attack on public liberty.

The disappointment produced so strong a discontent that the words *oppression* and *tyranny* were uttered with no less passion and bitterness at that time than during the time which immediately preceded the downfall of the throne. Beaumarchais was so far put off his guard by rage as to exclaim, "Well, gentlemen, he won't suffer it to be played here; now I swear it shall be played—perhaps in the very choir of Notre Dame!" There was something prophetic in these words. It was generally insinuated, shortly afterwards, that Beaumarchais had at length determined to suppress all those parts of his work which could be obnoxious to government, and on pretence of judging of the sacrifices made by the author, M. de Vaudreuil obtained permission to have this far-famed *Marriage of Figaro* performed at his country house. M. Campan was asked there. He had frequently heard the work read, and did not now find the alterations that had been announced; this he observed to several persons belonging to the Court, who maintained that the author had made all the prescribed suppressions. Everybody

* A *lettre-de-cachet* was any written order proceeding from the King's will. The term was not confined merely to orders for arrest.

came to talk to him about it. M. Campan was so astonished at these assertions in favour of an obvious falsehood that he replied by a quotation from Beaumarchais himself, and assuming the tone of Basil in the *Barber of Seville*, he said: "Faith, gentlemen, I don't know who is deceived here; you all seem to be in the secret." They then came to the point, and earnestly begged him to tell the Queen positively that all which had been pronounced reprehensible in M. de Beaumarchais' play had been cut out. My father-in-law contented himself with replying that his situation at Court not allowing of his giving an opinion, except in case the Queen should first speak of the piece to him, he could not say what he thought of it unless she should ask him. The Queen said nothing to him about the matter. Permission to perform this play was at length obtained. The Queen thought the people of Paris would be finely tricked when they saw merely an ill-conceived piece, devoid of interest, as it must appear since it was deprived of its satire. Under the persuasion that there was not a passage left capable of malicious or dangerous application, Monsieur attended the first performance in a public box. The mad enthusiasm of the public in favour of the piece, and Monsieur's just displeasure, are well known. The author was sent to prison soon afterwards, though his work was extolled to the skies, and though the Court durst not suspend its performance.

The Queen testified her displeasure against all who had assisted the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to deceive the King into giving his consent that it should be represented. Her reproaches were more particularly directed against M. de Vaudreuil for having had it performed at his house. The violent and domineering disposition of her favourite's friend at last became disagreeable to her.

One evening, on the Queen's return from the Duchess's, she desired her *valet de chambre* to bring her billiard cue into her closet, and ordered me to open the box that contained it. I was surprised at not finding the padlock belonging to it, the key of which the Queen wore on her

watch-chain. I opened the box and took out the cue, broken in two. It was of ivory, and formed of a single elephant's tooth ; the butt was of gold and very tastefully wrought. "There," said she ; "that is the way M. de Vaudreuil has treated a thing I valued so highly. I had laid it upon the couch while I was talking to the Duchess in the saloon ; he had the assurance to make use of it, and in a fit of passion about a blocked ball, he struck the cue so violently against the table that he broke it in two. The noise brought me back into the billiard-room ; I did not say a word to him, but my looks showed him how angry I was. He was the more hurt at the accident, inasmuch as he aspires to the post of governor to the Dauphin, and with that object in view, it is not wise to expose such a fault as passion. I never thought of him for the place. It is quite enough to have consulted my heart only in the choice of a governess, and I will not suffer that of governor to the Dauphin to be at all affected by the influence of my friends. I should be responsible for it to the nation.

"The poor man," continued the Queen, "does not know that my determination is made ; for I have never remarked upon the subject to the Duchess. Therefore, judge of the sort of evening he must have passed. Besides, this is not the first occurrence that has shown me that, however Queens may be wearied with formality at home, they cannot amuse themselves elsewhere without lessening their dignity."

CHAPTER XII

SHORTLY after the public mind had been highly excited by the performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*, an obscure plot, contrived by swindlers and matured in the haunts of dark depravity, implicated the Queen's character in a vital point, and directly assailed the majesty and honour of the throne.

I mean the celebrated affair of the bracelet, purchased, as it was said, for the Queen by the Cardinal de Rohan. I will relate every circumstance that came to my knowledge respecting this business; the most minute particulars will prove how little reason the Queen had to apprehend the blow with which she was threatened, and which must be attributed to a fatality that human prudence could not have foreseen, though prudence might have been more successfully exerted to extricate Her Majesty from the consequences of this unfortunate affair.

I have already said that in 1774 the Queen purchased jewels of Bœhmer to the value of 360,000 francs, that she paid for them out of her own private funds, and that it required several years to enable her to complete the payment. The King afterwards presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and subsequently with a pair of bracelets worth 200,000 francs. The Queen after having her diamonds reset in new patterns, told Bœhmer that she found her jewel case rich enough and was not desirous of making any addition to it; still the jeweller busied himself for some years in forming a collection of the very first diamonds circulating in commerce, in order to compose a necklace of several rows which he hoped to induce Her Majesty to purchase. He brought it to M. Campan, requesting him to mention it to the Queen, that she might ask to see it and thus be excited

to wish to possess it. This M. Campan refused to do, telling him that he should be overstepping the line of his duty were he to propose to the Queen an expense of 1,600,000 francs, and that he believed neither the lady of honour nor the tire-woman would take upon herself to execute such a commission. Bœhmer persuaded the King's first gentleman for the year to show this superb necklace to His Majesty, who admired it so much that he himself wished to see the Queen adorned with it, and sent the case to her; but she assured him that she should much regret the incurring of so great an expense for such an article; that she had already very beautiful diamonds; that jewels of that description were not now worn at the Court more than four or five times a year; that the necklace must be returned, and that the money would be much better employed in building a man-of-war. Bœhmer, in deep tribulation at finding his expectations delusive, endeavoured, as it is said, for some time to dispose of his necklace among the various Courts of Europe, but without meeting with any person willing to become the purchaser of an article of such value. A year after his fruitless attempts Bœhmer again caused his diamond necklace to be offered for sale to the King, proposing that it should be paid for partly by instalments, and partly in life annuities. This proposal was represented as highly advantageous, and the King mentioned the matter once more to the Queen; this was in my presence. I remember the Queen told him that, if the purchase really was not inconvenient, he might make it, and keep the necklace until the marriage of one of his children; but that for her part, she would never wear it, being unwilling that the world should have to reproach her with having coveted so expensive an article. The King replied that their children were too young to justify such an expense, which would be greatly increased by the number of years the diamonds would remain useless, and that he would finally decline the offer. Bœhmer complained to everybody of his misfortune, and all reasonable people blamed him for having collected diamonds to so

considerable an amount without any positive order for them. This man had purchased the office of jeweller to the Crown, which gave him the right of entry at Court. After several months spent in ineffectual attempts to carry his point, and in idle complaints, he obtained an audience of the Queen, who had with her the youngest Princess, her daughter. Her Majesty did not know for what purpose Bœhmer sought this audience, and had not the slightest idea that it was to speak to her again about an article twice refused by herself and the King.

Bœhmer threw himself on his knees, clasped his hands, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Madam, I am ruined and disgraced if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive my misfortunes. When I go hence I shall throw myself into the river." "Rise, Bœhmer," said the Queen, in a tone sufficiently severe to call him to himself; "I do not like these rhapsodies; honest men have no occasion to fall on their knees to make their requests. If you were to destroy yourself I should regret you as a madman in whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be responsible for that misfortune. I not only never ordered the article which causes your present despair, but whenever you have talked to me about fine collections of jewels, I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those which I already possessed. I told you myself that I declined taking the necklace; the King wished to give it to me, but I refused him in the same manner: then never mention it to me again. Divide it, and endeavour to sell it piecemeal, and do not drown yourself. I am very angry with you for acting this scene of despair in my presence, and before this child. Let me never see you behave thus again. Go!" Bœhmer withdrew, overwhelmed with confusion, and nothing further was then heard of him.

When the Queen lay-in of Madame Sophie, she told me that M. de Saint-James* had apprised her that Bœhmer was still intent upon the sale of his necklace, and that Her Majesty ought, for her own satisfaction, to endeavour

* A rich financier.

to learn what the man had done with it. She desired me not to forget, the first time I should meet him, to speak to him about it, as if from the interest I took in his welfare. I spoke to him about his necklace, and he told me he had been very fortunate, having sold it at Constantinople for the favourite Sultana. I communicated this answer to the Queen, who was delighted with it, but could not comprehend how the Grand Seignior came to purchase his diamonds at Paris.

The Queen for a long time avoided seeing Bœhmer, being fearful of his rash character; and her *valet de chambre*, who had the care of her jewels, did the necessary repairs to her ornaments unassisted. On the baptism of the Duke d'Angoulême the King made him a present of a diamond epaulette and buckles, and directed Bœhmer to deliver them to the Queen. Bœhmer presented them to Her Majesty upon her return from Mass, and at the same time gave into her hands a letter in the form of a petition. In this paper he told the Queen that he was happy to see her "in possession of the finest diamonds known in Europe, and entreated her not to forget him." The Queen read Bœhmer's address to her aloud, and saw nothing in it but a proof of mental aberration, being unable otherwise to account for his complimenting her upon the beauty of her diamonds, and begging her not to forget him. She lighted the note at a wax taper standing near her, as she had some letters to seal, saying, "It is not worth keeping." She afterwards much regretted the loss of this enigmatical memorial. After having burnt the paper, Her Majesty said to me, "That man is born to be my torment; he has always some mad scheme in his head. Remember, the first time you see him, to tell him that I do not like diamonds now, and that I will buy no more as long as I live; that if I had any money to spare, I would rather add to my property at St. Cloud by the purchase of the land surrounding it. Now, mind you enter into all these particulars, and impress them well upon him." I asked her whether she wished me to send for him. She replied in the negative, adding that it

would be sufficient to avail myself of the first opportunity afforded by meeting with him, and that the slightest advance towards such a man would be injudicious.

On the 1st of August I left Versailles for my country house: on the 3rd came Bœhmer, extremely uneasy at not having received any answer from the Queen, to ask me whether I had any commission from her to him. I replied that she had entrusted me with none; that she had no commands for him; and I faithfully repeated all she had desired me to say to him. "But," said Bœhmer, "the answer to the letter I presented to her—to whom must I apply for that?" "To nobody," answered I. "Her Majesty burnt your memorial without even comprehending its meaning." "Ah! madam," exclaimed he, "that is impossible; the Queen knows she has money to pay me!" "Money, M. Bœhmer? Your last accounts against the Queen were discharged long ago." "How, madam? are you not in the secret? A man who is ruined for want of payment of 1,500,000 francs can hardly be said to be satisfied." "Have you lost your senses?" said I; "for what can the Queen owe you so extravagant a sum?" "For the necklace, madam," replied Bœhmer, coolly. "How?" returned I; "that necklace, again, about which you have teased the Queen so many years! Did you not tell me you had sold it at Constantinople?" "The Queen desired me to give that answer to all who should speak to me on the subject," said the wretched dupe. He then told me that the Queen had determined to have the necklace, and had had it purchased for her by the Cardinal de Rohan. "You are deceived!" I exclaimed; "the Queen has not once spoken to the Cardinal since his return from Vienna; there is not a man at her Court less favourably looked upon." "You are deceived yourself, madam," said Bœhmer; "she must see him in private, for it was to His Eminence that she gave 30,000 francs, which were paid me on account. She took them, in his presence, out of the little *secrétaire* of Sèvres porcelain next the fireplace in her boudoir." "And the Cardinal told you all this?"

"Yes, madam, himself." "What a detestable plot!" cried I. "Indeed, to say the truth, madam, I begin to be much alarmed, for His Eminence assured me that the Queen would wear the necklace on Whit-Sunday; but I did not see it upon her, and it was that which induced me to write to Her Majesty." He then asked me what he ought to do. I advised him to go on to Versailles, instead of returning to Paris, from whence he had just arrived; to obtain an immediate audience from the Baron de Breteuil, who, as the head of the King's household, was the minister of the department to which Bœhmer belonged, and to be circumspect; and I added that he appeared to me extremely culpable, not as a diamond merchant, but because, being a sworn officer, he had acted without the direct orders of the King, the Queen, or the minister. He answered that he had not acted without direct orders; that he had in his possession all the notes signed by the Queen, and that he had even been obliged to show them to several bankers in order to induce them to extend the time for his payments. I hastened his departure for Versailles, and he assured me that he would go thither immediately. Instead of following my advice, he went to the Cardinal; and it was of this visit of Bœhmer's that His Eminence made a memorandum, found in a drawer overlooked by the Abbé Georgel when he burnt, by order of His Eminence, all the papers which the latter had at Paris. The memorandum was thus worded: "On this day, 3rd of August, Bœhmer went to Madame Campan's country house, and she told him that the Queen had never had his necklace, and that he had been cheated."

When Bœhmer was gone I was anxious to follow him and go to the Queen at Trianon. My father-in-law prevented me, and ordered me to leave the minister to elucidate an affair of such importance, observing that it was an infernal plot, that I had advised Bœhmer very properly, and had nothing more to do with the business.

After seeing the Cardinal, Bœhmer did not go to the Baron de Breteuil, but went to Trianon, and sent a mes-

sage to the Queen purporting that I had advised him to come back and speak to her. His very words were repeated to Her Majesty, who said, " He is mad ; I have nothing to say to him, and will not see him." Two or three days afterwards she sent for me to Trianon. I found her alone in her boudoir. She talked to me of various trifles, but all the while I was answering her I was thinking of the necklace and seeking for an opportunity of telling her what had been said to me about it, till at length she said, " Do you know that that idiot, Bœhmer, has been here asking to speak to me, and saying that you advised him to do so ? I refused to receive him," continued the Queen. " What does he want—have you any idea ? " I then communicated what the man had said to me, which I thought it my duty not to withhold, whatever pain it might give me to mention such infamous affairs to her. She made me relate several times the whole of my conversation with Bœhmer, and complained bitterly of the vexation she felt for the circulation of forged notes signed with her name, but she could not conceive how the Cardinal could be involved in the affair ; this was a labyrinth to her, and her mind was lost in it. She immediately sent for the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil. Bœhmer had never said one word to me about the woman Lamotte, and her name was mentioned for the first time by the Cardinal in his answers to the interrogatories put to him before the King.

For several days the Queen, in concert with the Baron and the Abbé, consulted what was proper to be done on the occasion. Unfortunately, an inveterate and implacable hatred for the Cardinal rendered these two counsellors the men of all others the most likely to lead Her Majesty out of the line of conduct she ought to have pursued. They only contemplated the utter ruin of their enemy at Court, and his disgrace in the eyes of all Europe ; and never considered how circumspectly such a delicate affair required to be managed. If the Queen had called in the Count de Vergennes to advise, his experience of men and things would have induced him at

once to pronounce that a swindling transaction, in which the august name of Marie Antoinette might be compromised, ought to be hushed up.

On the 15th of August the Cardinal, who was already dressed in his pontifical garments, was sent for at noon into the King's closet, where the Queen then was. The King said to him, "You have purchased diamonds of Bœhmer?" "Yes, Sire." "What have you done with them?" "I thought they had been delivered to the Queen." "Who commissioned you?" "A lady, called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was gratifying Her Majesty by taking this business on myself." The Queen here interrupted him, and said: "How, sir, could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me; and especially through the mediation of such a woman?" "I see plainly," said the Cardinal, "that I have been duped; I will pay for the necklace. My desire to be of service to Your Majesty blinded me; I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it." He then took out of his pocket-book a letter from the Queen to Madame Lamotte, entrusting her with the commission. The King took it and, holding it towards the Cardinal, said, "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen. How could a Prince of the House of Rohan, and a Grand Almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign 'Marie Antoinette of France?' Everybody knows that Queens sign only by their baptismal names. But, sir," pursued the King, handing him a copy of his letter to Bœhmer, "did you ever write such a letter as this?" Having glanced over it, the Cardinal said, "I do not remember having written it." "But what if the original, signed by yourself, were shown to you?" "If the letter be signed by myself it is true." "Then explain to me," resumed the King, "the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to find you guilty; I had rather you would justify yourself. Account for all the manœuvres with Bœhmer, these securities and these notes." The Cardinal then, turning

pale, and leaning against the table, said, " Sire, I am too much confused to answer Your Majesty in a way——" " Compose yourself, Cardinal, and go into my cabinet. You will there find paper, pens and ink ; write what you have to say to me." The Cardinal went into the King's cabinet, and returned a quarter of an hour afterwards with a document as confused as his verbal answers had been. The King then said, " Withdraw, sir." The Cardinal then left the King's chamber with the Baron de Breteuil, who gave him in custody to an ensign of the body-guard, with orders to take him to his apartment. M. d'Agoult, adjutant of the body-guard, afterwards took charge of him and conducted him to his hotel, and from thence to the Bastille. But while the Cardinal had with him only the young ensign of the body-guard, who was himself much embarrassed at having such an order to execute, His Eminence met his *heyduke* at the door of the Saloon of Hercules ; he spoke to him in German, and then asked the ensign if he could lend him a pencil ; the officer gave him that which he carried about him, and the Cardinal wrote to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar and friend, instantly to burn all Madame Lamotte's correspondence, and all his letters in general. This commission was executed before M. de Crosne, lieutenant of police, had received an order from the Baron de Breteuil to put seals upon the Cardinal's papers. The destruction of all His Eminence's correspondence, and particularly that with Madame Lamotte, threw an impenetrable cloud over the whole of this affair. Madame, the King's step-sister, was the sole protectress of that woman ; and her patronage was confined to allowing her a slender pension of twelve or fifteen hundred francs. Her brother was in the navy, but the Marquis de Chabert, to whom he had been recommended, could never make a good officer of him.

The Queen in vain endeavoured to call to mind the features of this person, whom she had often heard spoken of as an intriguing woman who came frequently on Sundays to the gallery at Versailles ; and at the time

when all France was taken up with the prosecution against the Cardinal, the portrait of the Countess de Lamotte-Valois was publicly sold. Her Majesty desired me one day, when I was going to Paris, to buy her the engraving, which was said to be a tolerable likeness, that she might ascertain whether she could recollect in it any person whom she had seen in the gallery.*

The woman Lamotte's father was a peasant at Auteuil, though he called himself Valois. Madame de Boulainvilliers once saw from her terrace two pretty little peasant girls, each labouring under a heavy bundle of sticks ; the priest of the village, who was walking with her, told her that the children possessed some curious papers, and that he had no doubt they were descendants of a Valois, an illegitimate son of one of the Princes of that name.

The family of Valois had long ceased to appear in the world. Hereditary vices had gradually plunged them into the deepest misery.

I have heard that the last Valois occupied the estate called Gros Bois ; that as he seldom came to Court, Louis XIII. asked him what he was about that he remained so constantly in the country, and that this M. de Valois merely answered : " Sire, I am doing nothing but what I ought to do." It was shortly afterwards discovered that he was engaged in *coining*.

As soon as the news of the Grand Almoner's arrest spread through Paris, the Prince de Condé, who had married a Princess of the House of Rohan, the Maréchal de Soubise, and the Princess de Marsan, exclaimed indignantly against the arrest of a Prince of their family. The clergy, from the cardinals down to the youths in the seminaries, gave vent to their affliction at the disgraceful apprehension of a Prince of the Church, and an infinite number of persons were eagerly desirous to see the Court humbled for so harsh a proceeding.

I must interrupt my narrative of the famous necklace

* The public, as the reader knows, with the exception of persons dressed in the style of the lowest of the people, were admitted into the gallery and larger apartments of Versailles as they were into the park.

plot to say something about this woman Lamotte. Neither the Queen herself nor any lady about her ever had the slightest connection with that swindler; and during her prosecution, she could point out but one of the Queen's servants, a man named Desclos, a valet of the Queen's bed-chamber, to whom she pretended she had delivered Bœhmer's necklace. This Desclos was a very honest man; upon being confronted with the woman Lamotte, it was proved that she had never seen him but once, which was at the house of the wife of a surgeon-accoucheur at Versailles, the only person she visited at Court; and that she had not given him the necklace. Madame Lamotte married a private in Monsieur's body-guard; she lodged at Versailles at the Belle Image, a very middling ready-furnished hotel; and it is scarcely to be conceived how so obscure a person could succeed in making herself believed to be a friend of the Queen, who, though so extremely affable, very seldom granted audiences, and only to titled persons.

The trial of the Cardinal is so generally known that it is unnecessary for me to repeat the circumstances of it here. The point most embarrassing to him was the interview he had in February, 1785, with M. de Saint-James, to whom he confided the particulars of the Queen's pretended commission, and showed the contract approved and signed "Marie Antoinette of France." The memorandum, found in a drawer of the Cardinal's bureau, in which he had himself written what Bœhmer told him after having seen me at my country house, was likewise an unfortunate document for His Eminence.

I offered to the King to go and declare that Bœhmer had told me and maintained that the Cardinal assured him he had received from the Queen's own hand the 30,000 francs given as earnest upon the bargain being concluded, and that His Eminence had seen Her Majesty take that sum in bills from the porcelain *secrétaire* in her boudoir. The King declined my offer and said, "Were you alone when Bœhmer told you this?" I answered that I was alone with him in my garden. "Well,"

resumed he, " the man would deny the fact ; he is now sure of being paid his 1,600,000 francs, which the Cardinal's family will find it necessary to make good to him. We cannot rely upon his sincerity ; it would look as if you were sent by the Queen, and that would not be proper."

The Attorney-General's information was severe upon the Cardinal. The House of Condé, that of Rohan, the majority of the nobility and the whole of the clergy, saw nothing in this affair but an attack upon the Prince's rank and the privileges of a cardinal. The clergy required that the unfortunate business of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan should be sent to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the Archbishop of Narbonne, then President of the Convocation, made representations upon the subject to the King ; the bishops wrote to His Majesty to remind him that a private ecclesiastic implicated in the affair then pending would have a right to claim his constitutional judges, and that this right was refused to a cardinal, his superior in the hierarchical order. In short, the clergy and the greater part of the nobility were at that time outrageous against authority, and chiefly against the Queen.

The Attorney-General's conclusions, and those of a part of the heads of the magistracy, were as severe towards the Cardinal as the information had been, yet he was *fully acquitted* by a majority of three voices ; the woman De Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded and imprisoned, and her husband, in contumacy, was condemned to the galleys for life.

The Queen's grief was extreme. As soon as I learned the substance of the decision, I went to her, and found her alone in her closet ; she was weeping. " Come," said Her Majesty to me, " come and lament for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice. But rather let me pity you as a French-woman. If I have not met with equitable judges in a matter which affected my reputation, what could you hope for in a suit in which your fortune and character were at stake ? " The King came in at this moment, and said to me, " You find the

Queen much afflicted ; she has great reason to be so. They were determined throughout this affair to see only an ecclesiastical Prince—a Prince de Rohan ; while he is in fact a needy fellow." (I use His Majesty's own expression.) " And all this was but a scheme to put money into his pockets, in endeavouring to do which he found himself the party cheated instead of the cheat. Nothing is easier to see through ; and it is not necessary to be an Alexander to cut this Gordian knot."

The opinion sanctioned by time is that the Cardinal was completely duped by the woman Lamotte and Cagliostro. The King may have been in error in thinking him an accomplice in this miserable and criminal scheme ; but I have faithfully given His Majesty's judgment concerning it.

However, the generally received opinion, that the Baron de Breteuil's hatred for the Cardinal was the cause of the scandal and result of this unfortunate affair, contributed to the disgrace of the former still more than his refusal to give his grand-daughter in marriage to the son of the Duke de Polignac.

The Abbé de Vermond threw the whole blame of the imprudence and impolicy of the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan upon the minister, and ceased to be the friend and supporter of the Baron de Breteuil with the Queen as he had previously always been.

CHAPTER XIII

The Abbé de Vermond could not suppress his exultation when he succeeded in getting the Archbishop of Sens appointed President of the Council of Finance. I have often heard him say that seventeen years of patience were not too great a price for success at Court; that he spent all that time in gaining the end he had in view; but that at length the Archbishop was where he ought to be, for the good of the State. The Abbé from this time no longer concealed his credit and influence in the Queen's private circle; nothing could equal the confidence with which he displayed the extent of his ambition. He requested the Queen to order that the apartments appropriated to him should be enlarged, telling her that, being obliged to give audiences to bishops, cardinals and ministers, he required a residence suitable to his present circumstances. The Queen continued to treat him in general as she did before the Archbishop's arrival at Court; but the household observed a variation which indicated increased consideration: the word *Monsieur* preceded that of Abbé; and, such is the influence of favour, that, from that moment, not only the livery servants, but also the people of the ante-chambers, rose when *Monsieur l'Abbé* was passing, though there never was, to my knowledge, any order given to that effect.

The Queen was obliged, on account of the King's disposition, and the very limited confidence he placed in the Archbishop of Sens, to take a part in public affairs. While M. de Maurepas lived she kept out of that danger, as may be seen by the censure which the Baron de Besenval passes on her in his Memoirs for not availing herself of the conciliation he had promoted between the Queen and that minister, who counteracted the ascend-

ancy which she and her intimate friends might otherwise have gained over the King's mind.

The Queen has often assured me that she never interfered respecting the interests of Austria but once, and that was only to claim the execution of the treaty of alliance at the time when Joseph II. was at war with Prussia and Turkey; that she then demanded that an army of 24,000 men should be sent to him, instead of 15,000,000 livres—an alternative which had been left to option in the treaty, in case the Emperor should have a just war to maintain; that she could not obtain her object, and M. de Vergennes, in an interview which she had with him upon the subject, put an end to her importunities by observing that he was answering the mother of the Dauphin, and not the sister of the Emperor. The 15,000,000 livres were sent. There was no want of money at Vienna, and the value of a French army was fully appreciated. "But how," said the Queen, "could they be so wicked as to send off those fifteen millions from the general post-office, diligently publishing, even to the street porters, that they were loading the carriages with money that I was sending to my brother—whereas it is certain that the money would equally have been sent if I had belonged to another House; and, besides, it was sent contrary to my inclination."

The Queen never disguised her dislike to the American War; she could not conceive how anybody could advise a Sovereign to aim at the humiliation of England, through an attack on the Sovereign authority, and by assisting a people to organise a Republican Constitution. She often laughed at the enthusiasm with which Franklin inspired the French; and, upon the peace of 1783, she treated the English nobility and the ambassador from England with marked distinction.

When the Count de Moustier set out on his mission to the United States, after having had his public audience of leave, he came and asked me to procure him a private one. I could not succeed, even with the strongest solicitations: the Queen desired me to wish him a good

voyage, but added, that none but ministers could have anything to say to him in private, since he was going to a country where the names of *King* and *Queen* must be detested.

Marie Antoinette had, then, no direct influence over State affairs until after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes and the retirement of M. de Calonne. She frequently regretted her new situation, and looked upon it as a misfortune which she could not avoid. One day, while I was assisting her to tie up a number of memorials and reports which some of the ministers had handed to her to be given to the King, " Ah ! " said she, sighing, " there is an end of all happiness for me, since they have made an intriguer of me." I censured the word. " Yes," resumed the Queen ; " that is the right term ; every woman who meddles with affairs above her understanding or out of her line of duty is an intriguer and nothing else ; you will remember, however, that it is not my own fault, and that it is with regret I give myself such a title. The Queens of France are happy only so long as they meddle with nothing, and merely preserve influence sufficient to advance their friends and reward a few zealous servants. Do you know," added that excellent Princess—thus reluctantly forced to act in opposition to her principles—" do you know what happened to me lately ? One day, since I began to attend private committees at the King's, while crossing the ' bull's eye,' I heard one of the musicians of the chapel say, so loudly that I lost not a single word, ' A Queen who does her duty will remain in her apartment to knit.' I said within myself, ' Poor creature, thou art right ; but thou knowest not my situation. I yield to necessity and my unfortunate destiny.' " This situation was the more painful to the Queen inasmuch as Louis XVI. had long accustomed himself to say nothing to her respecting State affairs ; and when, towards the close of his reign, she was obliged to interfere in the most important matters, the same closeness in the King frequently kept from her particulars which it was proper she should know.

Obtaining, therefore, only partial information, and guided by persons more ambitious than skilful, the Queen could not be useful in the grand march of affairs ; yet, at the same time, her ostensible interference drew upon her from all parties and all classes of society an unpopularity, the rapid progress of which alarmed all those who were sincerely attached to her.

Led away by the brilliant language of the Archbishop of Sens, and encouraged in the confidence she placed in that minister by the incessant eulogies of the Abbé de Vermond on his abilities, the Queen unfortunately followed up her first mistake—that of bringing him into office—by the equally unfortunate error of supporting him at the time of his disgrace, which was conceded to the despair of a whole nation. She thought it was due to her dignity to give him some marked proof of her regard. Misguided by her feelings, she sent him her portrait enriched with jewellery, and a patent for a situation of lady of the palace for Madame de Canisy, his niece, observing that it was necessary to indemnify a minister sacrificed to Court intrigues and the factious spirit of the nation ; that otherwise none would be found willing to devote themselves for the interests of the Sovereign. However, on the day of the Archbishop's departure, the public joy was universal both at Court and among the people of Paris. There were bonfires ; the attorney's clerks burnt the Archbishop in effigy, and on the very evening of his disgrace more than a hundred couriers were sent out from Versailles to spread the happy tidings among the country seats round Paris and Versailles. I have since seen the Queen shed bitter tears at the recollection of the errors she committed at this period, when subsequently, a short time before her death, the Archbishop had the audacity to say, in a speech which was printed, that the sole object of one part of his operations, during his administration, was to promote the salutary crisis which the Revolution had produced.

When the fruitless measure of the Assembly of the Notables and the rebellious spirit of the Parliaments had

created the necessity for summoning the States-General, it was long discussed in Council whether they should be assembled at Versailles or at forty or fifty leagues from the capital. The Queen was of the latter opinion, and insisted to the King that they ought to be far away from the immense population of Paris. She began to fear that the people would influence the deliberations of the deputies. Several memorials were presented to the King upon that important question ; but M. Necker's opinion prevailed, and Versailles was the place fixed upon, which affords room for the supposition that M. Necker, in his schemes—not supposing that the popular commotions, which he undoubtedly hoped to be able to regulate, would extend to the annihilation of the monarchy—calculated that they would be useful to him.

Politicians were occupied with the double representation granted to the Tiers-Etat ; it was the sole topic of conversation ; some foresaw all the inconveniences of the measure, while others overrated its advantages.

The Queen adopted the plan to which the King had agreed. She thought the hope of obtaining ecclesiastical favours would secure the clergy of the second Order, and that M. Necker felt assured that he possessed the same degree of influence over the lawyers, and other people of that class, who formed the Third Estate. The Count d'Artois, holding the contrary opinion, presented a memorial in the names of himself and several Princes of the Blood to the King against the double representation granted to the Tiers-Etat. The Queen was displeased with him for this ; her confidential advisers infused into her apprehensions that the Prince was made the tool of a party ; but his conduct was approved of by Madame de Polignac's circle, which the Queen thenceforward frequented, merely to avoid the appearance of a change in her habits. She almost always returned unhappy. She was treated with the profound respect due to a Queen ; but all the touching graces of friendship had vanished to make way for the duties of etiquette, which wounded her deeply. The existing coolness between her and the

Count d'Artois was also very painful to her, for she had loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own brother.

The opening of the States-General took place on May 4th. The Queen on that occasion appeared, for the last time in her life, in regal magnificence.

I will not pass over unnoticed a well-known fact which proves that before this period a faction had begun its operations against this Princess. During the procession on the opening of the States-General some low women, on seeing the Queen pass, cried out, "Vive le Duc d'Orleans!" in so rebellious a manner that she nearly fainted. She was obliged to be supported, and those about her were afraid it would be necessary to stop the procession. The Queen, however, recovered herself, and much regretted that she had not been able to command more presence of mind.

The first sitting of the States took place on the following day. The King delivered his speech with firmness and dignity; the Queen told me that he had taken great pains about it, and repeated it frequently, that he might perfectly adapt it to the intonations of his voice.

His Majesty gave public marks of attachment and respect for the Queen, who was applauded; but it was easy to see that these applauses were in fact an homage rendered to the King alone.

It was evident during the first sittings that Mirabeau would be very dangerous to the Government. It is affirmed that at this period he communicated to the King, and still more fully to the Queen, a part of his scheme and his proposals for renouncing them. He had brandished the weapons afforded him by his eloquence and audacity, in order to treat with the party he meant to attack. This man played a game of revolution in order to make his fortune. The Queen told me that he asked for an embassy, and if my memory does not deceive me, it was that of Constantinople. He was refused with the contempt justly inspired by vice, which policy would doubtless have concealed, could the future have been foreseen.

The general enthusiasm prevailing at the opening of this Assembly, and the debates between the Tiers-Etat, the Nobility, and even the Clergy, daily increased the alarm of Their Majesties, and all who were attached to the cause of monarchy; but this era of our history is too well known, and has been already too ably described, to require that I should go into any further details than those which are peculiarly within my province.

The Queen went to bed late, or I should rather say that this unfortunate Princess began to lose the enjoyment of rest. One evening, about the latter end of May, she was sitting in the middle of her room, relating several remarkable occurrences of the day; four wax candles were placed upon her toilette; the first went out of itself, and I relighted it; shortly afterwards the second, and then the third, went out also; upon which the Queen, squeezing my hand with an emotion of terror, said to me, "Misfortune has power to make us superstitious; if the fourth taper should go out like the rest, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a fatal omen." The fourth taper went out.

It was remarked to the Queen that the four tapers had probably been run in the same mould, and that a defect in the wick had naturally occurred at the same point in each, since the candles had all gone out in the order in which they had been lighted.

The deputies of the Tiers-Etat arrived at Versailles full of the strongest prejudices against the Court. The falsehoods of the metropolis never failing to spread themselves into the surrounding provinces, they believed that the King indulged in the pleasures of the table to a shameful excess; that the Queen was draining the Treasury of the State in order to satisfy the most unreasonable luxury; they almost all determined to see Little Trianon. The extreme plainness of the retreat in question not answering the ideas they had formed, some of them insisted upon seeing the very smallest closets, saying that the richly furnished apartments were concealed from them. In short, they spoke of one

which, according to them, was wholly ornamented with diamonds, and with wreathed columns studded with sapphires and rubies. The Queen could not get these foolish ideas out of her mind, and spoke to the King on the subject. From the description given of this room by the deputies to the keepers of Trianon, the King concluded that they were looking for the scene enriched with paste ornaments, made in the reign of Louis XV. for the theatre of Fontainebleau.

The King supposed that his body-guards, upon their return into the country, after having performed their quarterly duty at Court, related what they had seen, and thus their exaggerated accounts, being repeated, became at last totally perverted. This first idea of the King, upon the search after the diamond chamber, suggested to the Queen that the mistake about the King's supposed propensity to drinking also sprang from the guards who accompanied his carriage when he hunted at Rambouillet. The King, who disliked sleeping out of his usual bed, was accustomed to leave that hunting-seat after supper. He generally slept soundly in his carriage, and awoke only on his arrival at the courtyard of his palace. He used to get down from his carriage in the midst of his body-guards staggering, as a man half awake will do, which was mistaken for a state of intoxication.

The majority of the deputies, who came imbued with prejudices produced by error or malevolence, went to lodge with the most humble private individuals of Versailles, whose inconsiderate conversation contributed not a little to the nourishment of such mistaken notions. Everything, in short, tended to render the deputies subservient to the schemes of the leaders of the rebellion.

Shortly after the opening of the States-General the first Dauphin died. That young Prince fell, in a few months, from a florid state of health into the rickets, which curved his spine, lengthened his face, and rendered his legs so weak that he could not walk without being supported like a decayed old man. How many maternal

tears did his languishing condition, the certain forerunner of death, draw from the Queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues, which, when frequently renewed, became intolerable. An open quarrel between the families and friends of the Duke d'Harcourt, the Dauphin's governor, and those of the Duchess de Polignac, his governess, added greatly to the Queen's affliction. The young Prince showed a strong dislike to the Duchess de Polignac, who attributed it either to the Duke or the Duchess d'Harcourt, and came to make her complaints respecting it to the Queen. It is true that the Dauphin twice sent her out of the room, saying to her, with that maturity of manner which languishing sickness always gives to children, "Go out, Duchess; you are so fond of using perfumes, and they always make me ill"—and yet she never used any. The Queen perceived also that his prejudices against her friend extended to herself; her son would no longer speak in her presence. She had observed that he was fond of sugared sweetmeats, and offered him some marshmallow and jujube lozenges. The under-governors and the first *valet de chambre* requested her not to give the Dauphin anything, as he was to receive no food of any kind without the consent of the faculty. I forbear describing the wound this prohibition inflicted upon the Queen; she felt it the more deeply because she was aware it was unjustly believed she gave a decided preference to the Duke of Normandy, whose ruddy health and loveliness did, in truth, form a striking contrast to the languid look and melancholy disposition of his elder brother. At least she could not doubt that a project to deprive her of the affection of a child whom she loved as a good and tender mother ought, and whose sufferings made him an object of increased interest to her, had for some time existed. Previous to the audience granted by the King on August 10th, 1788, to the envoy of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, she had begged the Duke d'Harcourt to divert the Dauphin—whose

deformity was already apparent—from his intention to be present at that ceremony, being unwilling to expose him in his then decrepit state to the gaze of the crowd of inquisitive Parisians who would be in the gallery. Notwithstanding this injunction, the Dauphin was suffered to write to his mother, requesting her permission to be present at the audience. The Queen was obliged to refuse him, and warmly reproached the governor, who merely answered that he could not oppose the wishes of a sick child. A year before the death of the Dauphin, the Queen lost the Princess Sophie, who was not weaned. This first misfortune was, as the Queen said, the beginning of all that followed from that moment.

CHAPTER XIV

THE too-memorable oath of the States-General, taken at the tennis court of Versailles, was followed by the Royal sitting of June 23rd. The Queen looked upon M. Necker's not accompanying the King as treachery or criminal cowardice. She said that he had converted a salutary remedy into poison ; that, being in full popularity, his audacity had emboldened the factions and led away the whole Assembly, and that he was the more culpable inasmuch as he had, the evening before, given her his word to accompany the King to this sitting. In vain did M. Necker endeavour to excuse himself by saying that his advice had not been attended to.

Soon afterwards, the insurrections of the 11th, 12th and 14th of July opened the disastrous drama with which France was threatened. The massacre of M. de Flesselles and M. de Launay drew bitter tears from the Queen, and the idea that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart.

The character of the insurrection was not merely that of a popular tumult ; the cries of " Vive la nation ! " " Vive le Roi ! " " Vive la liberté ! " threw the strongest light upon the extended plan of the reformers. Still the people spoke of the King with affection, and appeared to think his character favourable to the desire of the nation for the reform of what were called abuses ; but they imagined that he was restrained by the opinions and influence of the Count d'Artois and the Queen ; and those two august personages were therefore objects of hatred to the malcontents. The dangers incurred by the Count d'Artois determined the King's first step with the National Assembly. He attended there on the morning of July 15th with his brothers, without pomp

or escort. He spoke standing and uncovered, and pronounced these memorable words: "Upon you I throw myself. It is my wish that I and the nation should be one, and, in full reliance on the affection and fidelity of my subjects, I have given orders to the troops to remove from Paris and Versailles."[22] The King returned from the chamber of the National Assembly to his palace on foot; the deputies crowded after him and formed his escort, and that of the Princes who accompanied him. The rage of the populace was pointed against the Count d'Artois, whose unfavourable opinion of the double representation was an odious crime in their eyes. They repeatedly cried out, "The King for ever, in spite of you and your opinions, Monseigneur."[23] One woman had the impudence to come up to the King and ask him whether what he had been doing was done sincerely, and whether he would not be forced to retract it.

The courtyards of the castle were thronged with an immense concourse of people. They demanded that the King and Queen should make their appearance in the balcony with their children. The Queen gave me the key of the inner doors, which led to the Dauphin's apartments, and desired me to go to the Duchess de Polignac, to tell her that she wanted her son, and had directed me to bring him myself into her room, where she waited for him to show him to the people. The Duchess said this order indicated that she was not to accompany the Prince. I did not answer; she squeezed my hand, saying, "Ah! Madame Campan, what a blow for me!" She embraced the child with tears, and bestowed a similar mark of attachment upon myself. She knew how much I loved and valued the goodness and the noble frankness of her disposition. I endeavoured to compose her by saying that I should bring back the Prince to her; but she persisted, and said she understood the order and knew what it meant. She then retired into her private room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. One of the sub-governesses asked me whether she might go with the Dauphin. I told her the Queen had given no order

to the contrary, and we hastened to Her Majesty, who was waiting for the Prince, to show him from the balcony.

Having executed this painful commission, I went down into the courtyard, where I mingled with the crowd. I heard a thousand vociferations. It was easy to see, by the difference between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm with some degree of violence and said, calling me by my name, " I know you very well. Tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer. Let her leave her husband and our good States-General to effect the happiness of the people." At the same moment a man, dressed much in the style of a market man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm and said, " Yes, yes ; tell her over and over again that it will not be with these States as with the others, which produced no good to the people ; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789 not to make something more of them, and that there will not now be seen a deputy of the Tiers-Etat making a speech with one knee on the ground. Tell her this, do you hear ? " I was struck with dread. The Queen then appeared in the balcony. " Ah ! " said the woman in the veil, " the Duchess is not with her." " No," replied the man ; " but she is still at Versailles. She is working underground, mole-like ; but we shall know how to dig her out." The detestable pair moved away from me, and I re-entered the palace, scarcely able to support myself. I thought it my duty to relate the dialogue of these two strangers to the Queen. She made me repeat the particulars to the King.

About four in the afternoon I went across the terrace to Madame Victoire's apartments ; three men had stopped under the windows of the throne-chamber. " Here is that throne," said one of them aloud, " the vestiges of which will soon be sought for in vain." He added a thousand invectives against Their Majesties. I

went in to the Princess, who was at work alone in her closet, behind a canvas blind, which prevented her from being seen by those without. The three men were still walking upon the terrace; I showed them to her, and told her what they had said. She rose to take a nearer view of them, and informed me that one of them was named Saint-Huruge; that he was a creature of the Duke d'Orleans, and was furious against government because he had been confined once under a *lettre-de-cachet* as a bad character.

The King was not ignorant of all these popular threats; he also knew the days on which money was scattered about Paris, and once or twice the Queen prevented my going there, saying there would certainly be a riot the next day, because she knew that a quantity of crown pieces had been distributed in the faubourgs.*

On the evening of July 14th the King came to the Queen's apartments, where I was with Her Majesty alone. He conversed with her respecting the horrid report disseminated by the factious, that he had had the chamber of the National Assembly undermined in order to blow it up; but, he added, that it became him to treat such silly assertions with contempt, as usual. I ventured to tell him that I had, the evening before, supped with M. Begouen, one of the deputies, who said that there were very respectable persons who thought that this horrible contrivance had been proposed without the King's knowledge. "Then," said His Majesty, "as the idea of such an atrocity did not seem absurd to so worthy a man as M. Begouen, I will order the chamber to be examined early to-morrow morning." In fact, it will be seen by the King's speech to the National Assembly on July 15th that the suspicions excited deserved his attention. "I know," says he in the speech in question, "that unworthy insinuations have been spread about; I know there are those who have dared to assert that

* I have seen a six-franc crown piece, which certainly served to pay some wretch on the night of July 12th; the words "*Midnight, 12th of July, three pistols,*" were rather deeply engraven on it. They no doubt communicated a signal for the first insurrection.

your persons are not safe. Can it be necessary to give you assurances upon the subject of reports so culpable, which a knowledge of my disposition ought to have refuted in their origin ? "

The proceedings of July 15th produced no mitigation of the disturbances. Successive deputations of *poissardes* came to request the King to visit Paris, where his presence alone would put an end to the insurrection.

On the 16th a committee was held in the King's apartments, at which a most important question was discussed —whether His Majesty should quit Versailles and set off with the troops, whom he had recently ordered to withdraw, or go to Paris to tranquillise the minds of the people. The Queen was for the departure. On the evening of the 15th she made me take all her jewels out of their cases, to collect them in one small box, which she might carry off in her own carriage. With my assistance she burnt a large quantity of papers, for Versailles was then threatened with an early visit of armed men from Paris.

The Queen, on the morning of the 16th, before attending another committee at the King's, having got her jewels ready and looked over all her papers, gave me one folded up but not sealed, and desired me not to read it until she should give me an order to do so from the King, and that then I was to execute its contents. But she returned herself about ten in the morning ; the affair was decided ; the army was to go away without the King ; all those who were in imminent danger were to go at the same time. " The King will go to the Hôtel de Ville to-morrow," said the Queen to me. " He did not choose this course for himself ; there were long debates on the question ; at last the King put an end to them, by rising and saying, '*Well, gentlemen, we must decide ; am I to go or stay ? I am ready to do either.*' The majority were for the King's stay ; the time will show whether the right choice has been made." I returned the Queen the paper she had given me, which was now useless. She read it to me ; it contained her

orders for the departure. I was to go with her, as well on account of my office about her person as to serve as a governess to Madame. The Queen tore the paper and said, with tears in her eyes, "When I wrote this, I thought it would be useful; but fate has ordered otherwise, to the misfortune of us all, as I much fear."

After the departure of the troops, the new Administration received thanks; M. Necker was recalled. The artillery soldiers were undoubtedly corrupted. "Wherefore all these guns?" exclaimed the crowds of women who filled the streets. "Will you kill your mothers, your wives, your children?" "Don't be afraid," answered the soldiers; "these guns shall sooner be levelled against the tyrant's palace than against you."

The Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé and their children set off at the same time with the troops. The Duke and Duchess de Polignac, their daughter the Duchess de Guiche, the Countess Diana de Polignac, the Duke's sister and the Abbé de Balivière, also emigrated on the same night. Nothing could be more affecting than the parting of the Queen and her friend: the extremes of misfortune had banished from their minds the recollection of differences, to which political opinions alone had given rise. The Queen several times wished to go and embrace her once more after their sorrowful adieu, but her motions were too closely watched, and she was compelled to forego this last consolation. But she desired M. Campan to be present at the departure of the Duchess, and gave him a purse of 500 louis, desiring him to insist upon her allowing the Queen to lend her that sum, to defray her expenses on the road. The Queen added that she knew her situation, that she had often calculated her income, and the expenses occasioned by her place at Court; that both husband and wife, having no other fortune than their official salaries, could not possibly have saved anything, however differently people might think at Paris. M. Campan remained till midnight with the Duchess to see her get into her carriage. She was disguised as a *femme de chambre*, and got up in

front of the berlin. She requested M. Campan to speak of her frequently to the Queen, and then quitted for ever that palace, that favour and that influence which had raised her up such cruel enemies. On their arrival at Sens the travellers found the people in a state of insurrection ; they asked all those who came from Paris whether the Polignacs were still with the Queen. A group of inquisitive persons put that question to the Abbé de Balivière, who answered them in the firmest tone, and with the most cavalier air, that they were far enough from Versailles, and that we had got rid of all such bad people. At the following stage the postillion got upon the doorstep and said to the Duchess, " Madam, there are some good people left in the world ; I recognised you all at Sens." They gave the worthy fellow a handful of gold.

On the breaking out of these disturbances an old man, above seventy years of age, gave the Queen an extraordinary proof of attachment and fidelity. M. Peraque, a rich inhabitant of the colonies, father of M. d'Oudenarde, was coming from Brussels to Paris ; while changing horses he was met by a young man who was leaving France, and who recommended him if he brought any letters from foreign countries to burn them immediately, especially if he had any for the Queen. M. Peraque had one from the Archduchess, the Governnante of the Low Countries, for Her Majesty. He thanked the stranger, and carefully concealed his packet ; but as he approached Paris the insurrection appeared to him so general and so violent that he thought no means could be relied on for securing this letter from seizure. He took upon him to unseal it, and learned it by heart, which was a wonderful effort for a man at his time of life, as it contained four pages of writing. On his arrival at Paris he wrote it down, and then presented it to the Queen, telling her that the feelings of an old and faithful subject had given him courage to form and execute such a resolution. The Queen received M. Peraque in her closet and expressed

her gratitude in an affecting manner, most honourable to the respectable old man. Her Majesty thought the young stranger who had apprised him of the state of Paris was Prince George, of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was much attached to her, and who left Paris at that very time.

The Marchioness de Tourzel succeeded the Duchess de Polignac. She was selected by the Queen as being the mother of a family and a woman of irreproachable conduct, and who had superintended the education of her own daughters with the greatest success.

The King went to Paris on July 17th, accompanied by the Marshal de Beauvau, the Duke de Villeroy, and the Duke de Villequier; he also took the Count d'Estaing* and the Marquis de Nesle, who were then very popular, with him in his carriage. Twelve body-guards and the town-guard of Versailles escorted him to the Pont-du-Jour, near Sèvres, where the Parisian guard was waiting for him. His departure caused equal grief and alarm to his friends, notwithstanding the calmness he evinced. The Queen restrained her tears and shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to her Court. Their doors were locked; terror had driven them away. A deadly silence reigned throughout the palace; fear was at its height; the King was hardly expected to return. The Queen had a robe prepared for her, and sent orders to her stables to have all her equipages ready. She wrote an address of a few lines for the Assembly, determining to go thither with her family, the officers of her palace and her servants, if the King should be detained prisoner at Paris. She got this address by heart. I remember it began with these words: "Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your Sovereign; do not suffer those who have been united in heaven to be put asunder on earth." While she was repeating this address her voice was

* The Count used to go and dine with the butchers at Versailles, and flattered the people by the meanest condescensions.

often interrupted by her tears, and by the sorrowful exclamation, " They will never let him return ! "

It was past four when the King, who had left Versailles at ten in the morning, entered the Hôtel de Ville. At length, at six in the evening, M. de Lastours, the King's first page, arrived ; he was not half an hour in coming from the Barrière de la Conférence to Versailles. Everybody knows that the moment of calm at Paris was that in which the Sovereign received the tricoloured cockade from M. Bailly, and placed it in his hat. A shout of " Vive le Roi ! " arose on all sides ; it had not been once uttered before. The King breathed again at that moment, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed that his heart stood in need of such shouts from the people, One of his equerries (M. de Cubières) told him the people loved him, and that he ought never to have doubted it. The King replied in accents of profound sensibility : " Cubières, the French loved Henry IV., and what King ever better deserved to be beloved ? "

His return to Versailles filled his family with inexpressible joy. In the arms of the Queen, his sister and his children, he congratulated himself that no accident had happened, and it was then that he repeated several times, " Happily, no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order "—a determination full of humanity, but too openly avowed in such factious times !

The King's last measure raised a hope in many that general tranquillity would soon enable the Assembly to resume its labours and bring its session to a close. The Queen never flattered herself with so favourable a result. M. Bailly's speech to the King equally wounded her pride and hurt her feelings : " Henry IV. conquered his people, and here are the people conquering their King." The word *conquest* offended her ; she never forgave M. Bailly for his fine academical antithesis.

Five days after the King's visit to Paris, the departure of the troops, and the removal of the Princes and some of the nobility, whose influence seemed to alarm the

people, a horrible deed, committed by hired assassins, proved that the King had descended from his throne without having effected a reconciliation with his people.

M. Foulon, who was added to the administration while M. de Broglie was commanding the army assembled at Versailles, had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognised, and the peasants seized him and dragged him to the Hôtel de Ville. The death cry was heard in the Assembly. The electors, the members of the committee, and M. de la Fayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavoured to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him in a manner the particulars of which make humanity shudder, his body was dragged about the streets and to the Palais Royal, and his heart was carried—shall I tell it ?—by women—in the midst of a bunch of white carnations.

M. Berthier, M. Foulon's son-in-law, intendant of Paris, was seized at Compiègne at the same time that his father-in-law was seized at Viry, and treated with still more persevering cruelty.

The Queen was always persuaded that this horrible deed was occasioned by some piece of indiscretion ; and she imparted to me that M. Foulon had drawn up two memorials for the direction of the King's conduct at the time of his being called to Court on the removal of M. Necker ; and that these memorials contained two schemes, of totally different nature, for extricating the King from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. In the first of these projects, M. Foulon expressed himself without reserve respecting the criminal views of the Duke d'Orleans ; said that he ought to be put under arrest, and that no time should be lost in commencing a prosecution against him while the criminal tribunals were still in existence. He likewise pointed out such deputies as should be apprehended at the same time, and advised the King not to part with his army until order was restored.

His other plan was that the King ought to make himself master of the Revolution before its complete

explosion. He advised His Majesty to go to the Assembly, and there, in person, to demand the minute books and papers, and to make the greatest sacrifices to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, and not to give the factious time to turn them to the aid of their criminal designs. Madame Adelaide had M. Foulon's two memorials read to her in the presence of four or five persons. One of them* was very intimate with Madame de Staël, and that intimacy gave the Queen reason to believe that the opposite party had gained information of M. Foulon's schemes.

It is known that young Barnave, during the lamentable aberration of mind, since expiated by sincere repentance, and even by death, uttered these atrocious words, "Is then the blood now flowing so pure?" when M. Berthier's son came to the Assembly to invoke the eloquence and filial piety of M. de Lally to entreat that body to save his father's life. I have since been informed that a son of M. Foulon, having returned to France after these first ebullitions of the Revolution, saw Barnave, and gave him one of those memorials, in which M. Foulon advised Louis XVI. to prevent the revolutionary explosion by voluntarily granting all that the Assembly required before the 14th of July. "Read this memorial," said he; "I have brought it to increase your remorse; it is the only revenge I wish to inflict on you." Barnave burst into tears, and said all that the profoundest grief could dictate.

* Count Louis de Narbonne.

CHAPTER XV

After the 14th of July, by a manœuvre for which the most skilful factions of any age might have envied the Assembly, the whole population of France was armed and organised into a National Guard. A report was spread throughout France on the same day, and almost at the same hour, that four thousand brigands were marching towards such towns or villages as it was wished to arm. Never was any plan better laid; terror spread at the same moment all over the kingdom, and found its way into the most retired districts. In 1791 a peasant showed me a steep rock in the mountains of the Mont d'Or on which his wife concealed herself on the day when the four thousand brigands were to attack their village, and told me they had been obliged to make use of ropes to let her down from the place which fear alone had enabled her to climb.

Versailles was certainly the place where the national military uniform appeared most offensive. All the King's valets, even of the lowest class, were metamorphosed into lieutenants or captains; all the musicians of the chapel ventured one day to make their appearance at the King's Mass in a military costume; and an *Italian soprano* sang a motetto in the garb of a grenadier captain. The King was very much offended at this conduct, and forbade his servants to appear in his presence in so unbecoming a dress.

The departure of the Duchess de Polignac naturally left the Abbé Vermond exposed to all the dangers of favouritism. He was already talked of as an adviser dangerous to the nation. The Queen was alarmed at it, and recommended him to remove to Valenciennes, where Count Esterhazy was in command. He was obliged to

leave that place in a few days and set off for Vienna, where he remained ever after.

On the night of the 17th of July the Queen, being unable to sleep, made me watch by her until three in the morning. I was extremely surprised to hear her say that it would be a very long time before the Abbé Vermond would make his appearance at Court again, even if the existing ferment should subside, because he would not readily be forgiven for his attachment to the Archbishop of Sens, and that she had lost in him a very devoted servant. Then, on a sudden, she remarked to me that, although he was not much prejudiced against me, I could not have much regard for him, because he could not bear my father-in-law to hold the place of secretary of the closet. She went on to say that I must have studied the Abbé's character, and, as I had sometimes drawn her portraits of living characters, in imitation of those which were fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., she desired me to sketch that of the Abbé, as its features struck me, without any reserve. My astonishment was extreme; the Queen spoke of the man who, the day before, had been in the greatest intimacy with her with the utmost coolness, and as a person whom, perhaps, she might never see again! I remained petrified; the Queen persisted, and told me that he had been the enemy of my family for more than twelve years, without having been able to injure it in her opinion; so that I had no occasion to dread his return, however severely I might judge of him. I promptly collected my ideas about the favourite; but I only remember that the portrait was drawn with sincerity, except that everything which could denote hatred was kept out of it. I shall quote but one extract from it: I said that he had been born talkative and indiscreet, and had assumed a character of singularity and bluntness in order to conceal those two failings. The Queen interrupted me by saying, "Ah! how true that is!" I have since that time had an opportunity of discovering that, notwithstanding the high favour

which the Abbé Vermond enjoyed, the Queen took precautions to guard herself against an ascendancy the consequences of which she could not calculate.

On the death of my father-in-law his executors placed in my hands a box containing a few jewels, deposited by the Queen with M. Campan upon the departure from Versailles on the 6th of October, and two sealed packets, each inscribed, "Campan will take care of these papers for me." I took the two packets to Her Majesty, who kept the jewels and the larger packet, and, returning me the smaller, said, "Take care of that for me as your father-in-law did."

After the fatal 10th of August, 1792, at the moment when my house was about to be surrounded, I determined to burn the most interesting papers of which I was the depositary; I thought it, however, my duty to open this packet, which it might perhaps be necessary for me to preserve at all hazards. I saw that it contained a letter from the Abbé Vermond to the Queen. I have already related that in the earlier days of Madame de Polignac's favour he determined to remove from Versailles, and that the Queen had recalled him by means of the Count de Mercy. This letter contained nothing but certain conditions for his return. It was the most whimsical of treaties; I confess I greatly regretted being under the necessity of destroying it. He reproached the Queen with her infatuation for the Countess Jules, her family and associates, and told her several truths about the possible unfortunate consequences of a friendship which ranked that young lady among the favourites of the Queens of France, a title always disliked by the nation. He complained that his advice was neglected, and then came to the conditions of his return to Versailles. After strong assurances that he would never in all his life aim at the higher Church dignities, he said that he delighted in an unbounded confidence, and that he asked but two things of Her Majesty as essential: the first was, not to give him her orders through any third person, but to write to him

herself; he complained much that he had had no letter in her own hand since he had left Vienna; lastly he demanded of her an income of 80,000 livres, in ecclesiastical benefices; and concluded by saying that if she condescended to write to him herself she would set about procuring him what he wished, her letter would be sufficient in itself to show him that Her Majesty had accepted the two conditions he ventured to make respecting his return. No doubt the letter was written; at least it is very certain that the abbeys were granted, and that his absence from Versailles lasted only a single week.

In the course of July, 1789, the regiment of French guards, which had been in a state of insurrection from the latter end of June, abandoned its colours. One single company of grenadiers remained faithful to its post at Versailles. The Baron de Leval commanded this company. He came every evening to request me to give the Queen an account of the disposition of his soldiers; but M. de la Fayette having sent them a note, they also deserted during the night and joined their comrades, who were enrolled in the Paris guard; so that Louis XVI. on rising saw no guard whatever at the various posts.

The mad decrees of the 4th of August, by which all privileges were abolished, are well known. The King sanctioned all that tended to the diminution of his own personal gratifications; but refused his consent to the other decrees of that tumultuous night. This refusal was one of the chief causes of the ferments of the month of October.

In the early part of September meetings were held at the Palais Royal, and propositions made to go to Versailles. It was said to be necessary to separate the King from his evil counsellors, and keep him, as well as the Dauphin, at the Louvre. The proclamations by the municipal officers of the district for the restoration of tranquillity were ineffectual; but M. de la Fayette succeeded this time in dispersing the populace. The

Assembly declared itself permanent; and during the whole of September, while no doubt the preparations were making for the great insurrections of the following month, the Court was not disturbed.

The King had the Flanders regiment removed to Versailles; unfortunately, the idea of fraternising the officers of that regiment with the body-guards was conceived, and the latter invited the former to a dinner, which was given in the great theatre of Versailles, and not in the Saloon of Hercules, as some chroniclers say. Boxes were appropriated to various persons who wished to be present at this entertainment. The Queen told me she had been advised to make her appearance on this occasion; but that, under existing circumstances, she thought such a step might do more harm than good; and that, moreover, neither she nor the King ought directly to have anything to do with such a festival. She ordered me to go, and desired me to observe everything closely in order to give a faithful account of the whole affair.

The tables were set out upon the stage; around them were placed one of the body-guard and an officer of the Flanders regiment alternately. There was a numerous orchestra in the room, and the boxes were filled with spectators. The air, "O Richard! O mon Roi!" was played, and shouts of "Vive le Roi!" shook the roof for several minutes. I had one of my nieces and a young person brought up along with Madame by Her Majesty, with me. They were crying "Vive le Roi!" with all their might when a deputy of the Third Estate, who was in the next box to mine, and whom I had never seen, called to them and reproached them for their exclamations; it hurt him, he said, to see young and handsome Frenchwomen brought up in such servile habits, screaming so outrageously for the life of one man, and with true fanaticism exalting him in their hearts above even their dearest relations. He told them what contempt worthy American women would feel on seeing Frenchwomen thus corrupted from their earliest infancy.

My niece replied with tolerable spirit; and I requested the deputy to put an end to the subject, which could by no means produce him any satisfaction, inasmuch as the young persons who were with me lived, as well as myself, for the sole purpose of serving and loving the King. While I was thus checking the conversation, what was my astonishment at seeing the King, the Queen and the Dauphin enter the theatre! It was M. de Luxembourg who had effected this change of determination in the Queen.

A general enthusiasm prevailed. The moment Their Majesties arrived, the orchestra renewed the air I have just mentioned, and afterwards played a song in *The Deserter*, "Can we grieve those whom we love?" which also made a powerful impression upon those present. On all sides were heard praises of Their Majesties, exclamations of affection, expressions of regret for what they had suffered, clapping of hands, and shouts of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Dauphin!" It has been said that white cockades were worn on this occasion. That was not the case; the fact is, that a few young men belonging to the National Guard of Versailles, who were invited to the entertainment, turned the white lining of their national cockades outwards. All the military men quitted the theatre and reconducted the King and his family to their apartments. There was a mixture of intoxication with all these ebullitions of joy; a thousand extravagances were committed by the military, and many of them danced under the King's windows; a soldier belonging to the Flanders regiment climbed up to the balcony of the King's chamber in order to shout "Vive le Roi!" nearer His Majesty. This very soldier, as I have been told by several officers of the corps, was one of the first and most dangerous of the insurgents in the riots of the 5th and 6th of October. On the same evening another soldier of that regiment killed himself with a sword. One of my relations, chaplain to the Queen, who supped with me, saw him stretched out in a corner of the Place d'Armes: he went to give him

spiritual assistance, and received his confession and his last sighs. He destroyed himself from regret at having suffered himself to be corrupted by the enemies of his King, and said that since he had seen him, and the Queen and Dauphin, remorse had turned his brain.

I returned home delighted with all that I had seen. I found a great many people there. M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras, listened to my description with a chilling air, and when I had finished, told me that all that had passed was terrific; that he knew the disposition of the Assembly, and that the greatest misfortunes would follow close upon the drama of that night, and he begged my leave to withdraw that he might take time for deliberate reflection whether he should on the very next day emigrate, or pass over to the left side of the Assembly. He adopted the latter course, and never appeared again among my associates.

On the 2nd of October the military entertainment was followed up by a breakfast given at the hotel of the body-guards. It is said that a discussion took place whether they should not march against the Assembly; but I am utterly ignorant of what passed at that breakfast. From that moment Paris was constantly in commotion; there were continual mobs, and the most virulent proposals were heard in all public places; the conversation was invariably about proceeding to Versailles. The King and Queen did not seem apprehensive of such a measure, and took no precaution against it. Even when the army had actually left Paris, on the evening of the 5th of October the King was shooting at Meudon, and the Queen was entirely alone in her gardens at Trianon, which she then beheld for the last time in her life. She was sitting in her grotto, absorbed in painful reflection, when she received a note from the Count de Saint-Priest, entreating her to return to Versailles. M. de Cubières at the same time went off to request that the King would leave his sport and return to his palace; the King did so on horseback, and very leisurely. A few minutes afterwards he was informed that a numerous body of

women, which preceded the Parisian army, was at Chaville, at the entrance of the avenue from Paris.

The scarcity of bread and the entertainment of the body-guards were the pretexts for the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October ; but it is clear to demonstration that this new movement of the people was a part of the original plan of the factious, insomuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some stronghold ; and at all the popular assemblies there had been always much talk of going to Versailles to seize the King.

At first only women showed themselves ; the grated doors of the castle were closed, and the body-guard and Flanders regiment were drawn up in the Place d'Armes. As the details of that dreadful day are given with precision in several works, I will only observe that consternation and disorder reigned throughout the interior of the castle.

I was not in attendance on the Queen at this time. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was leaving her, she condescendingly, and with infinite kindness, desired him to make me easy as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me M. de la Fayette's own words, which he had just used on soliciting the Royal Family to retire to bed, undertaking to answer for his army.

The Queen was far from relying upon M. de la Fayette's loyalty ; but she has often told me that she believed on that day that La Fayette, having affirmed to the King, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, that he would answer for the army of Paris, would not risk his honour as a commander, and was sure of being able to redeem his pledge. She also thought the Parisian army was wholly devoted to him, and that all he said about his being forced to march upon Versailles was mere pretence.

On the first intimation of the march of the Parisians, the Count de Saint-Priest prepared Rambouillet for the reception of the King, his family and suite, and the

carriages were even drawn out ; but a few cries of " Vive le Roi ! " when the women reported His Majesty's favourable answer, occasioned the intention of going away to be given up, and orders were given to the troops to withdraw. The body-guards were, however, assailed with stones and musketry while they were passing from the Place d'Armes to their hotel. Alarm revived ; again it was thought necessary that the Royal Family should go away ; some carriages still remained ready for travelling ; they were called for ; they were stopped by a wretched player belonging to the theatre of the town, seconded by the mob : the opportunity for flight had been missed.

The insurrection was directed against the Queen in particular. I shudder even now at the recollection of the *poissardes*, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which, they screamed out, were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, and that they would make cockades of them ; mixing the most obscene expressions with these horrible threats. Such are the atrocious sentiments with which the ignorance and cruelty, to be found in the mass of every populace, can inspire them in times of disturbance ! So necessary is it that a vigorous and parental authority should, while it defends good citizens against their own failings, also guard them against all the calamities brought on by factions.

The Queen went to bed at two in the morning and went to sleep, being tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She ordered her two women to go to bed, imagining there was nothing to dread, at least, for that night ; but the unfortunate Princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment which prevented their obeying her. My sister, who was one of the two ladies in question, informed me the next day of all that I am about to relate.

On leaving the Queen's bedchamber these ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all the four remained sitting together against Her Majesty's bedroom door. About half-past four in the morning they heard horrible yells

and discharges of firearms. One ran in to the Queen to awaken her and get her out of bed ; my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed. She opened the door of the ante-chamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the body-guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him. His face was covered with blood. He turned round and exclaimed, " Save the Queen, madam ! they are come to assassinate her." She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room. On reaching the Queen's chamber, she cried out to her, " Get up, madam ! don't stay to dress yourself ! fly to the King's apartment." The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed ; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her to the " bull's-eye." A door which led from the Queen's toilette-closet to that apartment had never before been fastened but on her side ; it was found to be secured on the other side. What a dreadful moment ! They knocked repeatedly with all their strength ; a servant of one of the King's *valets de chambre* came and opened the door ; the Queen entered the King's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the Queen's life, he had gone down the staircase and through the corridors under the " bull's-eye," by means of which he was accustomed to go to the Queen's apartments without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered her Majesty's room and found no one there but some body-guards who had taken refuge in it. The King, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and afterwards sent to desire them to go to the " bull's-eye." Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the children of France, had just taken Madame and the Dauphin to the King's apartments. The Queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.

It is true that the assassins penetrated to the Queen's chamber, and pierced the bed with their swords. The

fugitive body-guards were the only persons who entered it, and if the crowd had reached so far they would all have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the ante-chamber, the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the Queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The abandoned horde instantly rushed towards the "bull's-eye," hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the Duke of Orleans at half-past four in the morning, in a great-coat and slouched hat, at the top of the marble staircase pointing out with his hand the guard-room which preceded the Queen's apartments. This fact was deposed to at the Châtelet by several individuals in the course of the enquiry instituted respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.

The prudence and honourable feelings of several officers of the Parisian guards, and the judicious conduct of M. de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general of marine, and of M. de Chevanne, one of the King's guards, brought about an understanding between the grandees of the National Guard of Paris and the King's guard. The doors of the "bull's-eye" were closed, and the ante-chamber, which precedes that room, was filled with grenadiers who wanted to get in to massacre the guards. M. de Chevanne offered himself to them as a victim, if they wished for one, and demanded of them what they would have. A report had been spread through the ranks that the body-guards set them at defiance, and that they all wore black cockades. M. de Chevanne showed them that he wore, as did the corps, the cockade of their uniform; and promised that the guards should exchange it for that of the nation. This was done; they even went so far as to change the grenadiers' caps for the hats of the body-guards; those who were on guard took off their shoulder-belts; embracings and the transports of fraternisation instantly succeeded to the savage eagerness to murder the band which had showed so much fidelity to its

Sovereign. The cry was now, " Vivent le Roi, la Nation et les Gardes-du-corps ! "

The army occupied the Place d'Armes, all the courtyards of the château, and the entrance to the avenue. They called for the Queen to appear in the balcony ; she came forward with Madame and the Dauphin. There was a cry of " No children." Was this with a view to deprive her of the interest she inspired, accompanied as she was by her young family, or did the leaders of the democrats hope that some madman would venture to aim a mortal blow at her person ? The unfortunate Princess certainly was impressed with the latter idea, for she sent away her children, and, with her hands and eyes raised towards heaven, advanced upon the balcony like a self-devoted victim.

A few voices shouted, " To Paris ! " The exclamation soon became general. Before he agreed to this removal the King wished to consult the National Assembly, and caused that body to be invited to sit at the castle. Mirabeau opposed this measure. While these discussions were going forward it became more and more difficult to restrain the immense disorderly multitude. The King, without consulting anyone, now said to the people : " You wish, my children, that I should accompany you to Paris. I consent, but on condition that I shall not be separated from my wife and family." The King added that he required safety also for his guards. He was answered by shouts of " Vive le Roi, vivent les Gardes-du-corps ! " The guards, with their hats in the air turned so as to exhibit the cockade, shouted " Vive le Roi, vive la Nation ! " Shortly afterwards a general discharge of all the muskets took place in token of joy. The King and Queen set off from Versailles at one o'clock —the Dauphin, Madame the King's daughter, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth and Madame de Tourzel were in the carriage ; the Princess de Chimay, the ladies of the bed-chamber for the week, and the King's suite and servants followed in Court carriages ; a hundred deputies in carriages and the bulk of the Parisian

army closed the procession. Great God! what a procession!

The *poissardes* went before and around the carriage of Their Majesties crying, "We shall no longer want bread —we have the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of this troop of cannibals the heads of two murdered body-guards were carried on poles. The monsters who made trophies of them conceived the horrid idea of forcing a hairdresser of Sèvres to dress them up and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man who was forced to perform this dreadful work died in consequence of the shock it gave him.

The progress of the procession was so slow that it was near six in the evening when this august family, made prisoners by their own people, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville. Bailly received them there; they were placed upon a throne just when that of their ancestors had been overthrown. The King spoke in a firm yet condescending manner. He said that *he always came with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of his good city of Paris.* M. Bailly repeated this observation to the representatives of the Commune, who came to address the King; but he forgot the word *confidence.* The Queen, instantly and loudly, reminded him of the omission. The King and Queen, their children and Madame Elizabeth retired to the Thuileries. Nothing was ready for their reception there. All the lodging-rooms had been long given up to persons belonging to the Court; they hastily quitted them on that very day, leaving their furniture, which was purchased by the Court. The Countess de la Marck, sister to the Marshals de Noailles and de Mouchy, was the occupier of the apartments which were now appropriated to the Queen. Monsieur and Madame retired to the Luxembourg.

The Queen had sent for me on the morning of the 6th of October to leave me and my father-in-law in charge of her most valuable property. She took away only her casket of diamonds. Count Gouvernet de la

Tour-du-Pin, to whom the military government of Versailles was entrusted *pro tempore*, came and gave orders to the National Guard, which had taken possession of the apartments, to allow us to remove everything that we should deem necessary for the Queen's accommodation.

I saw Her Majesty alone in her private apartments a moment before her departure for Paris. She could hardly speak; tears bedewed her face, to which all the blood in her body seemed to have rushed. She condescended to embrace me, gave her hand to M. Campan* to kiss, and said to us, "Come immediately and settle at Paris. I will lodge you at the Thuileries. Come! and do not leave me henceforward. Faithful servants at moments like these become useful friends. We are lost —dragged away, perhaps, to death! When Kings become prisoners they have not long to live."[1]

I had frequent opportunities, during the course of our misfortunes, of observing that the people never obey factions with steadiness, but easily escape their control when reflection or some other cause reminds them of their duty. As soon as the most violent Jacobins had an opportunity of seeing the Queen more near at hand, of speaking to her and of hearing her voice, they became her most zealous partisans; and, even when she was in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had contributed to place her there perished for having attempted to get her out again.

On the morning of the 7th of October the same women who had the day before surrounded the carriage of the august prisoners, riding on cannons and uttering the most abusive language, assembled under the Queen's windows, upon the terrace of the castle, and desired to see her. Her Majesty appeared. Among mobs of this description there are always orators—that is to say, beings of more assurance than the rest. A woman of this description,

* Let me here pay a well-merited tribute to the memory of my father-in-law. In the course of that one night he declined from the highest pitch of health into a languishing condition, which brought him to the grave in September, 1791.

setting up for counsellor, told her that she must now remove far from her all such courtiers as ruin Kings, and that she must love the inhabitants of her good city. The Queen answered that she had loved them at Versailles and would likewise love them at Paris. "*Yes, yes,*" said another; "*but on the 14th of July you wanted to besiege the city and have it bombarded; and on the 6th of October you wanted to fly to the frontiers.*" The Queen replied affably that they had been told so and had believed it; that there lay the cause of the unhappiness of the people and of the best of Kings. A third addressed a few words to her in German. The Queen told her she did not understand, that she had become so entirely French as even to have forgotten her mother tongue. This declaration was answered with bravos and clapping of hands. They then desired her to make a compact with them. "Ah!" said she, "how can I make a compact with you since you have no faith in that which my duty points out to me, and which for my own happiness I ought to respect?" They asked her for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat. Her Majesty unfastened them herself and divided them among the party, which for above half an hour cried out without ceasing, "Marie Antoinette for ever! Our good Queen for ever!"

Two days after the King's arrival at Paris the city and the National Guard sent to request the Queen to appear at the theatre and prove, by her presence and the King's, that it was with pleasure they resided in their capital. I introduced the deputation which came to make this request. Her Majesty replied that she should have infinite pleasure in acceding to the invitation of the city of Paris, but that time must be allowed her to soften the recollection of the distressing events which had just occurred, and from which she had suffered too much. She added that having come into Paris, preceded by the heads of the faithful guards who had perished before the door of their Sovereign, she could not think that such an entry into the capital ought to be followed by rejoicings; but that the happiness she had always felt in appearing

in the midst of the inhabitants of Paris was not effaced from her memory, and that she should enjoy it again, as heretofore, as soon as she should find herself able to do so.

Their Majesties found some consolations in their private life. From Madame's gentleness of manners, and her tender attachment to the august authors of her days; from the accomplishments and vivacity of the little Dauphin, and the attention and tenderness of the pious Princess Elizabeth, they still derived moments of happiness. The young Prince gave daily proofs of sensibility and penetration. He was not yet beyond female care; but a private tutor* gave him all the instruction suitable to his age. His memory was highly cultivated, and he recited verses with much grace and feeling.

The day after the arrival of the Court at Paris, terrified at hearing some noise in the gardens of the Thuileries, he threw himself into the arms of the Queen, crying out, "*Good God, mamma! is to-day yesterday again?*" A few days after this affecting exclamation he went up to the King, and looked at him with a pensive air. The King asked him what he wanted. He answered, that he had something very serious to say to him. The King having prevailed on him to explain himself, the young Prince requested to know why his people, who formerly loved him so well, were all at once angry with him, and what he had done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: "I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were; I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done. Magistrates composing the Parliament opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the States-General. When they were assembled they required concessions of me which I could not make,

* The Abbé Davout, whose talents were proved by the astonishing progress of the young Prince.

either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days ; the people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen made the young Prince clearly comprehend that he ought to treat the commanders of battalions, the officers of the National Guard, and all the Parisians who were about him, with affability. The child took great pains to please all these people ; and when he had had an opportunity of replying obligingly to the Mayor or members of the Commune, he came and whispered in his mother's ear, " Was that right ? "

He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the Royal library ; and M. Bailly asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young Prince replied, without hesitation, that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing Madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young Princess could not at the moment recollect the name of the Queen of Carthage. The Dauphin was hurt at his sister's want of memory, and though he never spoke to her in the second person singular, he bethought himself of the expedient of saying to her, " But *dis donc* the name of the Queen to mamma ; *dis donc* what her name was."

Shortly after the arrival of the King and his family at Paris, the Duchess de Luynes came, in pursuance of the advice of a committee of Constitutionals, to propose to the Queen a temporary retirement from France, in order to leave the Constitution to perfect itself, so that the patriots should not accuse her of influencing the King to oppose it. The Duchess knew how far the schemes of the factions extended, and her attachment to the Queen was the principal cause of the advice she gave her. The Queen perfectly comprehended the Duchess de Luynes's motive, but replied that she would never leave either the King or her son ; that if she thought herself alone obnoxious to public hatred, she would instantly offer her

life as a sacrifice; but that it was the throne which was aimed at, and that, in abandoning the King, she should be merely committing an act of cowardice, since she saw no other advantage in it than that of saving her own life.

One evening in the month of November, 1790, I returned home rather late. I there found the Prince de Poix. He told me he came to request me to assist him in regaining his peace of mind; that at the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly, he had suffered himself to be seduced into the hope of a better order of things; that he blushed for his error, and that he abhorred plans which had already produced such fatal results; that he broke off with the reformers for the rest of his life; that he had just given in his resignation as a deputy of the National Assembly; and, finally, that he was anxious that the Queen should not sleep in ignorance of his sentiments. I undertook his commission, and acquitted myself of it in the best way I could; but I was totally unsuccessful. The Prince de Poix remained at Court; he there suffered many mortifications, never ceasing to serve the King in the most dangerous commissions with that zeal for which his house has always been distinguished.

When the King and Queen and their children were suitably established at the Thuileries, as well as Madame Elizabeth and the Princess de Lamballe, the Queen resumed her usual habits. She employed her mornings in superintending the education of Madame, who received all her lessons in her presence, and she herself began to work large pieces of tapestry. Her mind was too much occupied with passing events and surrounding dangers to admit of her applying herself to reading; the needle was the only employment which would divert her mind.* She received the Court twice a week before going to Mass,

* There is still at Paris, at the house of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, tapestry worker, a carpet worked by the Queen and Madame Elizabeth for the large room of Her Majesty's ground-floor apartments at the Thuileries. The Empress Josephine saw and admired this carpet, and desired it might be preserved in hope of one day sending it to Madame.

and on those days dined in public with the King. She spent the rest of the time with her family and children. She had no concert, and did not go to the play until 1791, after the acceptation of the Constitution. The Princess de Lamballe, however, had some evening parties in her apartments at the Thuileries, which were tolerably brilliant in consequence of the great number of persons who attended them. The Queen was present at a few of these assemblies, but being soon convinced that her present situation forbade her appearing in large circles, she remained at home, and conversed as she sat at work.* The sole topic of her discourse was, as may well be supposed, the Revolution. She sought to discover the real opinions of the Parisians respecting her, and how she could have so completely lost the affections of the people, and even of many persons in the higher ranks. She well knew that she ought to impute the whole to the spirit of the party, to the hatred of the Duke d'Orleans, and the folly of the French, who desired to have a total change in the Constitution; but she was not the less desirous of ascertaining the private feelings of all the people in power.

From the very commencement of the Revolution General Luckner indulged in violent sallies against her. Her Majesty, knowing that I was acquainted with a lady who had been long connected with the General, desired me to discover through that channel what was the private motive on which Luckner's hatred against her was founded. On being questioned upon this point, he answered that Marshal de Ségur had assured him he had proposed him for the command of a camp of observation, but that the Queen had made a dash against his name, and that this *tash*, as he called it in his German accent, he could not forget. The Queen ordered me to repeat this reply to the King myself, and said to him, "See, Sire, whether I was not right in telling you that

* The Queen returned one evening from one of these assemblies very much affected; an English nobleman, who was playing at the same table with Her Majesty, ostentatiously displayed an enormous ring, in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.

your ministers, in order to give themselves full scope in the distribution of favours, persuaded the French that I interfered in everything. There was not even a license given out in the country for the sale of salt and tobacco but the people believed it was given to one of my favourites." "That is very true," replied the King; "but I find it very difficult to believe that Marshal de Ségur ever said any such thing to Luckner; he knew too well that you never interfered in the distribution of favours. That Luckner is a good-for-nothing fellow, and Ségur is a brave and honourable man, who never uttered such a falsehood. However, you are right; and because you provided for a few dependents, you are most unjustly reported to have disposed of all offices, civil and military."

All the Nobility who had not left Paris made a point of presenting themselves assiduously to the King, and there was a considerable influx to the Palace of the Thuileries. Marks of attachment were exhibited even in external symbols; the women wore enormous bouquets of lilies in their bosoms and upon their heads, and sometimes even bunches of white ribbon.

At the play there were often disputes between the pit and the boxes about removing these ornaments, which the people thought dangerous insignia. National cockades were sold in every corner of Paris; the sentinels stopped all who did not wear them. The young men piqued themselves upon breaking through this regulation, which was in some degree sanctioned by the acquiescence of the hapless Louis XVI. Frays took place, which were to be regretted, because they excited a spirit of rebellion. The King adopted conciliatory measures with the Assembly, in order to promote tranquillity; the Revolutionists were but little disposed to think him sincere. Unfortunately the Royalists encouraged this incredulity by incessantly repeating that the King was not free, and that all he did was completely null and in no way bound him for the time to come. Such was the heat and violence of party spirit that

persons the most sincerely attached to the King were not even permitted to use the language of reason, and recommend greater reserve in conversation. People would talk and argue at table without considering that all the servants belonged to the hostile army; and it may truly be said that there was as much imprudence and levity in the party assailed as there was cunning, boldness and perseverance in that which made the attack.

CHAPTER XVI

In February, 1790, the affair of the unfortunate Favras gave the Court much uneasiness. This individual had conceived the scheme of carrying off the King and effecting what was then called a counter-revolution. Monsieur, probably out of mere benevolence, gave him some money, and thence arose a report that he thereby wished to favour the execution of the enterprise. The step taken by Monsieur in going to the Hôtel de Ville to explain himself upon this affair was unknown to the Queen; it is more than probable that the King was acquainted with it. When judgment was pronounced upon M. de Favras, the Queen did not conceal from me her fears about the confessions of the unfortunate man in his last moments.

I sent a confidential person to the Hôtel de Ville. She came to inform the Queen that the condemned had demanded to be taken from Notre Dame to the Hôtel de Ville to make a final declaration and give some particulars verifying it. These particulars compromised nobody. Favras corrected his last will after writing it over, and went to the scaffold with heroic courage and coolness. The judge who read his condemnation to him told him that his life was a sacrifice which he owed to public tranquillity. It was asserted at the time that Favras was given up as a victim in order to satisfy the people and save the Baron de Besenval, who was a prisoner in the Abbaye.

On the morning of the Sunday following this execution, M. de la Villeurnoy* came to my house to tell me that he was going on that very day to the public dinner

* M. de la Villeurnoy, Master of the Requests, was deported to Sinamary on the 18th Fructidor, by the Executive Directory, and there died.

of the King and Queen to present the widow Favras and her son, both of them in mourning for the brave Frenchman who fell a sacrifice for his King, and that all the Royalists expected to see the Queen load the unfortunate family with favours. I did all that lay in my power to prevent this proceeding. I foresaw the effect it would have upon the Queen's feeling heart, and the painful constraint she would experience, having the horrible Santerre, the commandant of a battalion of the Parisian guard, behind her chair during dinner-time. I could not make M. de la Villeurnoy comprehend my argument. The Queen had gone to Mass, surrounded by her whole Court, and I had not even the means of apprising her of this intention.

When dinner was over I heard a knocking at the door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor next that of the Queen; it was herself. She asked me whether there was anybody with me. I was alone. She threw herself into an arm-chair, and told me she came to weep, entirely at her ease with me, over the foolish conduct of the ultras of the King's party. "We must fall," said she, "attacked as we are by men who possess extraordinary talent and shrink from no crimes, while we are defended only by those who are no doubt very estimable, but have no adequate idea of our situation. They have exposed me to the animosity of both parties by presenting the widow and son of Favras to me. Were I free to act as I wish, I should take the child of the man who has just sacrificed himself for us and place him at table between the King and myself; but, surrounded by the assassins who have destroyed his father, I did not dare even to cast my eyes upon him. The Royalists will blame me for not having appeared interested in this poor child; the Revolutionists will be enraged at the idea that his presentation should have been thought agreeable to me." However, the Queen added that she knew Madame Favras's situation; that she was aware she was in want; and she desired me to send her the next day, through a person who could be

relied on, a few rouleaus of fifty louis, and to direct that she should be assured Her Majesty would always watch over her fortune and that of her son.

The Queen wished to send some man devoted to the King's cause with letters to the Princes then at Turin. She cast her eyes upon an officer, a chevalier of St. Louis, intimately connected with M. Campan's family, and of whom she had frequently heard me speak in terms of commendation. I did not hesitate a moment between the pleasure of seeing one of my friends entrusted with a commission which would do him honour and the danger of entrusting that charge to a man whom I had the misfortune to see carried away by the fatal opinions of the times.* This I told the Queen, and entreated her to make another selection. Her Majesty was gratified by my sincerity. The commission was given to M. de J——, who from that time invariably evinced the greatest discretion, the most undoubted sagacity and a zeal that never for a moment slackened.

In the month of March following I had an opportunity of ascertaining the King's real sentiments respecting the schemes which were continually proposed to him for making his escape. One night, about ten o'clock, the Count d'Inisdal, who was deputed by the Nobility, came to request I would hear him in private, as he had an important matter to communicate to me. He told me that on that very night the King would be carried off; that the section of the National Guard which was that day commanded by M. d'Aumont† was gained over, and that sets of horses, furnished by some good Royalists, were placed in relays at suitable distances; that he had

* In 1791 this man was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly. So long as I had only his opinions to combat I did not cease to receive him. When I had his actions to dread, I requested him, from the very day of his installation in the Assembly, to visit me no more. He became afterwards a conventional ——. But I was indebted to my principles and prudence for the satisfaction of having long ceased all communication with a man who ranked himself among the enemies of my Sovereigns, and subsequently was one of their murderers.

† A brother of the Duke de Villequier, who had joined the revolutionary party; a man of no weight or respectability, who desired he might be called James Aumont. A far different man from his brave brother, who always proved himself entirely devoted to the cause of his King.

just left a party of Nobles assembled for the execution of this scheme, and that he had been sent to me that I might, through the medium of the Queen, obtain the King's positive consent to it before midnight; that the King was aware of their plan, but that His Majesty never would speak decidedly, and that at the moment of action it was necessary he should consent to the undertaking. I remember that I greatly displeased the Count d'Inisdal by expressing my astonishment that the Nobility, at the moment of the execution of so important a project, should send to me, the Queen's first woman, to obtain a consent which ought to have been the basis of any well-concerted scheme. I told him also that it would be impossible for me to go at that time down into the Queen's apartments without exciting the attention of the people in the ante-chambers; that the King was at cards with the Queen and his family, and that I never broke in upon their privacy unless I was called for. I added, however, that M. Campan could enter without being called, and that if he chose to give him his confidence he might rely upon him. My father-in-law, to whom the Count d'Inisdal repeated what he had said to me, undertook the commission, and went to the Queen's apartments. The King was playing at whist with the Queen, Monsieur and Madame; Madame Elizabeth was kneeling upon a stool near the table. M. Campan informed the Queen of what had been communicated to me. Nobody uttered a word. The Queen broke silence, and said to the King, "Do you hear, Sire, what Campan says to us?" "Yes, I hear,"[2] said the King, and continued his game. Monsieur, who was in the habit of introducing passages from plays into his conversation, said to my father-in-law, "M. Campan, *that pretty little couplet again*, if you please"; and pressed the King to reply. At length the Queen said, "But something must be said to Campan." The King then spoke to my father-in-law in these words: "Tell M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off!"[2] The Queen enjoined M. Campan to take care and report

this answer faithfully. "You understand," added she, "*the King cannot consent to be carried off.*" The Count d'Inisdal was very much dissatisfied with the King's answer, and went out, saying, "I understand; he wishes to throw all the blame beforehand upon those who are to devote themselves for him." He went away, and I thought the enterprise would be abandoned. However, the Queen remained alone with me till midnight, preparing her cases of valuables, and ordered me not to go to bed. She imagined the King's answer would be understood as a tacit consent, and merely a refusal to participate in the design. I do not know what passed in the King's apartments during the night, but I occasionally looked at his windows. I saw the garden clear; I heard no noise in the palace, and day at length confirmed my opinion that the project had been given up. "We must, however, fly," said the Queen to me shortly afterwards. "Who knows how far the factious may go? The danger increases every day." This Princess received advice and memorials from all quarters. Rivarol addressed several to her, which I read to her. They were full of ingenious observations, but the Queen did not find that they contained anything of essential service under the circumstances in which the Royal Family were placed. The Count de Moustier also sent memorials and plans of conduct. I remember that in one of his writings he said to the King, "Read *Telemachus* again, Sire. In that book, which delighted Your Majesty in infancy, you will find the first seeds of those principles which, erroneously followed up by men of ardent imaginations, are bringing on the explosion we expect every moment." I read so many of these memorials that I could hardly give a faithful account of them, and I am determined to note in this work no other events than such as I witnessed—no other words than such as (notwithstanding the lapse of time) still, in some measure, vibrate in my ears.

The Count de Ségur, on his return from Russia, was employed some time by the Queen, and had a certain

degree of influence over her ; but that did not last long. Count Augustus de la Marck likewise endeavoured to negotiate for the King's advantage with the leaders of the factious. M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, possessed also the Queen's confidence ; but none of the endeavours which were made at home produced any beneficial result. The Empress Catherine II. also conveyed her opinion upon the situation of Louis XVI. to the Queen, and Her Majesty made me read a few lines in the Empress's own handwriting, which concluded with these words : " Kings ought to proceed in their career undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." I shall certainly not enter into any discussion on this maxim of the despotic Sovereign of Russia ; but it was very inapplicable to the situation of a captive King.

All this private advice, whether given from abroad or at home, led to no decision of which the Court could avail itself. Meanwhile, the revolutionary party followed up its audacious enterprise in a determined manner, without meeting any opposition. The advice from without, as well from Coblentz as from Vienna, made various impressions upon the members of the Royal Family, and those Cabinets were not in accordance with each other. I often had reason to infer from what the Queen said to me that she thought the King, by leaving all the honour of restoring order to the Coblentz party, would, on the return of the emigrants, be put under a kind of guardianship which would increase his own misfortunes. She frequently said to me, " If the emigrants succeed, they will give the law for a long time ; it will be impossible to refuse them anything. To owe the crown to them would be contracting too great an obligation." It always appeared to me that she wished her own family to counterbalance the claims of the emigrants by disinterested services. She was fearful of M. de Calonne, and with good reason. She had proof that this minister was become her bitterest enemy, and that he made use of the basest and most criminal means

in order to blacken her reputation. I can *testify* that I have seen in the hands of the Queen a manuscript copy of the infamous Memoirs of the woman Lamotte, which had been brought to her from London, and in which all those passages where a total ignorance of the customs of Courts had occasioned that wretched woman to make blunders which would have been too palpable were corrected in M. de Calonne's own handwriting.

The two King's guards who were wounded at Her Majesty's door on the 6th of October were M. du Repaire and M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie. On the dreadful night of the 6th of October the latter took the post of the former the moment he became incapable of maintaining it.

M. de Miomandre was at Paris, living on terms of friendship with another of the guards who, on the same day, received a gunshot wound from the brigands in another part of the castle. These two officers, who were attended and cured together at the infirmary of Versailles,* were almost constant companions; they were recognised at the Palais Royal and insulted. The Queen thought it advisable for them to quit Paris. She desired me to write to M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie to ask him to come to me at eight o'clock in the evening, and then to communicate to him her wish to hear of his being in safety; and ordered me, when he had made up his mind to go, to open her chest and tell him in her name that gold could not repay such a service as he had rendered; that she hoped some day to be in sufficiently happy circumstances to recompense him as she ought; but that for the present her offer of money was only that

* A considerable number of the body-guards who were wounded on the 6th of October betook themselves to the infirmary at Versailles. The presence of mind of M. Voisin, head surgeon of that infirmary, saved their lives. The brigands wanted to make their way into the infirmary in order to massacre them. M. Voisin ran to the entrance-hall, invited the assailants to refresh themselves, ordered some wine to be brought, and found means to direct the superior to remove the guards into a ward appropriated to the poor and to dress them in the caps and great-coats furnished by the institution. The good sisters executed this order with so much promptitude that the guards were removed, dressed as paupers, and their beds fresh made while the assassins were loitering to drink. They searched all the wards, and fancied they saw no persons there but the sick poor; thus the guards were saved.

of a sister to a brother situated as he then was, and that she requested he would take whatever might be necessary to discharge his debts at Paris and defray the expenses of his journey. She told me also to desire he would bring his friend Bertrand with him, and to make him the same offer as I was to make to M. de Miomandre.

The two guards came at the appointed hour, and accepted, I think, each one or two hundred louis. A moment afterwards the Queen opened my door. She was accompanied by the King and Madame Elizabeth. The King stood with his back against the fireplace; the Queen sat down upon a sofa, and Madame Elizabeth sat near her. I placed myself behind the Queen, and the two guards stood facing the King. The Queen told them that the King wished to see, before they went away, two of the brave men who had afforded him the strongest proofs of courage and attachment. Miomandre spoke, and said all that the Queen's affecting and flattering observations were calculated to inspire. Madame Elizabeth spoke of the King's sensibility; the Queen resumed the subject of their speedy departure, urging the necessity of it; the King was silent, but his emotion was evident, and his eyes were suffused with the tears of sensibility. The Queen rose, the King went out, and Madame Elizabeth followed him. The Queen stopped and said to me, in the recess of a window, "I am sorry I brought the King here! I am sure Elizabeth thinks with me. If the King had but given utterance to a fourth part of what he thinks of those brave men they would have been in ecstasies; but he cannot overcome his diffidence."

The Emperor Joseph died about this time. The Queen's grief was not excessive. That brother, of whom she had been so proud, and whom she had loved so tenderly, had probably suffered greatly in her affections. She reproached him sometimes, though with great moderation, for having adopted several of the principles of the new philosophy, and perhaps she knew that he looked upon our troubles with the eye of the Sovereign

of Germany rather than that of the brother of the Queen of France.*

Mirabeau never entirely gave up the hope of becoming the last resource of the oppressed Court, and I remember that at this time some communications passed between the Queen and him. The question was about an office to be conferred upon him. This transpired, and it must have been about this period that the Assembly decreed that no deputy could hold an office as a minister of the King until the expiration of two years after the cessation of his legislative functions. I know that the Queen was much hurt at this decision, and considered that the Court had lost a promising opening.

The Palace of the Thuileries was a very disagreeable residence during the summer, which made the Queen wish to go to St. Cloud. The removal was decided on without any opposition. The National Guard of Paris followed the Court thither. At this period new plans of escape were presented; nothing would have been more easy at that time than to execute them. The King had obtained leave to go out without guards, and to be accompanied only by an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette. The Queen also had one on duty with her, and so had the Dauphin. The King and Queen often went out at four in the afternoon, and did not return until eight or nine.

This is one of the plans of emigration which the Queen communicated to me, the execution of which seemed infallible. The Royal Family were to meet in a wood four leagues from St. Cloud. Some persons who could be fully relied on were to accompany the King, who was always followed by his equerries and pages. The Queen was to join him with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth. These Princesses, as well as the Queen, had equerries and pages, of whose fidelity no doubt could be entertained.

* The Emperor Joseph sent the Queen an engraving which represented unfrocked nuns and monks. The first were trying on fashionable dresses; the latter were getting their hair dressed. This engraving was always left in a closet, and never hung up. The Queen told me to have it taken away; for she was hurt to see how much influence the philosophers had over her brother's mind and actions.

The Dauphin, likewise, was to have been at the place of rendezvous with Madame Tourzel : a large berlin and a chaise for the attendants were sufficient for the whole family. The aides-de-camp were to have been gained over or mastered. The King was to leave a letter for the National Assembly upon his bureau at St. Cloud. The people in the service of the King and Queen would have waited until nine in the evening without anxiety, because the family sometimes did not return until that hour. The letter could not be forwarded to Paris until ten o'clock at the earliest. The Assembly would not be sitting at that hour ; and as the President must have been sought for at his own house or elsewhere, it would have been midnight before the Assembly could have been summoned, and couriers could have been sent off to have the Royal Family stopped ; but the latter would have been six or seven hours beforehand, as they would have started at six leagues' distance from Paris, and at this period travelling was not as yet impeded in France. The Queen approved of this plan, but I did not venture to interrogate her, and I even thought if it was put in execution she would leave me in ignorance of it. One evening, in the month of June, the people at the Castle, finding the King did not return by nine o'clock, were walking about the court-yards in a state of great anxiety. I thought the family was gone, and I could scarcely breathe amidst the confusion of my good wishes when I heard the sound of the carriages. I confessed to the Queen that I thought she had set off. She told me she must wait until the Queen's aunt had quitted France, and afterwards see whether the plan agreed with those formed abroad.

CHAPTER XVII

THERE was a meeting at Paris for the first federation on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. What an astonishing assemblage was this of 400,000 men, amongst whom there were not perhaps 200 who did not believe that the King found happiness and glory in the order of things then establishing. The love which was borne him by all, with the exception of those who meditated his ruin, still reigned in full force in the hearts of all the French of the departments; but, if I may judge from those whom I had an opportunity of seeing, it was totally impossible to enlighten them and rouse them from their enchantment. They were as much attached to the King as to the Constitution, and to the Constitution as to the King, and it was impossible to separate the one from the other in their hearts and minds.

The Court returned to St. Cloud after the federation. A wretch named Rotondo made his way into the palace with the intention of assassinating the Queen. It is known that he penetrated to the inner gardens: the rain prevented Her Majesty from going out on that day. M. de la Fayette, who was aware of this plot, gave all the sentinels the strictest countersigns, and a description of the monster was distributed throughout the palace by order of the General. I do not know how he was saved from punishment. A counter police belonging to the King discovered that there was likewise a scheme on foot for poisoning the Queen. She spoke to me as well as to her head physician, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, about it without the slightest emotion. But both he and myself considered what precautions it would be proper to take. He relied much upon the Queen's temperance, yet he recommended

me to have always a bottle of oil of sweet almonds within reach, and to renew it occasionally ; oil and milk being, as is known, the most certain antidotes to the drastic action of corrosive poisons. The Queen had a habit which rendered M. Vicq-d'Azyr particularly uneasy : there was always some pounded sugar upon the table in Her Majesty's bed-chamber, and she frequently, without even calling anybody, put spoonfuls of it into a glass of water when she wished to drink. It was agreed that I should get a considerable quantity of sugar powdered ; that I should always have some papers of it in my bag, and that three or four times a day, when alone in the Queen's room, I should substitute it for that in her sugar-basin. We knew that the Queen would have prevented all such precautions, but we were not aware of her motive. One day she caught me alone making such an exchange as I speak of, and told me she supposed it was an operation agreed on between myself and M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I gave myself very unnecessary trouble. " Remember," added she, " that not a grain of poison will be used against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to this century. This age possesses calumny, which is a much more convenient instrument of death, and it is by that I shall perish."

While similar melancholy presentiments and the most criminal projects afflicted and rent the heart of this unfortunate Princess, the sincerest manifestations of attachment to her person and to the King's cause would frequently raise agreeable illusions in her mind, or present to her the affecting spectacle of tears shed for her sorrows. I was one day, during this same visit at St. Cloud, witness of a very touching scene, which we took great care to keep secret. It was four in the afternoon ; the guard was not set ; there was scarcely anybody at St. Cloud that day, and I was reading to the Queen, who was at work in a room the balcony of which hung over the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a sort of murmur from a great number of voices which seemed to articulate only stifled sounds. The Queen desired me to go and see what it was. I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more

than fifty persons beneath the balcony ; this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the Queen it was probably an assemblage of persons residing in the neighbourhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared in the balcony. Immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone, " Courage, Madame ; good Frenchmen suffer for you and with you ; they pray for you ; Heaven will hear their prayers—we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous King." The Queen burst into tears, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. " Poor Queen, she weeps ! " said the women and young girls ; but the dread of exposing Her Majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand and prevail upon her to retire into her room ; and, raising my eyes, I gave the excellent people to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They comprehended me, for I heard, " That lady is in the right " ; and afterwards, " Farewell, madame ! " from several of them ; and all this in accents of feeling so genuine and so mournful that I am affected at the recollection of them even after a lapse of twenty years.

A few days afterwards the insurrection of Nancy took place. Only the apparent cause of this insurrection is known ; there was another, of which I might have been in full possession if the great confusion I was in upon the subject had not deprived me of the power of paying attention to it. I will endeavour to explain myself. In the early part of September the Queen, as she was going to bed, desired me to let all her people go and to remain with her myself. When we were alone she said to me, " The King will come here at midnight. You know that he has always shown you marks of distinction : he now proves his confidence in you by selecting you to write down the whole affair of Nancy from his dictation. He must have several copies of it." At midnight the King

came to the Queen's apartments, and said to me, smiling, "You did not expect to become my secretary, and that, too, during the night?" I followed the King into the council-chamber. I found there a blank paper book, an inkstand and pens all ready prepared. He sat down by my side and dictated to me the report of the Marquis de Bouillé, which he himself copied at the same time. My hand trembled, and I wrote with difficulty, my reflections scarcely leaving me sufficient power of attention to listen to the King. The large table, the velvet carpet, seats which ought to have been filled by none but the King's chief counsellors; what that chamber had been, and what it was at that moment, when the King was employing a woman in an office which had so little affinity with her ordinary functions; the misfortunes which had brought him to the necessity of doing so, those which my affection and my apprehension for my Sovereigns made me still dread—all these ideas made such an impression upon me that, when I had returned to the Queen's apartments, I could not sleep for the remainder of the night, nor could I remember what I had written.

The more I saw that I had the happiness to be of some utility to my employers, the more scrupulously careful was I to live entirely with my family, and I never indulged in any conversation which could betray the intimacy into which I was admitted. But nothing at Court remains long concealed, and I soon saw I had numerous enemies. The means of injuring others, especially in the minds of Sovereigns, are but too easy; they were become still more so, since mere suspicion of communication with the partisans of the Revolution was sufficient to forfeit the esteem and confidence of the King and Queen. Happily my conduct protected me against the dangers of calumny. I had left St. Cloud two days when I received at Paris a note from the Queen containing these words: "Come to St. Cloud immediately; I have something concerning you to communicate." I set off without loss of time. Her Majesty told me she had a sacrifice to request of me. I answered that it was made. She said it went so far as the

renunciation of a friend's society ; that such a renunciation was always painful, but that it must be particularly so to me ; that, for her own part, perhaps it might have suited her very well that a deputy, a man of talent, should be constantly received at my house, which might be extremely useful to her, but that, at this moment, she thought only of my welfare. The Queen then informed me that the ladies of the bed-chamber had, the preceding evening, assured her that M. de Beaumetz, deputy from the Nobility of Artois, who had taken his seat on the left of the Assembly, spent his whole time at my house. Perceiving upon what false grounds the attempt to injure me was founded, I replied respectfully, but at the same time smiling, that it was impossible for me to make the sacrifice exacted by Her Majesty ; that M. de Beaumetz, a man of great judgment, had not determined to cross over to the left of the Assembly, with the intention of afterwards coming to make himself unpopular by spending his time with the Queen's first woman ; and that ever since the 1st of October, 1789, I had seen him nowhere but at the play or in the public walks, and even without his ever coming to speak to me ; that this line of conduct had appeared to me perfectly consistent, for that, whether he was desirous to please the popular party or to be sought after by the Court, he could not act in any other way towards me. The Queen closed this explanation by saying, "Oh! it is clear, as clear as the day! This opportunity of attempting to do you an injury is very ill-chosen, but be cautious in your slightest actions. You perceive that the confidence placed in you by the King and myself creates you powerful enemies."

The private communications which were still kept up between the Court and Mirabeau at length procured him an interview with the Queen in the gardens of St. Cloud.* He left Paris on horseback on pretence of going into the country to M. de Clavières, one of our friends, but he

* It was not in her apartments, as is asserted by M. de Lacretelle, that the Queen received Mirabeau, his person was too generally known. She went alone into her garden to a round turf of ground, which is still upon the heights of the private garden of St. Cloud.

stopped at one of the gates of the garden of St. Cloud, and was led, I know not by whom, to a spot situated in the most elevated part of the private garden, where the Queen was waiting for him. She told me she accosted him by saying, " With a common enemy, with a man who had sworn to destroy monarchy, without appreciating its utility among a great people, I should at this moment be guilty of a most ill-advised step, but in speaking to a Mirabeau," etc. The poor Queen was delighted at having discovered this method of exalting him above all others of his principles, and in imparting the particulars of this interview to me, she said, " Do you know that those words, ' a Mirabeau,' appeared to flatter him exceedingly." However, to the best of my judgment, it was flattering him but little, for his abilities did more harm than ever they could do good. On leaving the Queen, he said to her with warmth, " Madam, the monarchy is saved ! " It must have been soon afterwards that Mirabeau received very considerable sums of money. He suffered it to appear too plainly by the increase of his expenditure. Already did some of his remarks upon the necessity of arresting the progress of the factious circulate in society. Being once invited to meet a person at dinner who was very much attached to the Queen, he learned that that person withdrew on hearing that he was one of the guests. The party who invited him told him this with some degree of satisfaction, but all were very much astonished when they heard Mirabeau eulogise the absent guest, and declare that in his place he would have done the same ; but, he added, they had only to invite that person again in a few months and he would then dine with the restorer of the monarchy. Mirabeau forgot that it was more easy to do harm than good, and thought himself the Atlas of the whole world in politics.

Outrages and mockery were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the Revolutionists. It was customary to give serenades under the King's windows on New Year's Day, and the band of the National Guards repaired thither on that festival in 1791. In allusion to

the liquidation of the debts of the State, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely and repeatedly that air from the comic opera of the *Debts*, the burden of which is : " But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy."

On the same day some " conquerors of the Bastille," grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young Dauphin, as a New Year's gift, a box of dominoes made of some of the stone and marble of which that State prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it, as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the Revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses, the purport of which was as follows : " *These stones from the walls which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power have been converted into a toy to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as a homage of the people's love, and to teach you the extent of their power.*"

The Queen said that M. de la Fayette's thirst for popularity doomed him to lend himself, without discrimination, to all popular follies. Her aversion for the General increased daily and grew so powerful that when, towards the end of the Revolution, he seemed willing to support the tottering throne, she could never bring herself to incur so great an obligation to him.

Emigration had already removed a great many people : persons who before this period would never have dared to aspire to any office of distinction, now sought, under pretence of zeal for the King's cause, to get into the interior of the Thuileries. I knew many of them ; some were mere wretched adventurers, others were well-intentioned, but wanted the abilities which would have rendered them useful.

M. de J——, a colonel attached to the staff of the army, was fortunate enough to render several services to the Queen, and acquitted himself with discretion and dignity of various important missions. Their Majesties had the highest confidence in him, although it frequently happened that his prudent fears, when inconsiderate projects were under discussion, brought upon him, from thought-

less persons and from enemies, the charge of following the principles of the Constitutionals. Being sent to Turin, he had some difficulty in dissuading the Princes from a scheme they had formed at that period of re-entering France, with a very weak army, by the way of Lyons ; and when, in a council, which lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he showed his instructions and demonstrated that the measure would endanger the King, the Count d'Artois alone declared against the plan, which emanated from the Prince de Condé.

Among the persons employed in subordinate situations whom the critical circumstances of the times introduced into affairs of importance was one M. de Goguelat, a geographical engineer at Versailles and an excellent draughtsman. He had made plans of St. Cloud and Trianon for the Queen ; she was very much pleased with them, and got the engineer admitted into the staff of the army. At the commencement of the Revolution he was sent to Count Esterhazy, at Valenciennes, in the capacity of aide-de-camp. The latter rank was given him solely to remove him from Versailles, where he endangered the Queen, during the earlier months of the Assembly of the States-General. Making a parade of his devotion to the King's interests, he went repeatedly to the tribunes of the Assembly, and there openly railed at all the motions of the deputies, and then returned to the Queen's ante-chamber, where he repeated all that he had just heard or had had the imprudence to say.

I had warned the Queen of the ill effect that this officer's warmth produced ; and she agreed with me in opinion respecting it. But unfortunately, at the same time that she sent away M. de Goguelat, she continued in the belief that in a dangerous predicament, and one that required great self-devotion, the man might be employed advantageously. In 1791 he was commissioned to act in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé in furtherance of the King's intended escape.

Projectors in great numbers endeavoured to introduce themselves not only to the Queen but to Madame

Elizabeth, who had communications with many individuals who took upon themselves to lay down plans for the conduct of the Court. The Baron de Gillien and M. de Vanoise were of this description; they went to the Baroness de Mackau's, where the Princess spent almost all her evenings. The Queen did not like these meetings, from which Madame Elizabeth might adopt views in manifest opposition to the King's intentions or her own.

The Queen gave frequent audiences to M. de la Fayette. One day, when he was in her inner closet, his aides-de-camp, who waited for him, were walking up and down the great room where the persons in attendance remained. Some imprudent young women were thoughtless enough to say, with the intention of being overheard by those officers, that it was very alarming to see the Queen alone with a rebel and a brigand. I was hurt at such indiscretion, which always produced bad effects, and I imposed silence on them. One of them persisted in the appellation "brigand." I told her that, as to "rebel," M. de la Fayette well deserved the name; but that the title of leader of a party was given by history to every man commanding 40,000 men, a capital and forty leagues of country; that Kings had frequently treated with such leaders, and if it was convenient to the Queen to do the same, it remained only for us to be silent and respect her actions. On the morrow the Queen, with a serious air but with the greatest kindness, asked what I had said respecting M. de la Fayette on the preceding day; adding that she had been assured I had enjoined her women silence, because they did not like him, and that I had taken his part. I repeated what had passed to the Queen word for word. She condescended to tell me that I had done perfectly right.

Whenever jealousy conveyed any false reports to her respecting me, she was kind enough to inform me of them; and they had no effect on the confidence with which she continued to honour me, and which I am happy to think I have justified, even at the risk of my life.

Mesdames the King's aunts set out from Bellevue in the

beginning of the year 1791.* I went to take leave of Madame Victoire. I little thought that I was then seeing that august and virtuous protectress of my earliest youth for the last time in my life. She received me alone in her closet, and assured me that she hoped and wished to return to France very soon; that the French would be much to be pitied if the excesses of the Revolution should arrive at such a pitch as to force her to prolong her absence. I knew from the Queen that the departure of Mesdames was deemed necessary, in order to leave the King free to act when he should be compelled to go away with his family. It being impossible that the Constitution of the Clergy should be otherwise than in direct opposition to the religious principles of Mesdames, they thought that their journey to Rome would be attributed to piety alone. It was, however, difficult to deceive an Assembly which would, of course, weigh the slightest actions of the Royal Family, and from that moment they were more than ever alive to what was passing at the Thuileries.

Mesdames were desirous of taking Madame Elizabeth to Rome. The free exercise of religion, the happiness of taking refuge with the head of the Church and living in safety with her aunt, whom she tenderly loved—all was sacrificed by that virtuous Princess to her attachment to the King's person.

The oath required of priests by the Civil Constitution of the Clergy introduced a division into France which added to the multiplied dangers by which the King was already surrounded. Mirabeau spent a whole night with the Curé de Saint-Eustache, confessor of the King and Queen, to persuade him to take the oath required by that Constitution. Their Majesties chose another confessor, who remained unknown.

A few months afterwards the too celebrated Mirabeau,

* Alexander Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, then a colonel on the staff of the army, and commandant of the National Guard of Versailles, favoured the departure of Mesdames. The Jacobins of that town procured his dismissal, and he ran the greatest risk, on account of having rendered this service to these Princesses.

the mercenary democrat and venal Royalist, terminated his career. The Queen regretted him, and was herself astonished when she spoke of her regret; but she had hoped that he who had possessed adroitness and weight enough to throw everything into confusion would have been able, by the same means, to repair the mischief caused by his fatal genius. Much has been said respecting the cause of Mirabeau's death. M. Cabanis, his friend and physician, denied that he was poisoned. I heard what follows said to the Queen by M. Vicq-d'Azyr the very day on which the body was opened. That gentleman assured her that the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the state of the intestines would apply just as well to a case of death produced by violent remedies as to one produced by poison. He said also that the professional people had been faithful in their report; but that it was more prudent to conclude it by a declaration of natural death, since, in the critical state in which France then was, a person innocent of any such crime might be sacrificed to public vengeance.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the beginning of the spring of 1791 the King, tired of remaining at the Thuileries, wished to return to St. Cloud. His whole household was gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one ; the guard mutinied, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some appearances of a plan for an escape. Two persons who drew near the King's carriage were very ill treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts ; they saw in it a justification, even in the eyes of the people, of their intentions to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March, in the same year, the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her thus occupied with cares which seemed to me useless and even dangerous, and I remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain : she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone, and almost disguised, to purchase the articles necessary and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, etc. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the Dauphin from those of my son. I filled a mail-trunk with these things, and addressed them by the Queen's

orders to one of her women, the widow of the Mayor of Arras, where she lived, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence, in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take with her her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me upon her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, Governess of the Low Countries. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed to her that, amidst so many people who watched her slightest actions, it might reasonably be foreseen that there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover that the word "present" was used only as a pretence for sending away the property in question before her departure. She persisted in her intention, and all I could obtain was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and a consent that M. de ——, *chargé d'affaires* from the Court of Vienna during the absence of the Count de Mercy, should come and ask her at her toilette, before all her people, to order one exactly like her own for the Governess of the Low Countries. The Queen therefore commanded me, before the *chargé d'affaires*, to order the article in question. This way of putting her intention in execution occasioned only the slight inconvenience of an expense of 500 louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely. If I omit no circumstance concerning this dressing-case it is because these minute details are important, since the early preparations for the journey were discovered by a woman whose conduct I had long suspected, and who I dreaded would give information of them. This was a woman belonging to the wardrobe; her duty continued unin-

terrupted throughout the year. As she had been placed with the Queen at the time of her marriage, Her Majesty was accustomed to see her, and was pleased with her address and intelligence. Her situation was above that to which a woman of her class was entitled ; her salary and emoluments had been gradually increased until they afforded her an income of about 12,000 francs. She was handsome ; she received in her apartments above the Queen's, in the little rooms between the two floors, several deputies of the Tiers-Etat ; and she had M. de Gouvion, an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette, for her lover. We shall soon see how far she carried her ingratitude.

About the middle of May, 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner who had it in hand. He could not complete it until the end of six weeks. I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added that as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficient precaution, especially in saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that therefore her own must be emptied and cleaned and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would send it off. I executed this order without appearing to conceal it by the slightest mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, because that intended for the Archduchess could not be finished for some time, and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes, which might not suit that Princess. I will anticipate the order of events to show that all these precautious were no less useless than dangerous.

After the return from Varennes the Mayor of Paris put into the Queen's hands an information by the wardrobe woman, dated the 21st of May, in which she declared that preparations were making at the Thuileries for departure ; that it was supposed she would not guess the true reason for the dressing-case being sent from the

Queen to Brussels, but that the mention of a present made by Her Majesty to her sister was but a mere pretence; that Her Majesty liked the article in question too well to deprive herself of it, and that she had often said it would be highly useful to her in case she should have a journey to perform. She declared also that I was shut up a whole evening with the Queen busied in packing her diamonds; and that she had found them separated with cotton upon the sofa in the Queen's closet at the Thuileries. From this information the Queen concluded that this woman had, unknown to her, a duplicate key to the closet. Her Majesty did one evening, it is true, break off the arranging of her diamonds at seven o'clock to go to the card-table, and took the key of her closet, saying that she would come the next day and finish packing with me, that there was a sentinel under the window, that she had the key of her closet in her pocket, and therefore saw no danger of her jewels being stolen. It must then have been in the evening after we left the closet, or very early the next morning, that the wretch discovered the secret preparations. The box of diamonds was placed in the hands of Leonard, the Queen's hairdresser, who went away with the Duke de Choiseul, and the deposit was left at Brussels. Their Majesties had already delivered up the Crown diamonds which they had in use to the commissioners of the Assembly; those which the Queen sent out of France belonged to her in her own right.

It was during these preparations for departure that the Queen told me she had a very precious charge to entrust to me, and that I must find out some persons who could be relied upon in an independent situation of life, and entirely devoted to their Sovereigns, to whom I should confide a portfolio that she would place in my hands. I pitched upon Madame Valayer Coster, a member of the Academy of Painting, who lodged in the galleries of the Louvre, and in whom, as well as in her husband, I knew that all the qualifications required by the Queen were to be found. They proved as faithful

as I had foretold they would be. It was not until September, 1791, after the acceptance of the Constitution, that they returned the portfolio to me. The guilty woman, of whom I have had but too much to say, made her communications respecting this fact also. She said she had seen a portfolio upon a chair, where there was not usually one placed; that the Queen, pointing to it, spoke to me in a whisper, and that it had disappeared from that time. M. Bailly, who sent two whole pages of these denunciations to the Queen, made no use of them which could possibly be injurious to Her Majesty.

Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême must have come into possession of all the Queen's diamonds. Her Majesty retained nothing but a suite of pearls and a pair of earrings, composed of a ring and two drops, each formed of a single diamond. These earrings and several fancy trinkets, which were not worth the trouble of packing up, remained in Her Majesty's cabinet at the Thuileries, and were, of course, seized by the committee which took possession of the palace on the 10th of August.

After having made the preparations of which I have spoken, I had yet many private commissions, all relative to the departure, to fulfil. I was myself upon the eve of quitting Paris with my father-in-law. The Queen, apprehensive of the excesses in which the people might indulge at the moment of her flight against those whose attachment to her person was known, being unwilling that he should remain in the capital, desired M. Vicq-d'Azyr to prescribe the waters of Mont d'Or for him. Her Majesty had also the goodness to regret that my situation about her did not admit of my going away with her, and she offered me five hundred louis for the journey I had to take, until the time when I should rejoin her. I had as much money as was necessary for myself, and I knew besides of how much consequence it was to her to keep as much as possible. I therefore did not accept them. As for the rest, she assured me that the King was only going to the frontiers,

there to treat with the Assembly, and would quit France only in case his plan and proposals did not produce the effect hoped for. She relied upon a numerous party in the Assembly, many of the members of which, she said, were cured of their first enthusiasm. I set off therefore on the 1st of June, and on the 6th reached Mont d'Or, daily expecting to hear of the departure. At length the news arrived. I had already prepared what I thought would make my escape certain; but the steps taken by the Assembly after the departure of Their Majesties would have rendered that escape more difficult than the Queen had thought. I was ready to begin my journey when I heard a courier, who came from the little town of Besse, shouting to the inhabitants of Mont d'Or, with transports of joy, that the King and Queen were stopped. That same evening the intelligence was confirmed, and two days afterwards we received a letter from the Queen, written under her dictation by one of her gentlemen ushers,* whose devotion and discretion were known to her. It contained these words: "I dictate from my bath, into which I have just thrown myself, to support, at least, my physical strength. I can say nothing of the state of my mind; we exist, that is all. Do not return here, excepting upon the receipt of a letter from myself; this is very important." This letter, unsigned, bore date the day of the Queen's arrival at Paris. We recognised the hand of him who wrote it, and were much affected at seeing that at such a moment the unfortunate Princess had deigned to think of us. After the receipt of this letter I returned to Clermont, where the Assembly's committee *de surveillance* would have had us arrested; but as it was proved that M. Campan was really ill at the moment of his departure from Paris, that rigorous course was waived. In the early part of August the Queen desired me to return to Paris, writing word that she did not see there was any further danger in my going

* This officer was massacred in the Queen's chamber on the 10th of August 1792.

there, and that my speedy return would be agreeable to her. I therefore cannot give you any other particulars of Their Majesties' flight than those which I have heard related by the Queen and those persons who witnessed her return home.

When the Royal Family were brought back from Varennes to the Thuileries the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments. Everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should alone have the duty, and she was to be assisted in it by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this pitiful precaution she informed the King of it, who, not being able to credit it, sent to the bottom of the staircase to ascertain the fact. His Majesty then called for M. de la Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman in whom no one but himself could confide out of the palace. M. de la Fayette was obliged to comply.*

* The orders by which all the women attached to the Queen's service were kept out were broken by the people in a manner which is an instance of those sudden changes which striking circumstances never fail to effect in mobs. On the day when the return of the unfortunate travellers was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters, who had the honour to be attached to Her Majesty, to that of the Feuillans, earnestly insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The *poissardes* attacked them for their boldness in resisting the orders. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her firmly and in the true accent of the feeling which inspired her; "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she portioned me and married me. I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate! Ought I to abandon her?" "She is right," cried these furies; "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make a passage for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, then taking her under her protection, gave her some advice by which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her, "pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the sash of that D'Artois whom we will never forgive."

The measures adopted for guarding the King were at the same time rigorous with respect to the entrance into the palace and insulting as to his household. The commandants of battalion stationed in the saloon called the Grand Cabinet, which led to the Queen's bed-chamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open in order that they might have their eyes upon the Royal Family. The King shut this door one day ; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders and that he would always open it, so that His Majesty in shutting it gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the night, when the Queen was in bed ; and the officer placed himself in an arm-chair between the two doors with his head turned towards Her Majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising and dressing. The Queen had the bed of her first *femme de chambre* placed very near her own ; this bed, which ran on castors and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me that one night the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post and went close to Her Majesty to advise her as to the line of conduct she was to pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke and was near dying with the shock of seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her Majesty confronted her and told her not to rise ; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his Sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed a sincere attachment to the King. There was a sentinel in the black corridor which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time a private one, and

enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very disagreeable because it was to be kept four-and-twenty hours, was often claimed by Saint-Prix, an actor belonging to the French theatre. He devoted himself to it, if I may use the expression, in order to facilitate short interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He used to leave them at a distance and give them notice if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the National Guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down as far as he could with prudence all the harsh orders he received; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard daring to speak insolently to the Queen in her own apartment, M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de la Fayette against him and have him removed. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw Her Majesty after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey I found her getting out of bed. Her features were not very much altered, but after the first kind words she uttered to me she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. I will not here describe the feelings which lacerated my heart. To speak of my own troubles would be quite out of place when I am retracing those of so exalted an unfortunate. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe. It contained a lock of her whitened hair with the inscription, "Bleached by sorrow." At the period of the acceptance of the Constitution the Princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this, but the attachment which Madame de Lamballe had

vowed impelled her to come and tempt her own destruction.

When I returned to Paris most of the harsh precautions were abandoned. The doors were kept open, greater respect was paid to the Sovereign. It was known that the Constitution soon to be completed would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

On the day of my arrival the Queen took me into her closet to tell me that she should have great need of me in a communication she had established with Barnave, Duport and Alexandre Lameth. She informed me that M. de J——* was her negotiator with those remnants of the Constitutional party who had good intentions, but unfortunately too late, and told me that Barnave was a man worthy of esteem. I was astonished to hear Barnave's name pronounced with so much goodwill. When I quitted Paris a great number of persons spoke of him only with horror. I observed this to her, and she was not surprised at it, but told me he was much altered; that the young man, who was full of talent and noble feeling, belonged to that class which is distinguished by education, and was merely misled by the ambition to which real merit gives birth. "A feeling of pride, which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the Tiers-Etat," said the Queen, speaking of Barnave, "made him support everything which smoothed the road to rank and fame for the class in which he was born, and if we get the power into our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is beforehand written in our hearts." The Queen added that she had not the same feeling towards those Nobles who had thrown themselves into the revolutionary party, they who obtained all the marks of favour, and that very often to the injury of those of an inferior order among whom the greatest talent was to be found; in short, that the Nobles, who were born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, were too guilty in having betrayed its cause ever to deserve their pardon.

* It was the Queen who ordered M. de J—— to see to those three deputies.

The Queen astonished me more and more by the warmth with which she justified the favourable opinion she had formed of Barnave. She then told me that his conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Pétion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window at the risk of sending them even into the King's face, lifting up his glass when Madame Elizabeth poured him out wine to show her that there was enough without saying a word; that this offensive behaviour must have been by design, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something, "Madam," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion the deputies of the National Assembly ought to engage Your Majesty's attention solely by their mission and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions and all that he uttered gained the esteem not only of the Queen but of Madame Elizabeth also.

The King began to talk to Pétion about the situation of France and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action—for the good even of the Constitutional Act—since France could not be a Republic. "Not yet, 'tis true," replied Pétion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Pétion held the little Dauphin upon his knees and amused himself with curling the beautiful light hair of the interesting child round his fingers, and as he spoke with much gesticulation he pulled his locks hard enough to make the Dauphin cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen to him; "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage upon leaving Varennes. A poor village Curé,

some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King. The cannibals who surrounded the carriage rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?" These words alone saved the Curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave as he spoke to them threw himself almost out of the coach window, and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen while speaking of this event said that in the most important and momentous events whimsical contrasts always struck her, and that on this occasion the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat was a surprising sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence and the noble simplicity with which she talked to him, at the same time without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree; indeed, everything about that divine Princess appeared to him celestial, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to right principles if he had not followed the wrong path, was overcome by the most affecting admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the Republican and Constitutional parties. At the inns where she alighted she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the Royalists during the Revolution, and declared he had found the interests of the Court so feeble and so badly defended that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, a courageous wrestler who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him what were the weapons he would have recommended her to use. "Popularity, madam." "And how could I use that," replied Her Majesty, "of which I had been deprived?" "Ah, madam, it was much more easy for you to regain it than for me to acquire it." This asser-

tion would furnish matter for comment; I confine myself to the relation of this curious conversation.

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. Goguelat. She said he calculated the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmédy to Paris, before taking the King's last orders, alone in a postchaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent in making that transit. The trial has been made since, and it was found that a light carriage without any courier was nearly three hours less in running the distance than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.

The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high road at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not to have asked the hussars whether they were for the King or the nation; that particularly he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received when it was proposed to carry off the King; and that the King having said to Goguelat, "If force should be employed will it be hot work?" he answered, "Very hot, Sire!" which was sufficient to drive the King to give twenty counter orders. Is it possible to conceive how such neglect could occur as that of sending a courier to M. de Bouillé, who would have had time to reach Varennes with an imposing force? or how nobody even thought of stopping the courier who should follow the King? Their Majesties alighted at the house of a grocer called M. Sauce, the Mayor of Varennes. The King talked to him a long time respecting his reasons for quitting Paris, and wanted to prove to him the expediency of the measure, which, far from being hostile, was suggested by his love for his subjects. This mayor could have saved the King. The Queen sat down in the shop between two piles of candles, and conversed with Madame Sauce, who seemed to be a woman of weight in her own household, and

whom M. Sauce eyed, from time to time, as if to consult her; but the only reply the Queen got was, "What would you have, madam? Your situation is very unfortunate; but, you see, that would expose M. Sauce; they would cut his head off. A wife ought to think for her husband." "Well," replied the Queen, "mine is your King! He has long made you happy, and wishes to do so still." Madame Sauce went on again about the dangers of her husband: the aides-de-camp came up, and the return to Paris was decided.

The Dauphin's first *femme de chambre*, calculating that delay might give M. de Bouillé time to bring up assistance, threw herself on a bed, and began to cry out that she was dying of a dreadful colic. The Queen came up to her, and the lady squeezed her hand to give her to understand what she was aiming at. Her Majesty said she could not leave a woman who had sacrificed herself to attend her in a dangerous journey in such a condition, and that she owed her every attention; but this innocent stratagem was probably seen through, and not the slightest delay was granted.*

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What was my surprise when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the Constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with marks of the greatest kindness. She said he had done his best, and that the sincerity of his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.

* The Queen informed me, whilst summing up all the events of that ill-omened journey, that at two leagues from Varennes, a stranger passed close to the King's carriage, full gallop, uttering aloud some words which the noise of the wheels upon the pavement prevented their hearing; but that subsequently to their arrest the King and herself, recalling the sound of the stranger's words, were almost certain that he had said to them, "You are known," or "You are discovered!"

CHAPTER XIX

On my arrival at Paris on the 25th of August I found the state of feeling there much more temperate than I had dared to hope ; the conversation generally ran upon the acceptance of the Constitution and the *fêtes* which would be given in consequence. The Queen began to hope affairs would take a better turn. The struggle between the Jacobins and the Constitutionals on the 17th of July, 1791, nevertheless had thrown her into great terror for some moments ; and the firing of the cannon from the Champ de Mars, upon a party which called for the trial of the King, and the leaders of which were in the very bosom of the Assembly, left the most gloomy impressions upon the Queen's mind.

The Constitutionals, with whom her connection was not slackened by the intervention of the three members already mentioned, had faithfully served the Royal Family during their detention.

" We still hold the wire by which this popular mass is moved," said Barnave to M. de S—— one day, at the same time showing him a large volume in which the names of all those who were made to act at will by the power of gold alone were registered. It was at that time proposed to hire a considerable number of persons in order to secure loud acclamations when the King and his family should make their appearance at the play, upon the acceptance of the Constitution. That day, which afforded a glimmering hope of tranquillity, was the 14th of September. The *fêtes* were brilliant, but already new alarms too imperiously forbade the Royal Family to give way to any consolatory feeling.

The Legislative Assembly which had just succeeded the Constitutional Assembly founded their conduct upon

the wildest Republican principles. Created from the midst of popular societies, it was wholly inspired by the spirit which animated them. The Constitution, as I have said, was presented to the King on the 30th of September. I return to this presentation, because it gave rise to a highly-important subject of discussion. All the ministers, with the exception of M. de Montmorin, insisted upon the necessity of accepting the Constitutional Act in all its parts. The Prince de Kaunitz was likewise of the same opinion. Malouet wished the King to express himself candidly respecting any errors or dangers that he might observe in the Constitution. But Duport and Barnave, alarmed at the spirit prevailing in the Jacobin Club and even in the Assembly, where Robespierre had already denounced them as traitors to the country, and dreading still greater evils, added their opinions to those of the majority of the ministers and M. de Kaunitz. Those who really desired that the Constitution should be maintained advised that it should not be accepted thus purely and simply; and of this number, as I have already said, were M. Montmorin and M. Malouet. The King seemed inclined to this advice, and this is one of the strongest proofs of the unfortunate monarch's sincerity.

Alexandre Lameth, Duport and Barnave, still relying on the resources of their party, hoped to have credit for controlling the King through the influence they believed they had acquired over the mind of the Queen. They also consulted people of acknowledged talent, but belonging to no council nor to any assembly. Among these was M. Dubucq, formerly Intendant of the Marine and the Colonies. He answered in one line: "Prevent disorder from organising itself."

Opinions such as those of the sententious and laconic M. Dubucq emanated from the aristocratic party, who preferred anything, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of the Constitutional laws; and who, in fact, believed that any acceptance which should have any other appearance than that of compulsion would amount

to a real sanction, sufficient to uphold the new Government. The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they buoyed up the hope of a total change ; and twenty times over, upon occasions when persons but little acquainted with the secret policy of the Court expressed the apprehensions they entertained of the popular societies, the initiated answered that a sincere Royalist ought to favour the Jacobins. My avowal of the terror with which they inspired me often brought this answer upon me, and must even have often procured me the epithet of " Constitutional ! " while all the time, through principle, and from the want of that sort of information which I think ought never to be found among persons of my sex, I was intent only upon diligently serving the unfortunate Princess with whom my destiny was united.

The letter written by the King to the Assembly, claiming to accept the Constitution in the very place where it had been created, and where he announced he would be on the 14th at midday, was received with transport, and the reading of it was repeatedly interrupted by very general plaudits. The sitting was terminated by the highest flight of enthusiasm, and M. de la Fayette obtained the release of all those who were detained on account of the King's departure, the immediate quashing of all proceedings relative to the events of the Revolution, and the discontinuance of the use of passports and of all temporary restraints upon free travelling, as well in the interior as without. The whole was conceded by acclamation. Sixty members were deputed to go to the King and express to him fully the satisfaction His Majesty's letter had given. The Keeper of the Seals quitted the chamber in the midst of applause to precede the deputation to the King.

The King answered the speech addressed to him, and concluded by saying to the Assembly that a decree of that morning, which had abolished the Order of the Holy Ghost, had left him and his son alone permission to be decorated with it ; but as an Order had no value

in his eyes save for the power of conferring it, he would not use it.

The Queen, her son and Madame were at the door of the chamber into which the deputation was admitted. The King said to the deputies, "You see there my wife and children, who participate in my sentiments;" and the Queen herself confirmed the King's assurance. These apparent marks of confidence were very inconsistent with the agitated state of her mind. "These people will have no Sovereigns," said she. "We shall fall before their treacherous though well-planned tactics; they are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone."

On the day after that of the deputation the particulars of their reception by the King were reported to the Assembly, and they excited warm approbation. But the President, having put the question, whether the Assembly ought not to remain seated while the King took the oath, "Certainly," was repeated by many voices; "*and the King, standing, uncovered.*" M. Malouet observed that there was no occasion on which the nation, assembled in the presence of the King, did not acknowledge him as its head; that the omission to treat the head of the State with the respect due to him would be an offence to the nation as well as to the monarch. He moved that the King should take the oath standing, and that the Assembly should be in the same posture while he was doing so. M. Malouet's observations would have carried the decree, but a deputy from Brittany exclaimed with a shrill voice that he "had an amendment to propose, which would render all unanimous. Let us decree," said he, "that M. Malouet, and whoever else shall so please, may have leave to receive the King upon their knees, but let us stick to the decree."

The King repaired to the chamber at midday. His speech was followed by plaudits which lasted several minutes. After the signing of the Constitutional Act all sat down. The President rose to deliver his speech, but after he had begun, perceiving that the King did not rise

to hear him, he sat down again. His speech made a powerful impression; the sentence with which it concluded excited fresh acclamations, cries of "Bravo!" and "Vive le Roi!" "Sire," said he, "how important in our eyes, and how dear to our hearts, how sublime a feature in our history, must be the epoch of that regeneration which gives citizens to France and a country to Frenchmen—to you, as a King, a new title of greatness and glory, and, as a man, a fresh source of enjoyment and of new feelings."

At length I hoped to see a return of that tranquillity which had so long been chased from the countenances of my august master and mistress. Their suite left them in the saloon; the Queen hastily saluted the ladies and returned much affected. The King followed her, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, put his handkerchief to his eyes. "Ah, madam," cried he, his voice choked by his tears, "why were you present at this sitting? why did you witness it?" I heard these words and no more. Pierced at their affliction, and feeling the propriety of respecting the display of it, I withdrew, struck with the contrast between the shouts of joy without the palace and the profound grief which oppressed the Sovereigns within. Half an hour afterwards the Queen sent for me. She desired to see M. Goguelat to announce to him her departure on that very night for Vienna. The new attacks upon the dignity of the throne which had been exhibited during the sitting, the spirit of an Assembly worse than the former, the monarch put upon he level of a President, without any deference to the throne—all this proclaimed but too loudly that the sovereignty itself was aimed at. The Queen no longer saw any ground for hope from the interior of the country. The King wrote to the Emperor; she told me she would herself, at midnight, bring the letter which M. Goguelat was to bear to the Emperor to my room. During all the remainder of the day the castle and the Thuileries were prodigiously crowded; the illuminations were magnificent. The King and Queen

were requested to take an airing in their carriage in the Champs Elysées, escorted by the aides-de-camp and leaders of the Parisian army, the Constitutional Guard not being at that time organised. Many shouts of "Vive le Roi!" were heard, but as often as they terminated, one of the mob, who never quitted the door of the King's carriage for a single instant, exclaimed with a stentorian voice, "No, don't believe them. Vive la nation!" This ill-omened cry struck terror into the Queen; she thought it not right, however, to make any complaint upon the subject, and pretended not to hear the isolated croak of this fanatic or base hireling, as if it had been drowned in the public acclamations.

A few days afterwards M. de Montmorin sent me a few lines to say he wanted to speak to me; that he would have come to me if he were not apprehensive that his doing so would attract observation, and that he thought it would appear less particular if he should see me in the Queen's great closet at a time which he specified, and when nobody would be there. I went. After having made some polite observations upon the services I had already performed, and those I might yet perform, for my master and mistress under existing circumstances, he spoke to me of the King's immiment danger, of the plots which were hatching, and of the lamentable composition of the Legislative Assembly; but he particularly dwelt upon the necessity of appearing, by prudence and circumspection in conversation, as firmly attached as possible to the act the King had just recognised. I told him that could not be done without committing ourselves in the eyes of the Royalist party, which considered moderation a crime; that it was painful to hear ourselves taxed with being Constitutionals, at the same time that it was our opinion that the only Constitution which was consistent with the King's honour and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the entire power of the Sovereign; that this was my creed, and it would hurt me to give any room for suspicion that I was wavering in it. "Could you ever

believe," said he, " that I should desire any other order of things ? Have you any doubt of my attachment to the King's person and the maintenance of his rights ? " " I know it, Count," replied I ; " but you are not ignorant that you lie under the imputation of having adopted revolutionary ideas." " Well, madam, have resolution enough to dissemble and to conceal your real sentiments ; dissimulation was never more necessary. The most strenuous endeavours are making to paralyse the evil intentions of the factious to the utmost possible extent ; but we must not be counteracted here by certain dangerous expressions which are circulated in Paris, as dropping from the King and Queen." I told him that I had been already struck with an apprehension of the evil which might be done by the intemperate observations of persons who had no power to act, and that having repeatedly enjoined silence to those in the Queen's service in a very decided manner, I had felt ill consequences in so doing. " I know that," said the Count ; " the Queen informed me of it, and that it was which determined me to come and request you to cherish, as much as you can, that spirit of discretion which is so necessary."

While the household of the King and Queen were a prey to all these fears, the festivities in celebration of the acceptance of the Constitution proceeded. Their Majesties went to the opera. The audience consisted entirely of persons who sided with the King, and on that day the happiness of seeing him for a short time surrounded by faithful subjects might be enjoyed. The acclamations were then sincere.

La Coquette Corrigée was selected for representation at the Théâtre Français solely because it was the piece in which Mademoiselle Contat shone most. Yet the notions propagated by the Queen's enemies coinciding in my mind with the name of the play, I thought the choice very ill-judged. I was at a loss, however, to tell Her Majesty so. But sincere attachment gives courage ; I explained myself. She was obliged to me, and desired

that another play might be performed. They accordingly acted *La Gouvernante.*

The Queen, Madame the King's daughter and Madame Elizabeth were all well received on this occasion. It is true that the opinions and feelings of the whole of the spectators in the boxes could not be otherwise than favourable: great pains had been taken previous to these two performances to fill the pit with proper persons. But on the other hand the Jacobins took the same precautions on their side at the Théâtre Italien, and the tumult was excessive there. The play was Grétry's *Les Evénements Imprévus.* Unfortunately, Madame Dugazon thought proper to bow to the Queen as she sang the words, "Ah! how I love my mistress!" in a duet. Above twenty voices immediately exclaimed from the pit, "No mistress! no master! liberty!" A few replied from the boxes and slips, "Vive le Roi! vive la Reine! long live the King and Queen!" Those in the pit answered, "No master, no Queen!" The quarrel increased; the pit formed into parties; they began fighting, and the Jacobins were beaten—tufts of their black hair flew about the theatre;* a strong guard arrived; the Faubourg of St. Antoine, hearing of what was going forward at the Théâtre Italien, flocked together and began to talk of marching towards the scene of action. The Queen preserved the coolest and calmest demeanour; the commandants of the guard surrounded and encouraged her. They conducted themselves promptly and discreetly; no accident happened. The Queen was highly applauded as she quitted the theatre. It was the last time she was ever in a playhouse.

While couriers were bearing confidential letters from the King to the Princes, his brothers, and to the foreign Sovereigns, the Assembly invited him to write to the Princes in order to induce them to return into France. The King desired the Abbé de Montesquieu to write the letter he was to send. This letter, which was admirably

* At this time none but the Jacobins had discontinued the use of hair powder.

composed in a simple and effective style suited to the character of Louis XVI., and filled with very powerful arguments in favour of the advantages to be derived from rallying round the principles of the Constitution, was confided to me by the King, who desired me to make him a copy of it.

At this period M. Mor——, one of the intendants of Monsieur's household, obtained a passport from the Assembly to join that Prince, on account of some indispensable business relative to his domestic concerns. The Queen selected him to be the bearer of this letter; she determined to give it to him herself, and to inform him of the origin of it. I was astonished at her choice of this courier. The Queen assured me he was exactly the man for her purpose; that she relied even upon his indiscretion, and it was merely necessary that the letter from the King to his brothers should be known to exist. The Princes were, doubtless, pre-informed on the subject by the private correspondence. Monsieur nevertheless manifested some degree of surprise, and the messenger returned more grieved than pleased at this mark of confidence, which had nearly cost him his life during the Reign of Terror.

Among the causes of uneasiness to the Queen there was one which was but too well founded—it was the thoughtlessness of the French whom she sent to foreign Courts. She used to say that in order to plume themselves upon the confidence with which they were honoured, they had no sooner passed the frontiers than they disclosed the most secret matters relative to the King's private sentiments, and that the leaders of the Revolution were informed on them through their agents, many of whom were Frenchmen who passed themselves off as emigrants in the cause of their King.

After the acceptance of the Constitution the formation of the King's household, military as well as civil, formed a subject of attention. The Duke de Brissac had the command of the Constitutional Guard, which was composed of officers and men selected from the regiments,

and of several officers drawn from the National Guard of Paris. The King was satisfied with the feelings and conduct of this band, which, as is well known, existed but a very short time.

The new Constitution abolished what were called honours and the prerogatives belonging to them. The Duchess de Duras resigned her place of lady of the bedchamber, not choosing to lose her right to the *tabouret* at Court. This step hurt the Queen, who saw herself forsaken for obsolete privileges at a time when her rights were so warmly attacked. Many ladies of rank left the Court for the same reason. However, the King and Queen did not dare to form the civil part of their household, lest by the offices of new denominations they should confirm the dissolution of the old ones, and also lest they should admit into the highest offices persons not calculated to fill them. Some time was spent in discussing the question, *whether the household should be formed without equerries and without ladies of honour.* The Queen's constitutional advisers were of opinion that the Assembly, having decreed a civil list adequate to uphold the splendour of the throne, would be dissatisfied at seeing the King adopting only a military household, and not forming his civil household upon the new constitutional plan. "How is it, madam," wrote Barnave to the Queen, "that you will persist in giving these people even the smallest doubt as to your sentiments? When they decree you a civil and a military household, you, like young Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, eagerly seize the sword and scorn the mere ornaments." The Queen persisted in her determination to have no civil household. "If," said she, "this constitutional household be formed not a single person of rank will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs we shall be obliged to discharge the persons received into their place."

"Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find one day that I had saved the Nobility if I now had resolution enough to afflict them for a time; I have it not. When

any measure which injures them is wrested from us, I am mortified; nobody comes to my card-party; the King goes solitarily to bed. No allowance is made for political necessity; we are punished for our very misfortunes."

The Queen wrote almost all day and spent a part of the night in reading; her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humour for a moment. She was, however, the same person who was held up to the people as a woman who was absolutely furious and mad whenever the rights of the Crown were in any way attacked.

I was with her one day at one of her windows. We saw a man plainly dressed, like an ecclesiastic, surrounded by an immense crowd. The Queen imagined it was some Abbé whom they were about to throw into the basin of the Thuileries. She hastily opened her window, and sent a *valet de chambre* to know what was going forward in the garden. It was Abbé Grégoire, whom the men and women of the tribunes were bringing back in triumph, on account of a motion he had just made in the National Assembly against the Royal authority. On the following day the democratic journalists described the Queen as witnessing this triumph, and showing, by expressive gestures at her window, how highly she was exasperated by the honours conferred upon the patriot.

The correspondence between the Queen and the foreign Powers was carried on in cipher. That to which she gave the preference can never be detected, but the greatest patience is requisite for its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some work. She selected "Paul and Virginia." The page and line in which the required letters, and occasionally a monosyllable, are to be found are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in the operation of finding the letters, and very frequently I made an exact copy for her of all that she had ciphered without knowing a single word of its meaning.

There were always several secret committees in Paris, occupied on the part of the King in collecting information respecting the measures of the factions, and in influencing some of the committees of the Assembly.

M. Betrand de Molleville was in close correspondence with the Queen. The King employed M. Talon and others. Much money was dissipated through the latter channel on account of the expenses necessary for the secret measures. The Queen had no confidence in them. M. de Laporte, Minister of the Civil List and of the Household, also attempted to give a bias to public opinion by means of hireling publications; but these papers influenced none but the Royalist party, which needed no bias. M. de Laporte had a private police, which gave him some useful information.

I determined to sacrifice myself to my duty, but by no means to any intrigue, and I thought that, circumstanced as I was, I ought to confine myself to obedience to the Queen's orders. I frequently sent off couriers to foreign countries, and they were never discovered, so many precautions did I take. I am indebted for the preservation of my own existence to the care I took never to admit any deputy whatever to my abode, and to refuse all interviews which even people of the highest importance often requested of me. This line of conduct appeared to me the only one suitable to my sex and my situation at Court; but it left me exposed to every species of ill-will, and on one and the same day I saw myself denounced by Prud'homme, in his *Gazette Révolutionnaire*, as capable of making an aristocrat of the mother of the Gracchi, if a person so dangerous as myself could have got into her household, and by Gauthier's *Gazette Royaliste* as a "Monarchist," a "Constitutional," more dangerous to the Queen's interests than a Jacobin.

At this period an event with which I had nothing to do placed me in a still more critical situation. My brother, M. Genet, began his diplomatic career successfully. At eighteen he was attached to the embassy to Vienna; at

twenty he was appointed Chief Secretary of Legation in England, on occasion of the peace of 1783. A memorial which he presented to M. de Vergennes, upon the dangers of the treaty of commerce then entered into with England, gave offence to M. de Calonne, a patron of that treaty, and particularly to M. Gérard de Rayneval, Chief Clerk for Foreign Affairs. So long as M. de Vergennes lived, having upon my father's death declared himself the protector of my brother, he supported him against the enemies his memorial had raised up. But upon his death, M. de Montmorin, being much in need of the long experience in business which he found in M. de Rayneval, guided himself solely by the latter and according to his instigation. The office of which my brother was the head was suppressed and added to the other offices of foreign affairs. My brother went to St. Petersburg, strongly recommended to the Count de Ségur, Minister from France to that Court, who appointed him Secretary of Legation. Some time afterwards the Count de Ségur left him at St. Petersburg, charged with the affairs of France.*

My brother quitted Versailles much hurt at being deprived of a considerable income for having penned a memorial which his zeal alone had dictated, and the importance of which was afterwards but too well understood. I had perceived from his correspondence that he inclined to some of the new notions, and had taken the alarm at it, when he wrote me a letter which left me no further room for doubt as to his opinions. He told me it was right he should no longer conceal from me that he sided with the Constitutional party—that the King had, in fact, commanded it, having himself accepted the

* After his return from Russia M. Genet was appointed Ambassador to the United States by the party called Girondists, the deputies who headed it being from the department of the Gironde. He was shortly afterwards recalled by the Robespierre party, which overthrew the former faction on the 31st of May, 1793, and condemned to appear at the bar of the Convention—that is to say, to ascend the scaffold. Vice-President Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, offered him an asylum in his house and the hand of Cornelia Clinton, his daughter. M. Genet's crime was the execution of instructions which he had received on setting out from the party then in power. He settled in America, and lives there as a rich planter and the beloved father of a family.

Constitution; that he would proceed firmly in that course, because in this case disingenuousness would be fatal, and that he took that side of the question because he had had it proved to him that the foreign Powers would not serve the King's cause without advancing pretensions prompted by the most ancient interests, and which always would remain in the spirit of their councils; that he saw no salvation for the King and Queen but from France, and that only by using every exertion to calm existing apprehensions and to restore harmony to the minds of men; and that he would serve the constitutional King as he served him before the Revolution had created a necessity for settling the destinies of France by a new code. And, lastly, he requested me to impart to the Queen the real sentiments of one of His Majesty's agents at a foreign Court. I immediately went to the Queen and gave her my brother's letter. She read it attentively, and said, "This is the letter of a young man led astray by discontent and ambition. I know you do not think as he does. Do not fear that you will lose the confidence of the King or mine." I offered to discontinue all correspondence with my brother. She opposed that, saying it would be dangerous. I then entreated she would permit me in future to show her my own and my brother's letters, to which she consented. I wrote warmly to my brother against the course he had adopted. I sent my letters by sure channels; he answered me by the post, and no longer touched upon anything but his family affairs. Once only he wrote to me that if I should write to him respecting the affairs of the day he would give me no answer. "Serve your august mistress with the unbounded devotion which is due from you," said he, "and let us each do our duty. I will only observe to you that at Paris the fogs of the Seine prevent people from seeing that immense capital even from the Pavilion of Flora, and I see it more clearly from St. Petersburg." The Queen said, as she read this letter, "Perhaps he speaks but too truly. Who can decide upon so disastrous a position as ours is become?" The very day on which

CHAPTER XIX

I gave the Queen my brother's first letter to read she had several audiences to give to ladies and other persons belonging to the Court, who came on purpose to inform her that my brother was an avowed Constitutional and revolutionist. The Queen replied, "I know it; Madame Campan came to tell me so." Persons envious of my situation, and some of ill-regulated minds, having subjected me to mortifications, and these unpleasant circumstances recurring daily, I requested the Queen's permission to withdraw from the Court. She exclaimed against the very idea; represented it to me as extremely dangerous for my own reputation, and had the kindness to add that, for my sake as well as for her own, she never would consent to it. After this conversation, during which I was at Her Majesty's knees, bathing her hands with my tears, I retired to my apartment. A few minutes afterwards a footman brought me a note from her, couched in these terms: "I have never ceased to distinguish you, nor to give you and yours proofs of my attachment. I wish to tell you in writing that I have full faith in your honour and fidelity, as well as in your other good qualities, and that I ever rely on the zeal and address you exert to serve me."*

At the very moment that I was going to express to the

* I had just received this letter from the Queen when M. de la Chapelle, Commissary-General of the King's Household and head of the offices of M. de Laporte, Minister of the Civil List, came to see me. The palace having been already forced by the brigands on the 20th of June, he proposed that I should entrust the paper to him that he might place it in a safer situation than the apartments of the unfortunate Queen would be. When he returned into his offices he placed the letter she had condescended to write to me behind a large picture in his closet; but on the 10th of August M. de la Chapelle was thrown into the prisons of the Abbaye, and the Committee of Public Safety established themselves in his offices, whence they issued all their decrees of death. There it was that a villainous servant belonging to M. de Laporte went to declare that in the minister's apartment, under a board in the floor, a number of papers would be found. They were brought forth, and M. de Laporte was sent the first of all to the scaffold, where he suffered *for having betrayed the State by serving his master and Sovereign.* M. de la Chapelle was saved, as if by a miracle, from the massacres of the 2nd of September. The Committee of Public Safety having abolished his employments, in order to seat itself in the King's apartments at the Thuileries, M. de la Chapelle had permission to return to his closet to take away some property belonging to him. Turning up the picture behind which he had hidden the Queen's letter, he found it in the place into which he had slipped it; and, delighted to see that I was safe from the ill consequences the discovery of this paper might have brought upon me, he burnt it instantly. In troublous times a mere nothing may save life or destroy it.

Queen the gratitude with which I was penetrated, I heard a tapping at the door of my room, which opened upon the Queen's inner corridor. I opened it; it was the King. I was confused; he perceived it, and said to me kindly, "I alarm you, Madame Campan; I come, however, to comfort you. The Queen has told me how much she is hurt at the injustice of several persons towards you. But how is it that you complain of injustice and calumny when you see that we are victims of them? In some of your companions it is jealousy; in the people belonging to the Court it is anxiety. Our situation is so disastrous, and we have met with so much ingratitude and treachery, that the apprehensions of those who love us are excusable. I could quiet them by telling them all the secret services you perform for us daily; but I will not do it. Out of goodwill to you they would repeat all I should say, and you would be lost with the Assembly. It is much better both for you and for us that you should be thought a Constitutional. It has been mentioned to me a hundred times already. I have never contradicted it; but I come to give you my word that if we are fortunate enough to see an end of all this, I will, at the Queen's residence, and in the presence of my brothers, relate the important services you have rendered us, and I will recompense you and your son for them." I threw myself at the King's feet and kissed his hand. He raised me up, saying, "Come, come, do not grieve; the Queen, who loves you, confides in your sentiments as I do."

Occasions for mysterious and secret services recurred every moment. Barnave was the only one of the three trustworthy deputies who had not seen the King and Queen since the Varennes journey. The espionage of the Assembly was more apprehended on his account than on that of any other.

Down to the day of the acceptance it was impossible to introduce Barnave into the interior of the palace; but as the Queen was now rid of the inner guard, she said she would see him. The very great precautions which it was necessary for the deputy to take, in order to conceal his

connection with the King and Queen, compelled them to spend two hours in waiting for him in one of the corridors of the Thuileries, and all in vain. The first day that he was to be admitted, having met a man whom Barnave knew to be suspicious in the courtyard of the palace, he determined to cross it without stopping, and walked in the gardens in order to lull suspicion. I was desired to wait for Barnave at a little door belonging to the *entresols* of the palace, with my hand upon the open lock. I had been in that position an hour. The King came to me frequently, and always to speak to me of the uneasiness which a servant belonging to the castle, who was a patriot, gave him. He came again to ask me whether I had heard the door called *de Décret* opened. I assured him nobody had been in the corridor, and he became easy. He was dreadfully apprehensive that his connection with Barnave would be discovered. "It would," said the King, "be a ground for capital accusations, and the unfortunate man would be lost." I then ventured to remind His Majesty that as I was not the only one in the secret of the business which brought Barnave in contact with their Majesties, one of his colleagues might be induced to speak of the communication with which they were honoured, and that, in letting them know by my presence that I also was informed of it, a risk was incurred of removing from those gentlemen part of the responsibility of the secret. Upon this observation the King quitted me hastily and returned a moment afterwards with the Queen. "Give me your place," said she; "I will wait for him in my turn. You have convinced the King. We must not increase in their eyes the number of persons informed of their communications with us."

The police of M. Laporte, Minister of the Civil List, apprised him as early as the latter end of 1791 that a man belonging to the King's officers, who had set up as a pastrycook at the Palais Royal, was about to re-enter upon the duties of his situation which had devolved upon him again on the death of one who held it for life; that he was so furious a Jacobin that he had dared to say it

would be a good thing for France if the King's days were shortened. His duty was confined to the mere laying out of the pastry; he was closely watched by the head officers of the kitchen, who were devoted to His Majesty; but it is so easy to introduce a subtle poison into made dishes that it was determined the King and Queen should eat only plain roasted meat in future; that their bread should be brought to them by M. Thierry de Ville-d'Array, intendant of the smaller apartments, who was likewise to take upon himself to supply the wine. The King was fond of pastry. I was directed to order some, as if for myself—sometimes of one pastrycook and sometimes of another. The pounded sugar, too, was kept in my room. The King, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth ate together, and nobody remained to wait on them. Each had a dumb waiter and a little bell to call the servants when they were wanted. M. Thierry used himself to bring me Their Majesties' bread and wine, and I locked them up in a private cupboard in the King's closet on the ground floor. As soon as the King sat down to table I took in the pastry and bread. All was hidden under the table lest it might be necessary to have the servants in. The King thought it dangerous as well as distressing to show any apprehension of attempts against his person, or any distrust of his officers of the kitchen. As he never drank a whole bottle of wine at his meals (the Princesses drank nothing but water), he filled up that out of which he had drank about half, from the bottle served up by the officers of his buttery. I took it away after dinner. Although he never ate any other pastry than that which I brought, he took care in the same manner that it should seem that he had eaten of that served at table. The lady who succeeded found this duty all regulated, and she executed it in the same manner; the public never was in possession of these particulars, nor of the apprehensions which gave rise to them. At the end of three or four months the police of M. de Laporte gave notice that nothing more was to be dreaded from that sort of plot against the King's life; that the plan was

entirely changed, and that all future attempts would be directed as much against the throne as against the person of the Sovereign.

There are others besides myself who know that, about this time, one of the things about which the Queen most desired to be satisfied was the opinion of the famous Pitt. She would sometimes say to me, "I never pronounce the name of Pitt but I feel death at my shoulder." (I repeat here her very expressions.) "That man is the mortal enemy of France, and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the Cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes, by our destruction, to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever against the efforts made by the King to increase his navy and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the King's policy, but his private inclination, to be solicitous about his fleets, and that the most active step he has taken during his whole reign was to visit the port of Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French Revolution from the first disturbances; he will perhaps serve it until its annihilation. I will endeavour to learn to what point he intends to lead us, and I am sending M.——* to London for that purpose. He has been intimately connected with Pitt, and they have often had political conversations respecting the French Government. I will get him to make Pitt speak out—at least as far as such a man can speak out."

Some time afterwards the Queen told me that her secret envoy had returned from London, and that all he had been able to wring from Pitt, whom he found alarmingly reserved, was that *he would not suffer the French monarchy to fall;* that to suffer the revolutionary spirit to erect an organised Republic in France would be a great error as regarding the tranquillity of all Europe. "Whenever," said she, "Pitt expressed himself upon the

* I thought for some time that this secret agent was M. Crawford. His Memoirs, which I read very eagerly, have altered my opinion, because he certainly would have mentioned this mission. I have forgotten the name of the person whom the Queen sent to London, though she condescended to entrust me with it.

necessity of supporting a *monarchy* in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the monarch. The result of these conversations is anything but encouraging; but even as to that monarchy which he wishes to save, will he have means and strength to save it if he suffers us to fall?"

The death of the Emperor Leopold took place on the 1st of March, 1792. When the news of this event reached the Thuileries the Queen was gone out. Upon her return I put the letter containing it into her hands. She exclaimed that the Emperor had been poisoned; that she had remarked and preserved a newspaper in which, in an article upon the sitting of the Jacobins, at the time when the Emperor Leopold declared for the coalition, it was said, speaking of him, that a *piecrust* would settle that matter. From this moment the Queen considered the expression as one which had involuntarily escaped the propagandists. She lamented her brother. However, the education of Francis II., which had been superintended by the Emperor Joseph, inspired her with new hopes. She thought he must have inherited the sentiments of the latter for her, and did not doubt that he had, under the care of his uncle, imbibed that valiant spirit so necessary for the support of a crown. At this period Barnave obtained the Queen's consent that he should read all the letters she should write. He was fearful of private correspondence that might hamper the plan marked out for her; he distrusted Her Majesty's sincerity upon this point; and the diversity of counsels and the necessity of yielding, on the one hand, to some of the views of the Constitutionals, and, on the other, to those of the French Princes, and even of the foreign Courts, were unfortunately the circumstances which most rapidly impelled the Court towards its ruin.

The Queen wished to have shown Barnave the letter of condolence which she wrote to Francis II. This letter was to be submitted to her "triumvirate" (for thus did she sometimes designate the three deputies whom I have named). She would not hear a single word which, from

its interference with their plans, might prevent its going; she was also fearful of introducing into it anything contradictory to her private sentiments, which the Emperor might learn by other means. "Sit down at that table," said she to me, "and sketch me out a letter. Dwell upon the idea that I see in my nephew the pupil of Joseph. If yours is better than mine you shall dictate it to me." I wrote a letter. She read it, and said, "It is the very thing. I was too deeply interested to keep the true line as you have done."

The party of the Princes was much alarmed on being informed of the connection of the wreck of the constitutional party with the Queen; and the Queen on her part always dreaded the party of the Princes and the attempts of the French who composed it. She did justice to the Count d'Artois, and often said that his party would act in contravention of his sentiments towards the King his brother and herself; but that he would be led away by people over whom Calonne had a most lamentable ascendency. She reproached Count Esterhazy, whom she had loaded with favours, for having sided with Calonne so entirely that she had reason to consider him absolutely as an enemy.

However, the emigrants showed great apprehensions of the consequences which might follow in the interior from a connection with the Constitutionals, whom they described as a party existing no longer but in idea, and totally without means of repairing their errors. The Jacobins were preferred to them because, said they, there would be no treaty to be made with anyone at the moment of extricating the King and his family from the abyss in which they are plunged.

I frequently read to the Queen the letters written to her by Barnave. One among others struck me forcibly, and I think I have retained the substance of it sufficiently well to enable me to give a faithful account of it. He told the Queen she did not rely sufficiently on the strength remaining in the Constitutional party; that their flag was indeed torn, but the word "Constitution" was still legible

upon it; that this word would recover its virtue if the King and his friends would rally round it sincerely; that the authors of the Constitution, enlightened with respect to their own errors, might yet amend it and restore to the throne all its splendour; that the Queen must not believe that the public mind was favourably disposed towards the Jacobins; that the weak joined them because there was no strength elswehere, but the general opinion was for the Constitution; that the party of the French Princes, unfortunately shackled by the policy of foreign Courts, ought not to be depended on; that the majority of emigrants had already destroyed by misconduct much of the interest excited by their misfortunes; that entire confidence ought not to be reposed in the foreign Powers, guided as they were by the policy of their Cabinets and not by the ties of blood; and that the interior alone was capable of supporting the integrity of the kingdom. He concluded the letter by saying that he laid at Her Majesty's feet the only national party still in existence; that he feared to name it; but that she ought not to forget that Henry IV. was not assisted by foreign Princes in regaining his dominions, and that he ascended a Catholic throne after having fought at the head of a Protestant party.

Barnave and his friends presumed too far upon their strength; it was exhausted in the contest with the Court. The Queen was aware of this, and if she did not seem to have any confidence in them, it is probable that she was actuated by a policy which, it must be confessed, could only prove injurious to her.

CHAPTER XX

In the beginning of the year 1792 a worthy priest requested a private interview with me. He had heard of the existence of a new libel by Madame Lamotte. He told me he had observed in the people who came from London to get it printed in Paris nothing more than a desire of gain, and that they were ready to deliver him the manuscript for 1,000 louis if he could find any friend of the Queen disposed to make that sacrifice for her peace; that he had thought of me, and that if Her Majesty would give him the 24,000 francs he would deliver me the manuscript upon receiving them.

I communicated this proposal to the Queen, who rejected it, and desired me to answer that at the time when she had power to punish the hawkers of these libels she deemed them so atrocious and improbable that she despised the means of arresting their progress; that if she were to be imprudent and weak enough to buy a single one of them the Jacobins might possibly discover the circumstance through their espionage; that were this libel brought up it would be printed nevertheless, and would be much more dangerous when they apprised the public of the means she had used to suppress it.

The Baron d'Aubier, gentleman in ordinary to the King and my particular friend, had a strong memory and a plain and easy way of communicating the substance of the discussions, debates and decrees of the National Assembly. I went daily to the Queen's apartments to repeat all this to the King, who used to say, on seeing me, "Ah! here's the *Postillon par Calais*."*

M. d'Aubier came one day and said to me: "The

* The name of a newspaper of the time.

Assembly has been much occupied with an information laid by the workmen of the Sèvres manufactory. They brought to the President's office a bundle of pamphlets, which they said were the Life of Marie Antoinette. The director of the manufactory was ordered up to the bar, and declared he had received orders to burn the printed sheets in question in the furnaces used for baking his china."

While I was relating this business to the Queen, the King coloured, and held his head down over his plate. The Queen said to him : " Do you know anything about this, Sire ? " The King made no answer. Madame Elizabeth requested him to explain what all this meant—still silent. I withdrew hastily. A few minutes afterwards the Queen came to my room and informed me that the King, out of regard for her, had purchased the whole edition struck off from the manuscript which I had proposed to her, and that M. de Laporte had not been able to devise any more secret way of destroying the whole of the work than that of having it burnt at Sèvres among two hundred workmen, one hundred and eighty of whom must, in all probability, be Jacobins. She told me she had concealed her vexation from the King ; that he was in consternation, and that she should say nothing, since his affection and his good intentions towards her had been the cause of the accident.

Some time afterwards the Assembly received a denunciation against M. de Montmorin. The ex-minister was accused of having neglected forty despatches from M. Genet, the *chargé d'affaires* from France in Russia, without having even unsealed them, because M. Genet acted on Constitutional principles. M. de Montmorin appeared at the bar to answer this accusation. Whatever distress I might feel at the moment in obeying the order I had received from the King to go and give him an account of the sitting, I thought I ought not to fail in doing so. But instead of giving my brother his family name, I merely said, " Your Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg."

The King did me the favour to say that he observed a

reserve in my account, of which he approved. The Queen condescended to add a few obliging remarks to those of the King, by which I was already so much affected that I withdrew in great emotion. However, my office of journalist gave me, in this instance, so much pain that I took an opportunity, when the King was expressing his satisfaction to me at the manner in which I gave him this daily account, to tell him that its merits belonged wholly to M. d'Aubier, who attended all the sittings to give me a summary of them; and I then ventured to request the King to suffer that excellent man to come and give him an account of the sittings himself. I went so far as to add that, at a time when the King's feelings were wounded by the conduct of so many faithless subjects, it appeared to me that men warmly devoted to him as M. d'Aubier was, deserved the honour of being about His Majesty. I assured the King that, if he would permit it, that gentleman might proceed to the Queen's apartments through mine unseen. The King consented to the arrangement. Thenceforward M. d'Aubier was admitted into the interior, and gave the King repeated proofs of zeal and attachment with much intelligence.

The Curé of Saint-Eustache ceased to be the Queen's confessor when he took the Constitutional oath. I do not remember the name of the ecclesiastic who succeeded him in that office; I only know that he was conducted into her apartments with the greatest mystery. Their Majesties did not perform their Easter devotions in public, because they could neither declare for the Constitutional clergy nor act so as to show that they were against them.

The Queen did perform her Easter devotions in 1792, but she went to the chapel attended only by myself. She desired me beforehand to request one of my relations, who was her chaplain, to perform Mass for her at five o'clock in the morning. It was still dark; she gave me her arm, and I carried a taper. I left her entirely alone at the chapel door, and she did not return to her room until the dawn of day. This piece of duty, performed

with so much mystery, could not tend to edify the public, but demonstrates the Queen's religious principles.

Dangers increased daily. The Assembly was strengthened in the eyes of the people by the hostilities of the foreign armies and the army of the Princes. The communication with the latter party became more active; the Queen wrote almost every day. M. de Goguelat possessed her confidence for all correspondence with the foreign parties, and I was obliged to have him in my apartments; the Queen asked for him very frequently, and at times which she could not previously appoint.

All parties were exerting themselves either to ruin or to save the King. One day I found the Queen extremely agitated; she told me she no longer knew whereabouts she was; that the leaders of the Jacobins offered themselves to her through the medium of Dumouriez; and that Dumouriez, abandoning the Jacobins, had come and offered himself to her; that she had granted him an audience; that when alone with her he had thrown himself at her feet and told her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head to the very ears, but that he neither was nor could be a Jacobin; that the Revolution had been suffered to extend even to that rabble of destroyers who, thinking of nothing but pillage, were ripe for anything, and might furnish the Assembly with a formidable army ready to undermine the remains of a throne already too much shaken. Whilst speaking, with the utmost ardour he seized the Queen's hand and kissed it with transport, exclaiming, "Suffer yourself to be saved." The Queen told me that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on; that the whole of his conduct was so well known that, undoubtedly, the wisest course was not to trust to it; that, moreover, the Princes particularly recommended that no confidence should be placed in any proposition emanating from within the kingdom; that the force without became imposing, and that it was better to rely upon their success and upon the protection due from Heaven to a Sovereign so virtuous as Louis XVI. and to so just a cause.

The Constitutionals, on their part, saw that there had been nothing more than a mere pretence of listening to them. Barnave's last advice was as to the means of continuing a few weeks longer the Constitutional Guard, which had been denounced to the Assembly and was to be disbanded. The denunciation against the Constitutional Guard affected only *its staff and the Duke de Brissac*. Barnave wrote to the Queen that the staff of the guard was already attacked; that the Assembly was about to pass a decree to reduce it, and he entreated her to prevail on the King, the very instant the decree should appear, to form the staff afresh, and to make it up of persons whose names he sent her. I did not see the list, but Barnave said that all who were set down in it passed for decided Jacobins, but were not so in fact; that they, as well as himself, were in despair at seeing the monarchical government attacked; that they had learned to dissemble their sentiments, and that it would be at least a fortnight before the Assembly could know them well, and certainly before it could succeed in making them unpopular; that it would be necessary to take advantage of that short space of time to get away from Paris, and that immediately after the nomination of those whom he pointed out. The Queen was of opinion that she ought not to yield to this advice. The Duke de Brissac was sent to Orleans, and the guard was reduced.

Barnave, seeing that the Queen did not follow his counsel in anything, and convinced that she placed all her reliance on assistance from abroad, determined to quit Paris. He obtained a last audience. "Your misfortunes, madam," said he, "and those which I anticipate for France, determined me to sacrifice myself to serve you. I see that my advice does not agree with the views of Your Majesties. I augur but little advantage from the plan you are induced to pursue; you are too remote from your supports; you will be lost before they reach you. Most ardently do I wish I may be mistaken in so lamentable a prediction; but I am sure to lose my head for interesting myself in your misfortunes and for

the services I have sought to render you. I request, for my sole reward, the honour of kissing your hand." The Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, granted him that favour, and remained impressed with the most favourable idea of this deputy's elevated sentiments. Madame Elizabeth participated in this opinion, and the two Princesses frequently spoke of Barnave. She also received J. Duport several times, but with less mystery. Her connection with the Constitutional deputies transpired. Alexandre de Lameth was the only one of the three who survived the vengeance of the Jacobins.

The National Guard, which succeeded the King's Guard, having occupied the gates of the Thuileries, all who came to see the Queen were incessantly insulted with impunity.

The most menacing cries were uttered aloud even in the Thuileries: they called for the destruction of the throne and the murder of the Sovereign. These insults assumed the character of the very lowest of the mob. The Queen one day, hearing roars of laughter under her windows, desired me to see what it was about. I saw a man almost undressed turning his back towards her apartments. My astonishment and indignation were apparent. The Queen rose to come forward; I held her back, telling her that it was a very gross insult offered by one of the rabble.

About this time the King fell into a state of despondence which amounted almost to physical helplessness. He passed ten successive days without uttering a single word, even in the bosom of his family; except, indeed, in playing at backgammon with Madame Elizabeth, when he was obliged to pronounce the words belonging to that game. The Queen roused him from this state, so fatal at a critical period, when every minute increased the necessity for action, by throwing herself at his feet, urging every idea calculated to excite alarm, and employing every affectionate expression. She represented also what he owed to his family, and went so far as to tell him that, if they were doomed to fall, they ought to

fall honourably, and not wait to be both smothered upon the floor of their apartment.

About the 15th of June the King refused his sanction to the two decrees ordaining the deportation of priests and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He wished himself to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to burst forth. The Queen insisted upon the *veto*, and reproached herself bitterly when this last act of the Constitutional authority had occasioned the scenes of the 20th of June.

A few days previously above twenty thousand men had gone to the Commune to announce that on the 20th they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the King respecting the *veto* which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the gardens of the Thuileries and marched under the Queen's windows. It consisted of people who called themselves the citizens of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau. Covered as they were with filthy clothes, they all bore the most terrifying appearance, and the steam from them infected the air. People asked each other whence such an army could come—nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June this mob thronged about the Thuileries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting, "The nation for ever! Down with the *veto*!" The King was without guards. Some of these demoniacs rushed up to his apartment. The door was about to be forced in when the King commanded that it should be opened. MM. de Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parois, d'Aubier, Acloque,* Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septenil, the King's

* A citizen of Paris, commandant of battalion, who, during the whole of the Revolution was, both in virtue and conduct, in direct opposition to the regicide Santerre.

first *valet de chambre*, instantly ran to His Majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out, "Put the King in the recess of the window, and place benches before him." Six Royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles Saint Thomas made their way by an inner staircase and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. de Bougainville saved the King from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a Pole named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The King's brave defenders said, "Sire, fear nothing." The King's reply is well known: "Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid or not." M. Vanot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the King's person; a grenadier of the Filles Saint Thomas parried a sword-thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments. When she reached the door of his room she heard loud threats of death against the Queen—they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah! let them think I am the Queen," said she to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The Queen could not join the King. She was in the council chamber, where the idea had also been suggested of placing her behind the great table to protect her as much as possible against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the Dauphin before her seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau surrounded her. She had fixed a tricoloured cockade, which one of the National Guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little Dauphin was, as well as the King, shrouded in an enormous red cap. The horde passed in files before the table; the standards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words "Marie

Antoinette à la lanterne" were written beneath it. Another was a board to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with an inscription round it, "Heart of Louis XVI."; and then a third showed the horns of an ox, with an obscene legend.

One of the most furious Jacobin women who marched with these wretches stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her Majesty asked her whether she had ever seen her. She replied that she had not. Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, "It is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," answered the Queen; "you are deceived. As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman. I shall never see my own country again. I can be happy or unhappy only in France. I was happy when you loved me." The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said, "It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

Santerre, the monarch of the faubourgs, made his subjects file off as quickly as he could; and it was thought at the time that he was ignorant of the object of this insurrection, which was the murder of the Royal Family. However, it was eight o'clock in the evening before the palace was completely cleared. Twelve deputies, impelled by their attachment to the King's person, came and ranged themselves near him at the very commencement of the insurrection; but the deputation from the Assembly did not reach the Thuileries until six in the evening. All the doors of the apartments were broken. The Queen pointed out to the deputies the state of the King's palace, and the disgraceful manner in which his asylum had been violated under the very eyes of the Assembly. She saw that Merlin de Thionville was so much affected as to shed tears while she spoke. "You weep, M. Merlin," she said to him, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy."

"True, madam," replied Merlin; "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake—not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen. I hate kings and queens; it is the only feeling they inspire me with: it is my religion." The Queen could not understand this madness, and saw all that was to be apprehended from persons who were seized with it.

All hope was gone, and nothing was thought of but succour from abroad. The Queen entreated her family and the King's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and expressed her apprehensions upon the tardiness of relief. Her Majesty read me one to herself from the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Low Countries. She reproached her for some of her expressions, and told her that those out of France were at least as much alarmed as herself at the King's situation and her own; but that the manner of attempting to assist her might either save her or endanger her safety; and that the members of the Coalition were bound to act prudently, entrusted as they were with interests so dear to them.

The 14th of July, fixed by the Constitution as the anniversary of the independence of the nation, drew near. The King and Queen were compelled to make their appearance on the occasion. Aware that the plot of the 20th of June had for its object their assassination, they had no doubt but that their death was determined on for the day of this national festival. The Queen was recommended, in order to give the King's friends time to defend him if the attack should be made, to guard him against the first stroke of a dagger by making him wear a breastplate. I was directed to get one made in my apartments: it was composed of fifteen folds of Italian taffety, formed into an under-waistcoat and a wide belt. This breastplate was tried; it resisted all thrusts of the dagger, and several balls fired for the purpose were turned aside by it. When it was completed, the difficulty was to let the King try it on without running the

risk of being surprised. I wore the immense heavy waistcoat as an under-petticoat for three days without being able to find the favourable moment. At length the King found an opportunity one morning to pull off his coat in the Queen's chamber and try on the breast-plate.*

The Queen was in bed. The King pulled me gently by the gown and drew me as far as he could from the Queen's bed, and said to me in a very low tone of voice, "It is to satisfy her that I submit to this inconvenience; they will not assassinate me; their scheme is changed; they will put me to death another way." The Queen heard the King whispering to me, and when he was gone out she asked me what he had said. I hesitated to answer; she insisted that I should, saying that nothing must be concealed from her, and that she was resigned upon every point. When she was informed of the King's remark she told me she had guessed it; that he had long since observed to her that all which was going forward in France was an imitation of the revolution in England in the time of Charles I.; and that he was incessantly reading the history of that unfortunate monarch, in order that he might act better than Charles had done at a similar crisis. "I begin to be fearful of the King being brought to trial," continued the Queen; "as to me, I am a foreigner; they will assassinate me. What will become of my poor children?" These sad ejaculations were followed by a torrent of tears. I wished to give her an antispasmodic; she refused it, saying that it was only for women who were happy to feel nervous, and that the cruel situation to which she was reduced rendered these remedies useless. In fact the Queen, who during her happier days was frequently attacked by hysterical disorders, enjoyed a more uniform state of health when all the faculties of her soul were called forth to support her physical strength.

I had prepared a corset for her, for the same purpose as

* M. Gentil, the first valet of the wardrobe, assisted me to try on this under-waistcoat which the King wore on the 14th of July, 1792, but M. de Paris had a second made a few days before the 10th of August.

the King's under-waistcoat, without her knowledge, but she would not make use of it; all my entreaties, all my tears, were in vain. "If the rebels assassinate me," she replied, "it will be a fortunate event for me; they will deliver me from a most painful existence." A few days after the King had tried on his breastplate I met him upon a back staircase, and drew back to let him pass. He stopped and took my hand. I wished to kiss his; he would not suffer it, he drew me towards him by the hand and kissed both my cheeks without saying a single word. This silent mark of his approbation so confused me that I should afterwards have confounded the remembrance of it with the dreams which frequently brought my unhappy Sovereigns again before me, if my sisters had not reminded me that I had communicated this proof of the King's goodness to them shortly after he had given it.

The fear of another attack upon the Thuileries occasioned the most scrupulous searches among the King's papers. I burnt almost all those belonging to the Queen. She put her family letters, a great deal of correspondence which she thought it necessary to preserve for the history of the era of the Revolution, and particularly Barnave's letters and her answers, of which she had preserved copies, into a portfolio, which she entrusted to M. de J——. That gentleman was unable to save this deposit, and it was burnt. The Queen left a few papers in her *secrétaire*. Among them was a paper of instructions to Madame de Tourzel, respecting the dispositions of her children, and the characters and abilities of the governesses under that lady's orders. This paper, which the Queen drew up at the time of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, with several letters from Maria Theresa, filled with the best advice and the most laudible instructions, were printed after the 10th of August by order of the Assembly in the collection of papers found in the *secrétaires* of the King and Queen.

Her Majesty had still, without reckoning the current money of the month, 140,000 francs in gold. She was desirous of depositing the whole of it with me; but I

advised her to retain 1,500 louis, as a sum of rather considerable amount might the next moment be very necessary for her. The King had an immense quantity of papers, and unfortunately conceived the idea of privately making a place of concealment in an inner corridor of his apartments, with the assistance of a locksmith who had worked with him above ten years. The place of concealment, but for the man's information, would have been long undiscovered. The wall in which it was made was painted to imitate stone-work, and the opening was entirely concealed among the brown grooves which formed the shaded part of these painted stones. But even before this locksmith had denounced what was afterwards called "the iron closet" to the Assembly, the Queen was aware that he had talked of it to some of his friends, and that this man, in whom the King, from long habit, placed too much confidence, was a Jacobin. She warned the King of it, and prevailed on him to fill a very large portfolio with all the papers he was most interested in preserving, and entrust it to me. She entreated him, in my presence, to leave nothing in this closet; and the King, in order to quiet her, told her that he had left nothing there. I would have taken the portfolio and carried it to my apartment, but it was too heavy for me to lift. The King said he would carry it himself. I went before him to open the doors. When he placed the portfolio in my inner closet he merely said, "The Queen will tell you what it contains." Upon my return to the Queen I put the question to her, deeming from what the King had said that it was necessary I should know. "They are," the Queen answered me, "such documents as would be most dangerous to the King should they go so far as to proceed to a trial against him. But what he most wishes me to tell you is, no doubt, that the portfolio contains a *procès-verbal* of a cabinet council, in which the King gave his opinion against war. He had it signed by all the ministers, and, in case of a proceeding, he trusts that this document will be very useful to him." I asked

the Queen to whom she thought I ought to commit the portfolio. "To whom you please," answered she; "*you alone are answerable for it.* Do not quit the palace, even during your vacation months; there may be circumstances under which it would be very desirable that we should be able to have it instantly."

At this period M. de la Fayette, who had probably given up the idea of establishing a republic in France similar to that of the United States, and was desirous to support the first Constitution, which he had sworn to defend, quitted his army and came to the Assembly for the purpose of supporting by his presence and by an energetic speech a petition, signed by twenty thousand citizens, against the late violation of the residence of the King and his family. The General found the Constitutional party powerless, and saw that he himself had lost his popularity. The Assembly disapproved of the step he had taken; the King, for whom it was taken, showed no satisfaction at it, and he saw himself compelled to return to his army as quickly as he could. He thought he could rely on the National Guard; but on the day of his arrival those officers who were in the King's interest enquired of His Majesty whether they were to forward the views of General La Fayette by joining him in such measures as he should pursue during his stay at Paris. The King enjoined them not to do so. From this answer M. de la Fayette perceived that he was abandoned by the remainder of his party in the Paris Guard.

Upon his arrival a plan was presented to the Queen in which it was proposed, by a junction between La Fayette's army and the King's party, to rescue the Royal Family and convey them to Rouen. I did not learn the particulars of this plan; the Queen only said to me upon the subject that "M. de la Fayette was offered to them as a resource, but that it would be better for them to perish than to owe their safety to the man who had done them the most mischief, or to place themselves under the necessity of treating with him."

CHAPTER XX

I passed the whole month of July without going to bed ; I was fearful of some attack by night. There was one plot against the Queen's life which has never been made known. I was alone by her bedside at one o'clock in the morning ; we heard somebody walking softly along the corridor which passes along the whole line of her apartments, and which was then locked at each end. I went out to fetch the *valet de chambre ;* he entered the corridor, and the Queen and myself soon heard the noise of two men fighting. The unfortunate Princess held me locked in her arms, and said to me, " What a situation ! insults by day and assassins by night ! " The *valet de chambre* cried out to her from the corridor, " Madam, I know the wretch ; I have him." " Let him go," said the Queen ; " open the door to him ; he came to murder me ; the Jacobins would carry him about in triumph to-morrow." The man was a servant of the King's toilette, who had taken the key of the corridor out of His Majesty's pocket, after he was in bed, no doubt with the intention of committing the crime suspected. The *valet de chambre,* who was a very strong man, held him by the wrists and thrust him out at the door. The wretch did not speak a word. The *valet de chambre* said, in answer to the Queen, who spoke to him gratefully of the danger to which he had exposed himself, that " he feared nothing, and that he had always a pair of excellent pistols about him for no other purpose than to defend Her Majesty."

On the next day M. de Septenil had all the locks of the King's inner apartments changed ; I did the same by those of the Queen.

We were every moment told that the Faubourg St. Antoine was preparing to march against the Palace. At four o'clock one morning, towards the latter end of July, a person came to give me information to that effect. I instantly sent off two men on whom I could rely, with orders to proceed to the usual places for assembling and to come back speedily and give me an account of the state of the city. We knew that at least an hour must elapse before the populace of the faubourgs assembled upon the

site of the Bastille could reach the Thuileries. It seemed to me sufficient for the Queen's safety that all about her should be awakened. I went softly into her room ; she was asleep ; I did not awaken her. I found General de W—— in the great closet ; he told me the meeting was for this once dispersing. The General had endeavoured to please the populace by the same means that M. de la Fayette had employed. He saluted the lowest *poissarde*, and lowered his hat down to his very stirrup. But the populace, who had been flattered for three years, required far different homage to its power, and the poor man was unnoticed. The King had been awakened, and so had Madame Elizabeth, who had gone to him. The Queen, yielding to the weight of her griefs, slept till nine o'clock on that day, which was very unusual with her. The King had already been to know whether she was awake. I told him what I had done, and the care I had taken not to disturb her rest. He thanked me, and said, " I was awake and so was the whole Palace ; she ran no risk. I am very glad to see her take a little rest. Alas ! her griefs double mine ! " added the King as he left me. What was my chagrin when, upon awaking and learning what had passed, the Queen began to weep bitterly from regret at not having been called, and to upbraid me, on whose friendship she ought to have been able to rely, for having served her so ill under such circumstances ! In vain did I reiterate that it had been only a false alarm, and that it was necessary for her to recruit her strength. " It is not diminished," said she ; " misfortune gives us additional strength. Elizabeth was with the King, and I was asleep !—I who am determined to perish by his side. I am his wife ; I will not suffer him to incur the smallest risk without my sharing it."[1]

CHAPTER XXI

DURING the month of July the correspondence of M. Bertrand de Molleville with the King and Queen was most active. M. de Marsilly, formerly a lieutenant of the *Cent Suisses* of the Guard, was the bearer of the letters. He came to me the first time with a note from the Queen directed to M. Bertrand himself. In this note the Queen said: "Address yourself with full confidence to Madame Campan; the conduct of her brother in Russia has not at all influenced her sentiments; she is wholly devoted to us; and if hereafter you should have anything to say to us verbally, you may rely entirely upon her self-devotion and discretion."

The mobs which gathered almost nightly in the faubourgs alarmed the Queen's friends; they entreated her not to sleep in her room on the ground floor of the Thuileries. She removed to the first floor, to a room which was between the King's apartments and those of the Dauphin. Being awake always from daybreak, she ordered that neither the shutters nor the window blinds should be closed, that her long, sleepless nights might be the less weary. About the middle of one of these nights, when the moon was shining into her bed-chamber, she gazed at it, and told me that in a month she should not see that moon, unless freed from her chains and beholding the King at liberty. She then imparted to me all that was being done to deliver them, but said that the opinions of their intimate advisers were alarmingly at variance—that some vouched for complete success, while others pointed out insurmountable dangers. She added that she possessed the itinerary of the march of the Princes and the King of Prussia; that on such a day they would be at Verdun; on another day at such a

place; that Lisle was about to be besieged, but that M. de J——, whose prudence and intelligence the King as well as herself highly valued, alarmed them much respecting the success of that siege, and made them apprehensive that, even were the commandant devoted to them, the civil authority, which by the Constitution gave great power to the mayors of towns, would overrule the military commandant. She was also very uneasy as to what would take place at Paris during the interval, and spoke to me upon the King's want of energy, but always in terms expressive of her veneration of his virtues and her attachment to himself. "The King," said she, "is not a coward; he possesses abundance of passive courage, but he is overwhelmed by an awkward shyness, a distrust of himself, which proceeds from his education as much as from his disposition. He is afraid to command, and above all things dreads speaking to assembled numbers. He lived like a child, and always ill at ease, under the eyes of Louis XV., until the age of twenty-one. This constraint confirmed his timidity. Circumstanced as we are, a few well-delivered words addressed to the Parisians, who are devoted to him, would multiply the strength of our party a hundredfold. He will not utter them. What can we expect from those addresses to the people which he has been advised to post up? Nothing but fresh outrages. As for myself, I could do anything, and would appear on horseback if necessary. But if I were really to begin to act, that would be furnishing arms to the King's enemies; the cry against the Austrian and against the sway of a female would become general in France, and moreover, by showing myself, I should render the King a mere nothing. A Queen who is not Regent ought, under these circumstances, to remain passive and prepare to die."

The garden of the Thuileries was filled with a mob, who insulted all who seemed to side with the Court. The "Life of Marie Antoinette" was cried under the Queen's windows; infamous plates were annexed to the book, which hawkers showed to the passers-by. On all sides

were heard the jubilant outcries of a people in a state of delirium almost as frightful as the explosion of their rage. The Queen and her children being unable to breathe the open air any longer, it was determined that the garden of the Thuileries should be closed. As soon as this step was taken the Assembly decreed that the whole length of the terrace of the Thuileries belonged to it, and fixed the boundary between what was called the "National ground" and the "Coblentz ground" by a tricoloured ribbon stretched from one end of the terrace to the other. All good citizens were ordered, by notices affixed to it, not to go down into the garden, under pain of being treated in the same manner as Foulon and Berthier.* The shutting-up of the Thuileries did not enable the Queen and her children to walk in the garden. The people on the terrace sent forth dreadful howls, and she was twice compelled to return to her apartments.

In the early part of August many zealous persons offered the King money. He refused considerable sums, being unwilling to injure the fortunes of individuals. M. de la Ferté, Intendant of the Menus Plaisirs, brought me a thousand louis, requesting me to lay them at the feet of the Queen. He thought she could not have too much money at so perilous a time, and that every good Frenchman should hasten to place all his ready money in her hands. She refused this sum, and others of much greater amount which were offered to her.† However, a few days afterwards she told me that she would accept of M. de la Ferté's 24,000 francs, because they would make up a sum which the King had to expend. She therefore directed me to go and receive those 24,000

* A young man who did not perceive this written order went down into the garden. Furious outcries, threats of "La lanterne," and the crowd of people which collected upon the terrace, warned him of his imprudence and the danger which he ran. He immediately pulled off his shoes, took out his handkerchief and wiped the dust from off their soles. The people cried out, "Bravo! the good citizen for ever!" He was carried off in triumph.

† M. Auguié, my brother-in-law, Receiver-General of the Finances, offered her, through the medium of his wife, a portfolio containing 100,000 crowns in paper money. On this occasion the Queen said the most affecting things to my sister expressive of her happiness at having contributed to the fortunes of such faithful subjects as herself and her husband, but declined accepting her offer.

francs, to add them to the 100,000 francs she had placed in my hands, and to change the whole into assignats to increase their amount. Her orders were executed, and the assignats were delivered to the King. The Queen informed me that Madame Elizabeth had found a well-meaning man, who had engaged to gain over Pétion by the bribe of a large sum of money, and that that deputy would, by a preconcerted signal, inform the King of the success of the project. His Majesty soon had an opportunity of seeing Pétion, and on the Queen asking him before me if he was satisfied with him, the King replied: "Neither more nor less satisfied than usual; he did not make the concerted signal, and I believe I have been cheated." The Queen then condescended to explain the whole of the enigma to me. "Pétion," said she, "was, while talking to the King, to have kept his finger fixed upon his right eye for at least two seconds." "He did not even put his hand up to his chin," said the King. "After all, it is but so much money stolen; the thief will not boast of it, and the affair will remain a secret. Let us talk of something else." He turned to me and said, "Your father was an intimate friend of Mandat, who now commands the National Guard. Describe him to me; what ought I to expect from him?" I answered that he was one of the most faithful subjects of His Majesty, but that, while he possessed a great deal of loyalty, he had likewise very little sense, and that he was involved in the Constitutional vortex. "I understand," said the King; "he is a man who would defend my palace and my person because that is enjoined by the Constitution which he has sworn to support, but who would fight against the party in favour of Sovereign authority; it is well to know this with certainty."

On the next day the Princess de Lamballe sent for me very early in the morning. I found her sitting upon a sofa opposite to a window looking out upon the Pont-Royal. She then occupied that apartment of the Pavilion of Flora which was on a level with that of the

Queen. She desired me to sit down by her. Her Highness had a writing-desk upon her knees. "You have had many enemies," said she. "Attempts have been made to deprive you of the Queen's favour; they have been far from successful. Do you know that even I myself, not being so well acquainted with you as the Queen, was rendered suspicious of you, and that upon the arrival of the Court at the Thuileries I gave you a companion to be a spy upon you,* and that I had another belonging to the police placed at your door! I was assured that you received five or six of the most virulent deputies of the Tiers Etat, but this report came from that woman belonging to the wardrobe who was lodged above you. In short," said the Princess, "persons of integrity have nothing to fear from the evil-disposed when they belong to so upright a Prince as the King. As to the Queen, she knows you and has loved you ever since she came into France. You shall judge of the King's opinion of you. It was yesterday eve ing decided in the family circle that, at a time when the Thuileries is likely to be attacked, it was necessary to have the most faithful account of the opinions and conduct of all the individuals composing the Queen's service. The King takes the same precaution on his part respecting all who are about him. He said there was with him a person of great integrity to whom he would commit this enquiry, and that with regard to the Queen's household you must be spoken to; that he had long studied your character, and that he esteemed your veracity."

The Princess had the names of all who belonged to the Queen's chamber upon her desk. She asked me for information respecting each individual. At such a moment honour and duty efface even the recollection of enmity. I was fortunate in having none but the most favourable information to give. I had to speak of my

* This was M. de P——, who afterwards owned it to me, telling me that, though he did accept of this base employment, it was because he was sure that my acquaintance consisted only of Royalists, and that, moreover, he did not doubt the sincerity of my sentiments.

avowed enemy in the Queen's chamber, of her who most wished to make me responsible for my brother's political opinions. The Princess, as the head of the chamber, could not be ignorant of this circumstance, but as the woman in question, who idolised the King and Queen, would not have hesitated to sacrifice her life in order to save theirs, and as possibly her attachment to them, united to considerable narrowness of intellect and a limited education, contributed to her jealousy of me, I spoke of her in the highest terms.

The Princess wrote as I dictated, and occasionally looked at me with astonishment. When I had done I entreated Her Highness to write down in the margin that the lady alluded to was my declared enemy. She embraced me, saying, "Ah! write it! we should not record an injustice which ought to be forgotten." We came to the name of a man of genius, who was much attached to the Queen. I described him as a man born solely for disputation, showing himself, out of a mere spirit of contradiction, an aristocrat with democrats and a democrat among aristocrats, but still a man of probity and well affected to his Sovereign. The Princess said she knew many persons of that disposition, and that she was delighted I had nothing to say against this man, because she herself had placed him about the Queen.

The whole of Her Majesty's chamber, which consisted entirely of persons of fidelity, gave throughout all the dreadful convulsions of the Revolution proofs of the greatest prudence and the most absolute self-devotion. The same cannot be said of the ante-chambers. With the exception of three or four, all the servants of that class were outrageous Jacobins; and I saw on those occasions the necessity of composing the private household of Princes of persons completely separated from the class of the people.

The situation of the Royal Family was so unbearable during the months which immediately preceded the 10th of August that the Queen longed for the coming of the

crisis, whatever might be its issue. She frequently said that a long confinement in a tower by the seaside would seem to her less intolerable than those feuds in which the weakness of her party daily threatened an inevitable catastrophe.

Not only were Their Majesties prevented from breathing the open air, but they were also insulted at the very foot of the altar. The Sunday before the last day of the monarchy, while the Royal Family went through the gallery to the chapel, half the soldiers of the National Guard exclaimed, "Long live the King!" and the other half, "No! no King! down with the *veto*!" and on that day, at vespers, the choristers preconcerted to increase the loudness of their voices threefold, in an alarming manner, when they chanted the words, "Deposuit potentes de sede," in the *Magnificat*. Incensed at such an infamous proceeding, the Royalists, in their turn, thrice exclaimed, "Et reginam" after the "Domine salvum fac regem." The tumult during the whole time of Divine service was excessive.

At length arrived that terrible night of the 10th of August. On the preceding evening Pétion went to the Assembly and informed it that preparations were making for a great insurrection on the following day; that the tocsin would sound at midnight; and that he feared he had not sufficient means for resisting the attack which was about to take place. Upon this information the Assembly passed to the order of the day. Pétion, however, gave an order for repelling force by force. M. Mandat was armed with this order, and, finding his fidelity to the King's person supported by what he considered the law of the State, he conducted himself, in all his operations, with the greatest energy. On the evening of the 9th I was present at the King's supper. While His Majesty was giving me various orders we heard a great noise at the door of the apartment. I went to see what was the cause of it, and I found the two sentinels fighting. One said, speaking of the King, that he was hearty in the cause of the Constitution, and would

defend it at the peril of his life; the other maintained that he was an incumbrance to the only Constitution suitable to a free people. They were near destroying each other. I returned with a countenance which betrayed my emotion. The King desired to know what was going forward at his door: I could not conceal it from him. The Queen said she was not at all surprised at it, and that more than half the guard belonged to the Jacobin party.

The tocsin sounded at midnight. The Swiss were drawn up like real walls; and, in the midst of their soldier-like silence, which formed a striking contrast to the perpetual din of the town guard, the King informed M. de J——, an officer of the staff, of the plan of defence laid down by General Vioménil. M. de J—— said to me, after this private conference, "Put your jewels and money into your pockets. Our dangers are unavoidable; the means of defence are unavailing; safety might be obtained from some degree of energy in the King, but that is the only virtue in which he is deficient."

An hour after midnight the Queen and Madame Elizabeth said they would lie down on a sofa in a closet in the *entresols*, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the Thuileries.

The Queen told me the King had just refused to put on his quilted under-waistcoat; that he had consented to wear it on the 14th of July because he was merely going to a ceremony, where the blade of an assassin was to be apprehended; but that on a day on which his party might fight against the revolutionists he thought there was something cowardly in preserving his life by such means.

During this time Madame Elizabeth disengaged herself of some of her clothing which encumbered her in order to lie down on the sofa: she took a cornelian pin out of her tippet, and before she laid it down on the table, she showed it to me, and desired me to read a motto engraved upon it round a stalk of lilies. The words were, "*Oblivion of injuries—pardon for offences.*"

"I much fear," added that virtuous Princess, "that this maxim has but little influence among our enemies; but it ought not to be less dear to us on that account."*

The Queen desired me to sit down by her. The two Princesses could not sleep; they were conversing mournfully upon their situation when a musket was discharged in the courtyard. They both quitted the sofa, saying, "There is the first shot; unfortunately it will not be the last. Let us go up to the King." The Queen desired me to follow her; several of her women went with me.

At four o'clock the Queen came out of the King's chamber and told us she had no longer any hope, that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to receive further orders, had just been assassinated, and that the people were at that time carrying his head about the streets. Day came; the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame and the Dauphin went down to pass through the ranks of the sections of the National Guard: the cry of "Vive le Roi!" was heard from a few places. I was at a window on the garden side; I saw some of the gunners quit their posts, go up to the King and thrust their fists in his face, insulting him by the most brutal language. MM. de Salvert and de Bridges drove them off in a spirited manner. The King was as pale as a corpse. The Royal Family came in again; the Queen told me that all was lost; that the King had shown no energy, and that this sort of review had done more harm than good.

I was in the billiard-room with my companions; we placed ourselves upon some high benches. I then saw

* The Princess did not take this precious trinket when she quitted the Queen's *entresol*. Into what hands did it fall? It would adorn the richest treasury.

The exalted piety of Madame Elizabeth gave to all she said and did a noble character, descriptive of that of her soul. On the day on which this worthy descendant of St. Louis was sacrificed, the executioner, in tying her hands behind her back, raised up one of the ends of her handkerchief in front. Madame Elizabeth, with calmness, and with a voice which seemed not to belong to earth, said to him, "In the name of modesty, cover my bosom." I learned this trait of heroism from Madame de Serilly, who was condemned the same day as the Princess, but who obtained a respite at the moment of the execution, Madame de Montmorin, her relation, declaring that her cousin was pregnant.

M. d'Hervilly, with a drawn sword in his hand, ordering the usher to open the door to the French *noblesse*. Two hundred persons entered the room which was nearest to that in which the family were; others also drew up in two lines in the preceding rooms. I saw a few people belonging to the Court, many others whose features were unknown to me, and a few who figured ridiculously enough among what was called the *noblesse*, but whose self-devotion ennobled them at once. They were all so badly armed that even in that situation the French vivacity, which yields to nothing, indulged in jests upon that which was no jesting matter. M. de Saint-Souplet, one of the King's equerries, and a page, instead of muskets, carried upon their shoulders the tongs belonging to the King's ante-chamber, which they had broken and divided between them. Another page, who had a pocket-pistol in his hand, stuck the end of it against the back of the person who stood before him, and who begged he would be good enough to rest it elsewhere. A sword and a pair of pistols were the only arms of those who had had the precaution to provide themselves with arms at all. Meanwhile the numerous bands from the faubourgs, armed with pikes and cutlasses, filled the Carrousel and the streets adjacent to the Thuileries. The sanguinary Marseillais were at their head, with cannon pointed against the castle. In this emergency the King's council sent M. Dejoly, the Minister of Justice, to the Assembly to request they would send the King a deputation which might serve as a safeguard to the executive power. Its ruin was resolved on—they passed to the order of the day. At eight o'clock the department repaired to the castle; the *procureur-syndic*, seeing that the guard within was ready to join the assailants, went into the King's closet and requested to speak to him in private. The King received him in his chamber; the Queen was with him. There M. Rœderer told him that the King, all his family and the people about them would inevitably fall unless His Majesty immediately determined to go to the

National Assembly. The Queen at first opposed this advice; but the *procureur-syndic* told her that she rendered herself responsible for the deaths of the King, her children and all who were in the palace; upon this she no longer objected. The King then consented to go to the Assembly. As he set out he said to the minister and persons who surrounded him, "Come, gentlemen, there is nothing more to be done here." The Queen said to me as she left the King's chamber, "Wait in my apartments; I will come to you, or I will send for you, to go—I know not whither." She took with her only the Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel. The Princess de Tarente and Madame de la Roche-Aymon were inconsolable at being left at the Thuileries. They, and all who belonged to the chamber, went down into the Queen's apartments.

We saw the Royal Family pass between two lines formed by the Swiss grenadiers and those of the battalions of the Petits Pères and the Filles Saint Thomas. They were so pressed upon by the crowd that during that short passage the Queen was robbed of her watch and purse. A man of frightful height and atrocious appearance—one of such as were to be seen at the head of all the insurrections—drew near the Dauphin, whom the Queen was leading by the hand, and took him up in his arms. The Queen uttered a scream of terror, and was ready to faint. The man said to her, "Don't be frightened; I will do him no harm"; and he gave him back to her at the entrance of the chamber.

I leave to history all the details of that too memorable day, confining myself to retracing a few of the frightful scenes enacted in the interior of the Thuileries after the King had quitted the palace.

The assailants did not know that the King and his family had betaken themselves to the bosom of the Assembly; and those who defended the palace on the court side were equally ignorant of it. It is supposed that if they had been aware of the fact the siege would never have taken place.

The Marseillais began by driving several Swiss, who yielded without resistance, from their posts. A few of the assailants fired upon them. Some of the Swiss officers, unable to contain themselves at seeing their men fall thus, and perhaps thinking the King was still at the Thuileries, gave the word to a whole battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into disorder, and the Carrousel was cleared in a moment; but they soon returned, spurred on by rage and revenge. The Swiss were but 800 strong; they fell back into the interior of the castle. Some of the doors were battered in by the guns, others broken through with hatchets; the populace rushed from all quarters into the interior of the palace; almost all the Swiss were massacred. The Nobles, flying through the gallery which leads to the Louvre, were either stabbed or pistolled, and the bodies were thrown out of the windows. M. Pallas and M. de Marchais, ushers of the King's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber; many others of the King's servants fell, victims of their attachment to their master. I mention these two persons in particular because, with their hats pulled over their brows and their swords in their hands, they exclaimed, as they defended themselves with unavailing but praiseworthy courage: "We will not survive. This is our post—our duty is to die at it." M. Diet acted in the same manner at the door of the Queen's bed-chamber; he experienced the same fate. The Princess de Tarente had fortunately opened the door of the entrance into the apartments, otherwise the dreadful band, seeing several women collected in the Queen's saloon, would have fancied she was among us, and would immediately have massacred us if their rage had been increased by resistance. However, we were all about to perish, when a man with a long beard came up, exclaiming, in the name of Pétion, "Spare the women! don't disgrace the nation!" A particular circumstance placed me in greater danger than the others. In my confusion I imagined, a moment before the assailants entered the Queen's apartments,

that my sister was not among the group of women collected there, and I went up into an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, fancying it of consequence to our safety that we should not be separated. I did not find her in the room in question ; I saw there only our two *femmes de chambre* and one of the Queen's two *heydukes*—a man of great height and a perfectly martial aspect. I cried out to him, " Fly ! the footmen and our people are already safe." " I cannot," said the man to me ; " I am dying of fear." As he spoke, I heard a number of men rushing hastily up the staircase. They threw themselves upon him, and I saw him assassinated. I ran towards the staircase, followed by our women. The murderers left the *heyduke* to come to me. The women threw themselves at their feet and held their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the assassins, but I had already felt a horrid hand thrust down my back to seize me by my clothes, when someone called out from the bottom of the staircase, " What are you doing above there ? " The terrible Marseillais who was going to massacre me answered by a " *Heu !* " the sound of which will never escape my memory. The other voice replied with these words, " We don't kill women."

I was on my knees. My executioner quitted his hold of me, and said, " Get up, you jade ; the nation pardons you."

The brutality of these words did not prevent me from suddenly experiencing an indescribable feeling, which partook almost equally of the love of life and the idea that I was going to see my son and all that was dear to me again. A moment before I had thought less of death than of the pain which the steel suspended over my head would occasion me. Death is seldom seen so close without striking his blow. I can assert that upon such an occasion the organs, unless fainting ensues, are in full activity, and that I heard every syllable uttered by the assassins just as if I had been calm.

Five or six men seized me and my women, and having

made us get upon benches placed before the windows, ordered us to call out, " The nation for ever ! "

I passed over several corpses. I recognised that of the old Viscount de Broves, to whom the Queen had sent me, at the beginning of the night, to desire him and another old gentleman in her name to go home. These brave men desired I would tell Her Majesty that they had but too strictly obeyed the King's orders in all circumstances under which they ought to have exposed their own lives in order to preserve his, and that for this once they would not obey, but would cherish the recollection of the Queen's goodness.

Near the *grille*, on the side next the bridge, the men who conducted me asked whither I wished to go. Upon my asking in my turn whether they were at liberty to take me wherever I wished to go, one of them, who was a Marseillais, asked me, giving me at the same time a push with the butt end of his musket, whether I still doubted the power of the people ? I answered " No," and I mentioned the number of my father-in-law's house. I saw my sister ascending the steps of the parapet of the bridge, surrounded by men of the National Guard. I called to her, and she turned round. " Would you have her go with you ? " said my guardian to me. I told him I did wish it ; they then called to the people who were leading my sister to prison, and she joined me.

Madame de la Roche-Aymon and her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, Madame de Ginestoux, lady to the Princess de Lamballe, the other females of the Queen, and the old Count d'Affry, were led off together to the prisons of the Abbaye.

Our progress from the Palace of the Thuileries to my sister's house was most distressing. We saw several Swiss pursued and killed, and musket shots were crossing each other in all directions. We passed under the walls of the gallery of the Louvre ; they were firing from the parapet into the windows of the gallery, to hit the " Knights of the dagger," for thus did the populace

designate those faithful subjects who had assembled at the Thuileries to defend the King.

The brigands broke some vessels of water in the Queen's first ante-chamber; the mixture of blood and water stained the bottoms of our white gowns. The *poissardes* screamed after us in the streets that we were attached to "the Austrian." Our protectors then showed some consideration for us, and made us go up a gateway to pull off our gowns; but our petticoats being too short and making us look like persons in disguise, other *poissardes* began to bawl out that we were young Swiss dressed up like women. We then saw a tribe of female cannibals enter the street carrying the head of poor Mandat. Our guards hurriedly made us enter a little wine-shop, called for some wine, and desired us to drink with them. They assured the landlady that we were their sisters and good patriots. Happily the Marseillais had quitted us to return to the Thuileries. One of the men who remained with us said to me in an undertone, "I am a gauze-worker in the faubourg; I was forced to march; I am not for all this. I have not killed anybody, and have rescued you. You ran a great risk when we met the mad women who are carrying Mandat's head. These horrible women said yesterday, at midnight, upon the site of the Bastille, that they must have their revenge for the 6th of October at Versailles, and that they had sworn to kill the Queen and all the women attached to her. The danger of the action saved you all."

As I crossed the Carrousel I saw my house in flames; but as soon as the first moment of affright was over I thought no more of my personal misfortunes. My ideas turned solely upon the dreadful situation of the Queen.

On reaching my sister's we found all our family in despair, believing they should never see us again. I could not remain at her house; some of the mob around the door exclaimed that Marie Antoinette's confidante was in the house, and that they must have her head. I disguised myself, and was concealed at the house of

M. Morel, secretary for the lottery. On the morrow I was enquired for there in the name of the Queen. A deputy, whose sentiments were known to her, took upon himself to find me out.

I borrowed clothes and went with my sister to the Feuillans. We got there at the same time with M. Thierry de Ville-d'Avry, the King's first *valet de chambre*. We were taken into an office, where we wrote down our names and places of abode, and we received tickets for admission into the rooms belonging to Camus, the Keeper of the Archives, where the King was with his family.

As we entered the first room a person who was there said to me, "Ah! you are a good creature; but where is that Thierry*—that man loaded with his master's bounties?" "He is here," said I; "he is following me; and I perceive that even scenes of death do not banish jealous feelings from among you."

Having belonged to the Court from my earliest youth, I was known to many persons whom I did not know. As I traversed a corridor above the cloisters which led to the cells inhabited by the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family, several of the grenadiers spoke to me, calling me by my name. One of them said to me, "Well! the poor King is lost! The Count d'Artois would have managed it better." "Not a bit," said another.

The Royal Family occupied a small suite of apartments consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillans. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, M. de Saint-Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, MM. Goguelat, Chamilly and Huë. In the second we found the King; he was having his hair dressed. He took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without

* M. Thierry, who never ceased to give his Sovereign proofs of the most respectful and unalterable attachment, was one of the victims of the 2nd of September.

saying anything. In the third was the Queen, in bed, and in an indescribable state of affliction. We found her accompanied only by a bulky woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the keeper of the apartments; she waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women; come and see one still more unhappy than yourself, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she; "we are arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have alike contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like mad people, and others through ambition, for their own interests; for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and distinction, and the mob is eager for plunder—there is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France; everyone had a share in our misfortunes."

The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marchioness de Tourzel. On seeing them the Queen said to me, "Poor children! how heartrending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say, 'It ends with us!'" She afterwards conversed with me about the Thuileries and the persons who had fallen; she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. Without the smallest affectation I say it, I looked upon that loss as a mischance which ought not to dwell in her mind, and I told her so. She spoke of the Princess de Tarente, whom she greatly loved and valued, of Madame de la Roche-Aymon and her daughter, of other persons whom she had left at the palace, and of the Duchess de Luynes, who was to have passed the night at the Thuileries. Respecting her she said, "Hers was one of the first heads turned by the rage for that mischievous philosophy; but her heart

brought her back, and I again found a friend in her."* I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign Powers had done under existing circumstances. She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the private interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son.

I informed her that in the pillaging of my house all my accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expenditure was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature—a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission into the Committee of General Safety and to make this declaration there. I repaired thither instantly and found a deputy, with whose name I have never yet become acquainted. After hearing me, he said that "he would not receive my deposition, that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman, and that if any of those detached papers bearing her signature should be misapplied, she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related." The Queen regretted having sent me, and entertained an apprehension that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her. Then, again, she exclaimed, "My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin—all is over." She gave us an account of what had taken place subsequently to the King's arrival at the Assembly. It is all well known and I have no occasion to repeat it. I will merely mention that she told us, though with much

* During the Reign of Terror I withdrew to the Château de Coubertin, near that of De Dampierre. The Duchess de Luynes frequently came to request I would repeat to her what the Queen had said about her at the Feuillans. We wept together, and she would say as she went away, "I have often need to request you to repeat those words of the Queen."

delicacy, that she was not a little hurt at the King's conduct since he had been at the Feuillans; that his habit of laying no restraint upon himself, and his great appetite, had prompted him to eat as if he had been at his palace; that those who did not know him as she did, did not feel the piety and the magnanimity of his resignation—all which produced so bad an effect that deputies who were devoted to him had warned him of it, but that no change could be effected.

I still see in imagination—and shall always see—that narrow cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper; that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, aggravated her own! There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom her high birth, the endowments of Nature, and, above all, the goodness of her heart, had seemed to destine for the ornament of a throne and the happiness of her people! It is impossible for those who have lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette not to be fully convinced, even doing all justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been, from the moment of her arrival in France, the object of the care and affection of a Prince of decision and authority, she would have greatly contributed to the glory of his reign.

What affecting things I have heard the Queen say in the depth of her affliction, occasioned by the ill-founded opinion of a part of the Court and the whole of the people, that she did not love France! How did that opinion shock those who knew her heart and her sentiments! Twice did I see her on the point of going forth from her apartments in the Thuileries into the gardens, for the purpose of addressing the immense throng constantly assembled there to insult her. "Yes," exclaimed she, as she paced her chamber with hurried steps; "I will say to them, 'Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you that I do not love France! I, the mother of a Dauphin who will reign over this noble country! I, whom Providence has

seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa, am I not that one whom fortune has most highly favoured? And ought I not to feel all these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! What should I lose in France! Everything which flatters honourable pride and sensibility!'"

I protest I only repeat her own words here; but if, prompted by existing circumstances, her noble heart did at first send forth this burst of feeling, the soundness of her judgment soon pointed out to her the dangers of such a proceeding with regard to the people. "I should descend from the throne," said she, "merely, perhaps, to excite a momentary sympathy, which the factious would soon render more injurious than beneficial to me."

Yes, not only did Marie Antoinette love France, but few women possessed in greater vigour than herself that feeling of pride which the courage of Frenchmen must inspire. I could adduce a multitude of proofs of this; I will relate two traits which demonstrate the noblest national enthusiasm. The Queen was telling me that at the period of the coronation of the Emperor Francis II., that Prince, in bespeaking the admiration of a French general officer, who was then an emigrant, in favour of the fine appearance of his troops, said to him, "There are the men to beat your *sans-culottes!*" "That remains to be seen, Sire," instantly replied the officer. The Queen added, "I don't know the name of the brave Frenchman, but I will learn it; the King ought to be in possession of it." As she was reading the public papers a few days before the 10th of August, she observed that mention was made of the courage of a man who died in defending the flag he carried and shouting "Vive la nation!" "Ah! the fine fellow!" said the Queen; "what a happiness it would have been for us if such men had never left off crying 'Vive le Roi!'"

In all that I have hitherto said of this most unfortunate of women and of queens, those who did not

live with her, those who knew her but partially—and especially the majority of foreigners, prejudiced by infamous libels—may imagine I have thought it my duty to sacrifice truth on the altar of gratitude. Fortunately there are still in existence unexceptionable witnesses whom I can invoke ; they will declare whether what I assert that I have seen and heard appears to them either untrue or improbable.

CONCLUSION

The Queen having lost her watch and purse as she was passing from the Thuileries to the Feuillans, requested my sister to lend her twenty-five louis.*

I spent part of the day at the Feuillans, and Her Majesty told me she would ask Pétion to let me be with her in the place which the Assembly should decree for the prison. I then returned home to prepare everything that might be necessary for me to accompany her thither.

On the same day (the 11th of August), at nine in the evening, I returned to the Feuillans, and found there were orders at all the gates forbidding my being admitted. I claimed a right to enter by virtue of the first permission which had been given to me, and was again refused. I was told that the Queen had as many people as were requisite about her. My sister was with her as well as one of my companions, who came out of the prisons of the Abbaye on the 11th. I renewed my solicitations on the 12th ; my tears and entreaties moved neither the keepers of the gates nor even a deputy to whom I addressed myself.

I soon heard of the transfer of Louis XVI. and his family to the Temple. I went to Pétion, accompanied by a man for whom I had procured a place in the post-office,† and who was much disposed to serve me. He determined to go up to Pétion alone ; he supplicated him and told him that those who requested to be confined could not be suspected of evil designs, and that no political opinion could afford a ground of objection to these solicitations. Seeing that the well-meaning man

* On being interrogated, the Queen declared that these five-and-twenty louis had been lent to her by my sister ; this formed a pretence for arresting her and myself, and led to the death of that virtuous mother of a family.

† M. Valadon.

did not succeed, I thought to do more in person; but Pétion persisted in his refusal, and threatened to send me to the prison of La Force. He was still more cruel when, thinking to give me a sort of consolation, he added that I might be certain that all those who were then with Louis XVI. and his family would not stay with them long. And in fact, two or three days afterwards the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, her daughter, the Queen's first woman, the first woman of the Dauphin and Madame, M. de Chamilly and M. Huë were carried off during the night and transferred to La Force.

After the departure of the King and Queen for the Temple, my sister was detained a prisoner for twenty-four hours in the apartments Their Majesties had quitted.

From this time I was reduced to the misery of having no further intelligence of my august and unfortunate mistress but through the medium of the newspapers or the National Guard, who did duty at the Temple.

The King and Queen said nothing to me at the Feuillans about the portfolio which had been deposited with me. No doubt they expected to see me again. The Minister Roland and the deputies composing the Provisional Government were very intent on search for papers belonging to Their Majesties. They had the whole of the Thuileries ransacked. The infamous Robespierre bethought himself of M. Campan, the Queen's private secretary, and said that his death was feigned, that he was living unknown in some obscure part of France, and was doubtless the depositary of all the important papers. In a great portfolio belonging to the King there had been found a solitary letter from the Count d'Artois, which, by its date and the subjects of which it treated, indicated the existence of a continued correspondence. (This letter appears among the documents used at the trial of Louis XVI.) A former preceptor of my son's had studied with Robespierre. The latter meeting him in the street, and knowing the connection which had subsisted between him and the family of M. Campan, required him to say, upon his

honour, whether he was certain of the death of the latter. The man replied that M. Campan had died at La Briche in 1791, and that he had seen him interred in the cemetery of Epinay. "Well, then," resumed Robespierre, "bring me the certificate of his burial at twelve to-morrow; it is a document for which I have pressing occasion." Upon hearing the deputy's demand, I instantly sent for a certificate of M. Campan's burial, and Robespierre received it at nine o'clock the next morning. But I considered that in thinking of my father-in-law they were coming very near me, the real depositary of these important papers. I passed days and nights in considering what I could do for the best, or what would be least mischievous under such circumstances.

I was thus situated when the order to inform against what were called the *attentats* of the 10th of August led to domiciliary visits. My servants were informed that the people of the quarter in which I lived talked much of the search that would be made in my house and came to apprise me of it. I heard that fifty armed men would make themselves masters of M. Auguié's house, where I then was. I had just received this intelligence when M. Gougenot, the King's *maître d'hôtel* and receiver-general of the household, a man much attached to his Sovereign, came into my room, wrapped in a riding-cloak, under which with great difficulty he carried the King's portfolio which I had entrusted to him. He threw it down at my feet, and said to me, "There is your deposit. I did not receive it from our unfortunate King's own hands; in delivering it to you I have executed my trust." After saying this he was about to withdraw. I stopped him, praying him to concert with me what I ought to do in such a trying emergency. He would not listen to my entreaties, or even hear me describe the course I intended to pursue. I told him my abode was about to be surrounded; I imparted to him what the Queen had said to me about the contents of the portfolio. To all this he answered, "There it is; decide for yourself; I will have

no hand in it." Upon that I remained a few seconds buried in thought, and I remember that my conduct was founded upon the following reasons. I spoke aloud, although to myself; I walked about the room with agitated steps. The unfortunate Gougenot was thunderstruck. "Yes," said I, "when we can no longer communicate with our King and receive his orders, however attached we may be to him, we can only serve him according to the best of our own judgment. The Queen said to me, 'This portfolio contains scarcely anything but documents of a most dangerous description in the event of a trial taking place, if it should fall into the hand of revolutionary persons.' She mentioned too, a single document which would under the same circumstances be useful. It is my duty to interpret her words and consider them as orders. She meant to say, 'You will save such a paper; you will destroy the rest if they are likely to be taken from you.' If it were not so, was there any occasion for her to enter into any particulars of what the portfolio contained? The order to keep it was sufficient. Probably it contains, moreover, the letters of that part of the family which has emigrated. There is nothing which may have been foreseen or decided upon that can be useful now, and there can be no political thread which has not been cut by the events of the 10th of August and the imprisonment of the King. My house is about to be surrounded. I cannot conceal anything of such bulk. I might, then, through my want of foresight give up that which would possibly cause the condemnation of the King. Let us open the portfolio, save the document alluded to, and destroy the rest." I took a knife and cut open one side of the portfolio. I saw a great number of envelopes endorsed with the King's own hand. M. Gougenot found there the ancient seals of the King,* such as they were before the Assembly had changed the inscription. At this moment we heard a great noise. He

* No doubt it was in order to have the ancient seals ready at a moment's notice in case of a counter-revolution that the Queen desired me not to quit the Thuileries. M. Gougenot threw the seals into the river, one from off the Pont Neuf and the other from near the Pont Royal.

agreed to tie up the portfolio, take it again under his cloak, and go to a safe place to execute what I had taken upon myself to determine. He made me swear by all I held most sacred that I would affirm, under every possible emergency, that the course I was pursuing had not been dictated to me by anybody, and that whatever might be the result I would take all the credit or all the blame upon myself. I lifted up my hand and took the oath he required ; he went out. Half an hour afterwards a great number of armed men came to my house. They placed sentinels at all the outlets, they broke open *secrétaires* and closets of which they had not the keys, they searched the garden pots and boxes, they examined the cellars, and the commandant repeatedly said, " Look particularly for papers." In the afternoon M. Gougenot returned. He had still the seals of France about him, and he brought me a statement of all that he had burnt.

The portfolio contained twenty letters from Monsieur, eighteen or nineteen from the Count d'Artois, seventeen from Madame Adelaide, eighteen from Madame Victoire, a great many letters from Count Alexandre de Lameth, and many from M. de Malesherbes, with documents annexed to them. There were also some from M. de Montmorin and other ex-ministers or ambassadors. Each correspondence had its title written in the King's own hand upon the blank paper which contained it. The most voluminous was that from Mirabeau. It was tied up with a scheme for an escape, which he thought necessary. M. Gougenot, who had skimmed over these letters with more attention than the rest, told me they were of so interesting a nature that the King had no doubt kept them as documents exceedingly valuable for a history of his reign, and that the correspondence with the Princes, which was entirely relative to what was going forward without in concert with the King, would have been fatal to him if it had been seized. After he had finished he placed in my hands the *procès-verbal* signed by all the ministers, to which the King attached so much importance, because he had given his opinion against the

declaration of war ; a copy of the letter written by the King to the Princes, his brothers, inviting them to return to France ; an account of the diamonds which the Queen had sent to Brussels (these two documents were in my handwriting), and a receipt for 400,000 francs under the hand of a celebrated banker. This sum was part of the 800,000 francs which the Queen had gradually saved during her reign out of her pension of 300,000 francs per annum and out of the 100,000 francs given by way of present on the birth of the Dauphin. This receipt, written on a very small piece of paper, was in the cover of an almanac. I agreed with M. Gougenot, who was obliged by his station to reside in Paris, that he should retain the *procès-verbal* of the Council and the receipt for the 400,000 francs, and that we should wait either for orders or for the means of transmitting these documents to the King or Queen, and I set out for Versailles.

The strictness of the precautions taken to guard the illustrious prisoners was daily increased. The idea that I could not inform the King of the course I had adopted of burning his papers, and the fear that I should not be able to transmit him that which he had pointed out as necessary to him, tormented me to such a degree that it is wonderful my health endured the trial. I was, moreover, harassed every morning by the fears and projects of a very worthy person, who proved to me that in times of civil tumults terror causes the commission of actions which assist the factious, and that secrets of importance should be entrusted to none but persons of strong minds incapable of fear. The poor seamstress, who had been shut up a week in my apartments at the Thuileries to make the King's breastplate there, was very pious and very much attached to the Royal Family. I thought I could rely upon her, but the poor woman persuaded herself that she, her children and her husband were in danger of destruction if she did not go to the Assembly and declare that at such a time she had been sent for to the Castle of the Thuileries for a purpose which she thought it her duty to denounce. She came every morning

as soon as I awoke to inform me that she was going to Paris, and that she would not ruin her whole family. I calmed her, and brought her to her senses. I proved to her that I had merely used her as she would her own needle, that the affair could not transpire unless she disclosed it, and that in case it did, which, however, appeared to me impossible, the unfortunate monarch would be first attacked for having ordered the work; and next, that I should be called in question for having caused it to be executed; but that she, who had only worked by the day under my direction, had nothing to fear. She would leave me in a more quiet state, but would return on the morrow fraught with new fears. Nor were visions wanting in the case: the Virgin had told her that her children and husband were not to be sacrificed for any human being whomsoever. I remained at least a fortnight tormented by this perpetual uneasiness. Happily, time set her weak head at rest. When the Assembly held up to the people Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as having wished to put all Paris to the sword, they would not have failed to impute weakness to the King on account of this breastplate, which he had at first consented to wear merely in compliance with the Queen's entreaties, and of which he had refused to make use on the night of the 10th of August.

The dreadful trial drew near. Official advocates were granted to the King; the heroic virtue of M. de Malesherbes induced him to brave the most imminent dangers, either to save his master or to perish with him. I hoped also to be able to find some means of informing His Majesty of what I had thought it right to do. I sent a man on whom I could rely to Paris to request M. Gougenot to come to me at Versailles; he came immediately. We agreed that he should see M. de Malesherbes without availing himself of any intermediate person for that purpose.

M. Gougenot awaited his return from the Temple at the door of his hotel, and made a sign that he wished to speak to him. A moment afterwards a servant came to intro-

duce him into the magistrates' room. He imparted to M. de Malesherbes what I had thought right to do with respect to the King's papers, and placed in his hands the *procès-verbal* of the Council, which His Majesty had preserved in order to serve, if occasion required it, for a ground of his defence. However, this paper is not mentioned in either of the speeches of his advocate ; probably it was determined not to make use of it.

I pause at that terrible period which is marked by the assassination of a King whose divine virtues are well known, but I cannot refrain from relating what he deigned to say in my favour to M. de Malesherbes : " Let Madame Campan know that she did what I should myself have ordered her to do. I thank her for it ; she is one of those whom I regret I have it not in my power to recompense for their fidelity to my person and for their good services." I did not hear of this until the morning after he had suffered, and I think I should have sunk under my despair if I had not been consoled by this honourable testimony.

END OF THE MEMOIRS

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APPENDIX A

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MADAME CAMPAN BY F. BARRIÈRE*

THE private history of royal personages is a subject of general interest. Their public actions are too much disguised by formality, and restricted by ceremony, to afford any insight into their inclinations or personal character. In order to reach these elevated mortals, we must strip them of the lustre which dazzles us, and of the pomp in which they are enveloped. To such an eminence does fortune raise them, that, but for the indiscretions of those who surround them, they would almost be regarded as beings of a superior race. Our curiosity is also frequently stimulated by a jealous feeling. The envy excited by the greatness of princes is allayed by the contemplation of the appetites, passions, and caprices in which they resemble the rest of mankind; the self-love which their glory offends is appeased by their weaknesses.

The Memoirs of Marie Antoinette will excite neither malignity nor envy. Can there yet exist a feeling adverse to her, which the recollection of her misfortunes does not convert into pity? Scarcely has her brilliant appearance fixed our admiration, when her woes claim our compassion. Were it possible for the most rigid severity to conceive the slightest reproach against her, it would die on the lips, amidst the sighs of regrets and the accents of grief.

Madame Campan's work will leave similar impressions. She had numerous enemies. At Court, where favour is closely followed by envy, her success created jealousies; she was punished, at the time of the Revolution, for the

* Prefixed to the original edition.

kindness with which she had been honoured by the Queen. Those who never felt, as she did, the point of the sword on their bosoms, on the memorable 10th of August, reproached her with timidity; those who never threw themselves, like her, at the feet of Pétion, entreating permission to share the dangerous captivity of Marie Antoinette, have called her fidelity in question. After having calumniated her conduct, they endeavoured to raise a prejudice against the spirit in which her Memoirs are written, even before their appearance.*

Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet was born at Paris on the 6th of October, 1752. M. Genet, her father, had obtained, through his own merit and the protection of the Duke de Choiseul, the place of the first clerk in the office of the minister for foreign affairs. Literature, which he had cultivated in his youth, was now the solace of his leisure hours.

Surrounded by a numerous family, he made the instruction of his children his chief recreation, and omitted nothing which was necessary to render them highly accomplished. The progress of the youthful Henriette in the study of music and of foreign languages was such as to surprise the first masters; the celebrated Albanèze instructed her in singing, and Goldoni taught her the Italian language. Tasso, Milton, Dante, and even Shakespeare, soon became familiar to her. But her exercises were particularly directed to the acquisition of a fine style of reading. From prose to verse, from an ode to an epistle, a comedy or a sermon, she was instructed to pass, with the requisite variations of modulation and delivery. Rochon de Chabannes, Duclos, Barthe, Marmontel, and Thomas took pleasure in hearing her

* A brief explanation, relative to the ensuing Notice, appears necessary. None of the passages or anecdotes which it contains will be found in the Memoirs. For the anecdotes, I am indebted to the recollection of the relations, friends, and pupils of Madame Campan. In the perusal of her manuscripts, correspondence, and other papers, I have collected interesting fragments, of which I have not hesitated to make use. They give a tone of truth, both to the minutest particulars and most important facts, which cannot fail to be attractive and gratifying. These fragments are the more valuable from their being entirely in Madame Campan's handwriting; they will be distinguished accordingly whenever quoted in the following pages.

recite the finest scenes of Racine. Her memory and genius, at the age of fourteen, charmed them; they talked of her talents in society, and, perhaps, applauded them too highly. A young female is always sure to pay dearly for the celebrity she acquires; if she is beautiful, all the women become her rivals; if she has talents, there are many of the other sex weak enough to be jealous of them.

Mademoiselle Genet was spoken of at Court. Some ladies of high rank, who took an interest in the welfare of her family, obtained for her the place of reader to the Princesses, and a week afterwards she left her father's house. To be at Court, to wear a long train, a hoop, and, perhaps, even rouge—here was a change! here was joy! Her presentation, and the circumstances which preceded it, left a strong impression on her mind. "I was then fifteen," she says in a memorandum which she did not intend for the press; "my father felt some regret at yielding me up, at so early an age, to the malignity of courtiers. When I put on my Court dress for the first time, and went to embrace him in his study, tears filled his eyes and mingled with the expression of his pleasure. I possessed some agreeable talents, in addition to the instruction which it had been his delight to bestow on me. He enumerated all my little accomplishments, to convince me of the vexations they would not fail to draw upon me. 'The Princesses,' said he, 'will take pleasure in exercising your talents; the great have the art of applauding gracefully, and always to excess. Be not too much elated with these compliments, rather let them put you on your guard. Every time you receive such flattering marks of approbation, the number of your enemies will increase. I am warning you, my love, of the inevitable troubles attached to the course of life on which you are entering; and I protest to you, even now, whilst you are thus transported with your good fortune, that could I have provided for you otherwise, I would never have abandoned my dear girl to the anxieties and dangers of a Court.'"

"This language," adds Madame Campan, who wrote

these lines at St. Germain, in 1796, under the government of the Directory, " might lead one to imagine that my father had a principle of Republicanism in his heart ; but this would be an error. He was a Royalist in his political opinions, but he knew and dreaded the abode of royalty. One may be a Royalist and yet a philosopher ; just as a Republican may sometimes be an intriguing, ambitious character."

Mademoiselle Genet, at fifteen, was somewhat less of a philosopher than her father was at forty. Her eyes were dazzled by the splendour which glittered at Versailles. " The Queen, Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., died," she says, " just before I was presented at Court, The grand apartments hung with black, the great chairs of state raised on several steps, and surmounted by a canopy adorned with plumes ; the caparisoned horses, the immense retinue in Court mourning, the enormous shoulder-knots, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, which decorated the coats of the pages and footmen— all this magnificence had such an effect on my senses that I could scarcely support myself when introduced to the Princesses. On the first day of my reading in the inner apartment of the Princess Victoire, I found it impossible to pronounce more than two sentences ; my heart palpitated, my voice faltered, and my sight failed. How well was the potent magic of the grandeur and dignity which ought to surround sovereigns understood at Versailles ! "

When once her awe and confusion had subsided Mademoiselle Genet was enabled to form a more accurate judgment of her situation : it was by no means attractive ; the Court of the Princesses, far removed from the revels and licentious pleasures to which Louis XV. was addicted, was grave, methodical, and dull. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the Princesses, lived secluded in the interior of her apartments ; Madame Sophie was haughty ; Madame Louise, a devotee. The gloomy pleasures of pride, and the exercises of scrupulous devotion, have few charms for youth. Mademoiselle Genet,

however, never quitted the Princesses' apartments, but she attached herself most particularly to Madame Victoire. This Princess had possessed beauty; her countenance bore an expression of benevolence, and her conversation was kind, free, and unaffected. Mademoiselle Genet excited in her that feeling which a woman in years, of an affectionate disposition, readily extends to young people who are growing up in her sight, and who already possess some useful talents. Whole days were passed in reading to the Princess, as she sat at work in her apartment. Mademoiselle Genet often saw Louis XV. there. In the circle of her intimate friends she would sometimes relate the following anecdote:

"One day, at the castle of Compiègne, the King came in whilst I was reading to Madame. I rose and went into another room. Alone, in an apartment to which there was no outlet—with no book but a Massillon, which I had been reading to the Princess—happy in all the lightness and gaiety of fifteen, I amused myself with turning swiftly round, with my Court hoop, and suddenly kneeling down to see my rose-coloured silk petticoat swelled around me by the wind. In the midst of this grave employment enters His Majesty, followed by the Princess. I attempt to rise; my feet stumble, and down I fall in the midst of my robes, puffed out by the wind. 'Daughter,' said Louis XV., laughing heartily, 'I advise you to send a reader that makes cheeses back to school.'"

There was nothing very severe in this lesson. But the railleries of Louis XV. were often much more poignant, as Mademoiselle Genet had already experienced on another occasion, which, thirty years afterwards, she could not relate without an emotion of surprise and fear, which it seemed as if she had never overcome. "Louis XV.," she said, "had the most imposing presence. His eyes remained fixed upon you all the time he was speaking; and notwithstanding the beauty of his features, he inspired a sort of fear. I was very young, it is true, when he first spoke to me; you shall judge whether it was in a

very gracious manner. I was fifteen. The King was going out to hunt; a numerous retinue followed him; he stopped opposite me. 'Mademoiselle Genet,' said he, 'I am assured you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages.' 'I know only two, Sire,' I answered trembling. 'Which are they?' 'English and Italian.' 'Do you speak them fluently?' 'Yes, Sire, very fluently.' 'That is quite enough to drive a husband mad.' After this pretty compliment the King went on; the retinue saluted me, laughing; and for my part, I remained motionless with surprise and confusion for some moments on the spot."

It would, however, have been well if Louis XV. had never indulged in more cutting repartees. Kings have no right to be scoffers; raillery is a warfare that requires equal arms; and one can never banter to advantage with a wit who commands twenty millions of men. Justice however, demands the acknowledgment that, although this monarch was often the aggressor, he endured the smartest retorts without losing his temper. Even the unexpected familiarity of attacks of this kind might be a pungent novelty to a King, so long wearied by the burthen of greatness. With an easy temper, a melancholy turn, a satirical genius, this Prince, majestic in his Court, irresolute in council, agreeable (it is said) at an evening party, could not escape from *ennui* without the aid of intemperance or debauchery. A woman, whose youth and beauty were sullied by prostitution, astonished Versailles at this time by the disgraceful influence she had acquired. Madame du Barry was effecting the dismissal of the minister who had just negotiated the marriage of the Dauphin with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette of Austria. The intrigues of the favourite, the rivalship between the Dukes de Choiseul and d'Aiguillon, the disgrace of the one, and the shameful elevation of the other, occupied the last moments of the reign of Louis XV.

The rivalship of the two ministers had been intimately connected with the history of the times respecting which Madame Campan is about to speak. The Duke de

Choiseul had the parliaments, the philosophers, and public opinion on his side. On that of the Duke d'Aiguillon were the devotees and Madame du Barry. The two factions disputed the last wishes of the dying Louis XV.; they disturbed the first years of Louis XVI.; and the fatal influence which the anti-Austrian party exercised over the fate of the youthful Marie Antoinette will presently appear.

The idea of uniting the daughter of Maria Theresa with the grandson of Louis XV. had been conceived by the Duke de Choiseul before his disgrace. By this marriage he cemented the alliance of the two States, and thought he was securing for himself the favour of a new reign. Thus was explained the sense of that distich, according to which Austria was to expect more from marriage than from war or treaties.*

The youth, beauty, and disposition of the Princess were everywhere the subjects of conversation. Who that had seen her quit her family, to take a place on the first steps of the most splendid throne in Europe, would have ventured to form the slightest doubt of her future happiness? Maria Theresa, happy, though afflicted, had no other uneasiness, on her dear daughter's account, than that which arose from their separation; and yet prophetic voices seemed already to threaten the future evils which awaited her.

The sensibility and benevolence of Marie Antoinette mitigated calamities which she had not power to remedy. Madame Campan was placed sufficiently near her to estimate all the emotions of her generous heart. The marriage of the Dauphin had been celebrated in the month of May, 1770. None of the Princes, his brothers, were yet married; the Dauphiness had, at first, no

* I do not believe that the Turks are remarkable for saying good things; but they are, perhaps, better informed than is generally imagined as to the interests of the Christian Powers, and the views, means, and resources of their cabinets. It is said that the Grand Signor, on receiving the decree of the Convention, which ordained the abolition of Royalty in France, could not help saying, "At least the Republic will not marry an archduchess." This saying is rather too French to be Turkish; but it is smart, which is quite enough to make people quote it.

intimate society but that of the Princesses. Of these the most affable was Madame Victoire; and it was to her that Marie Antoinette paid her most constant visits. There she almost always met Mademoiselle Genet, whose talents and similar age to her own attracted her notice. Mademoiselle Genet often accompanied her on the harp or piano when she amused herself with singing the airs of Gretry. The Dauphiness was also frequently present at the readings which took place at the Princess's; she already appreciated the unction of the *petit-carême*, and the brilliant imagination of a poet who afterwards mourned her misfortunes in affecting verses.

At Court, where favour leads to fortune, the regard with which the Princesses and the Dauphiness honoured Mademoiselle Genet was soon observed. Her establishment was talked of, and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the Queen's closet.* Louis XV. bestowed on her a pension of 5,000 livres, and the Dauphiness secured her a place as *femme de chambre*, allowing her, at the same time, to continue her duties as reader to the Princesses.

It is here that the Memoirs of Madame Campan may truly be said to begin; the first chapter, descriptive of the Court of Louis XV., being only a lively introduction. During a period of twenty years, from the marriage festivities to the attack of the 10th of August, Madame Campan never quitted Marie Antoinette. On the Queen's side all was goodness and unreserved confidence;

* The family of Campan, originally from the valley of Campan, in Berne, had adopted the name of that place as their own surname. Their true name was Berthollet. The celebrated chemist, whom the sciences have lately lost (in 1822), was related to this family. I find in the manuscripts before me a trait highly honourable to his character.

"On the side of the Berthollets," said Madame Campan to her son, in a paper intended for his information, "one of the most distinguished members of the Institute must be of the same family; but from a sense of dignity, and a repugnance for those who frequented the Court and were in favour, he said to several persons at Paris, in 1788, that he was related to a Berthollet Campan, who had a place about the Queen, at Versailles, but that he felt no inclination to go and explain his relationship to that gentleman, feeling apprehensive of passing for a worshipper of influence and fortune. My advice," added Madame Campan, "would have been, to seek a man who evinced a character so different from that which is usually met with in persons in the situation to which fate had destined us."

it will be seen whether Madame Campan did not return the favour of her patroness by gratitude, faith, and devotedness, proof against all calamity and superior to all danger. In speaking of Marie Antoinette, she has depicted the hatred of her enemies, the avidity of her flatterers, and the disinterestedness of the real friends whom she possessed, although seated on the throne. But, as she generally confines herself to the domestic circle in which Marie Antoinette delighted, it is indispensably necessary to take a survey of the spirit of that period, and particularly the manners of society.

I shall not recall the scandalous years of the Regency, a period when the Court, escaping from the constraint of a long course of hypocrisy, combined the excesses of debauchery with sarcasms of the most audacious impiety. But it is necessary to notice particularly the reign of Louis XV.; because, during that reign, corruption presented two distinct periods. Of the first of these, Richelieu was the model and the hero. To love without pleasure; to yield without resistance; to part without regret; to call duty a weakness, honour a prejudice, delicacy affectation—such were the manners of the times; seduction had its code, and immorality was reduced to principles. Even these rapid successes soon tired those who obtained them; perhaps because the facility with which triumphs were gained diminished their value. Courtiers and rich financiers maintained, at enormous expense, beauties with whom they were not expected even to be acquainted; vice became a mere luxury of vanity; and the condition of a courtesan led rapidly to fortune—I had almost said to honour.

In the years preceding the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne and those immediately following, society presented a new spectacle. Manners were not improved but altered. By a strange abuse, apologies were found for depravity in the philosophical ideas which daily grew more fashionable. The new partisans of these principles promulgated such noble maxims, thought and discoursed so well, that they were not obliged to

act with propriety. Men might be inconstant husbands, and women faithless wives, so that they spoke with respect, with enthusiasm, of the sacred duties of marriage. The love of virtue and of mankind was sufficient, without practical morality. Women, surrounded by their lovers, discussed the means of regenerating social order. There was not a philosopher admitted into one of the fashionable circles who did not modestly compare himself to Socrates with Aspasia; and Diderot, the daring author of "Pensées Philosophiques," the licentious writer of the "Bijoux Indiscrets," though he aspired to the glory of Plato, did not blush to imitate Petronius.

Let it not, however, be supposed that it is my intention to censure the philosophers; if their conduct was irregular, most of their doctrines were pure, and have passed from their writings into our morals. If the ties of kindred have been drawn closer; if we are better husbands, fathers, and citizens; if vice is despised; if young people, intent on serious studies, reject disdainfully the licentious works which the libertinism of their fathers encouraged, we owe these advantages to a new order of things. In morality, as well as in politics, legislation, and finances, the philosophers have led the way to useful reforms. Their writings, ill understood at that period, but read with avidity, gave them a great influence over public opinion. The Court long accustomed to the influence which wit, polished manners, and the habit of filling great offices, secured to it, was astonished to see this new power springing up by its side. Instead of opposing, it flattered this competitor. Enthusiasm gained on every mind; it was at the tables and in the drawing-rooms of the first nobles that the distinctions of rank were boldly treated as prejudices. These principles of equality often found partisans amongst the nobility, who were the more zealous in defending them because this conduct appeared a proof of their generosity. It became almost an acknowledged truth that merit was superior to birth; and it is fair to add that there was amongst the nobility at that time, as

there is now, a great number of men who were uninterested in protesting against this new doctrine.

Thus, whilst the middling classes were rising, proud of their knowledge, their talents, their attainments, the higher ranks seemed to meet them half-way, through sentiments of curiosity and benevolence ; the Court was still a slave to the laws of etiquette, whilst the distinctions of rank were banished from social life. Hence, in my opinion, an accusation which inconsiderate vanity has often repeated against Marie Antoinette falls to the ground of itself. When she appeared at Versailles, she found everyone inclined to a change which the state of manners rendered inevitable ; and her beauty, wit, grace, and majestic carriage gave her so many real advantages as entitled her to despise the childish importance of etiquette.

After all, what is etiquette ? Nothing but a symbol of the involuntary respect which mankind pay to courage, genius, glory and virtue. True politeness disdains ceremony ; and true greatness may dispense with it.

But from the cradle to the tomb, in sickness and in health, at table, at council, in the chase, in the army, in the midst of their Court, in their private apartments, princes in France were governed by ceremonial rules. The injudicious laws of etiquette pursued them, even to the mysteries of the nuptial bed. Judge how impatiently a young princess, lively, affectionate, and free, bred in the simplicity of the German Courts, must have endured the tyrannical customs which never suffered her for a single instant to be a wife, mother, or friend, but reduced her to the dignified *ennui* of being always a Queen. The respectable lady who was placed near her as a vigilant minister of the laws of etiquette, instead of alleviating their weight, rendered their yoke intolerable to her. The evil was not, however, so serious when it only affected the attendants, because in these cases the Queen used merely to laugh at it. Let Madame Campan herself relate an anecdote on this subject, in which she was concerned.

"Madame de Noailles," she says in a manuscript fragment, "abounded in virtues; I cannot pretend to deny it. Her piety, charity, and irreproachable morals rendered her worthy of praise; but etiquette was to her a sort of atmosphere. At the slightest derangement of the consecrated order, one would have thought she would have been stifled, and that life would forsake her frame.

"One day I unintentionally threw this poor lady into a terrible agony. The Queen was receiving, I know not whom—some persons just presented, I believe; the lady of honour, the Queen's tire-woman, and the ladies of the bed-chamber, were behind the Queen. I was near the throne, with the two women on duty. All was right; at least I thought so. Suddenly, I perceived the eyes of Madame de Noailles fixed on mine. She made a sign with her head, and then raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, lowered them, raised them again; then began to make little signs with her hand. From all this pantomime I could easily perceive that something was not as it should be; and as I looked about on all sides to find out what it was, the agitation of the Countess kept increasing. The Queen, who perceived all this, looked at me with a smile; I found means to approach Her Majesty, who said to me in a whisper, 'Let down your lappets, or the Countess will expire.' All this bustle arose from two unlucky pins which fastened up my lappets, whilst the etiquette of costume said, 'Lappets hanging down.'"

Nevertheless, this contempt of the solemn vanities of etiquette became the pretext for the first reproaches levelled at the Queen. In fact, what misconduct might not be dreaded from a princess who could absolutely go out without a hoop! and who, in the saloons of Trianon, instead of discussing the important rights to chairs and stools, good-naturedly invited everybody to be seated. The anti-Austrian party, ever discontented and vindictive, became spies upon her conduct, exaggerated her slightest errors, and calumniated her most innocent

proceedings. "What seems unaccountable at the first glance," says Montjoie, whose opinions must certainly be considered genuine, "and what overwhelms me with grief is, that the first attacks on the reputation of the Queen proceeded from the bosom of the Court. What interest could the courtiers have in seeking her destruction, which involved that of the King? Was it not drying up the source of all the advantages they enjoyed, or could hope for?"

But these advantages and favours were no longer the exclusive inheritance of a few powerful families. In distributing benefits, the Queen sometimes thought proper to consult her affections, and other rights besides those of an ancient origin. "Judge," says Montjoie, "of the spite and fury of the great of that class when they saw the Queen dispense to others those favours which they wished to be considered as due to them alone; it will then be easy to understand how she came to have implacable enemies amongst those who were nearest her person."

When the terrible Danton exclaimed, "The Kings of Europe menace us; it behoves us to defy them; let us throw down to them, as our gage, the head of a King!" these detestable words, followed by so cruel, so lamentable an effect, belonged, however, to a formidable piece of policy. But the Queen! What horrible reasons of State could Danton, Collot d'Herbois, and Robespierre allege against her? Where did they find that those Greeks and Romans, whose military virtues our soldiers recalled, used to murder weak and defenceless beings? What savage greatness did they discover, in stirring up a whole nation to avenge their quarrel on a woman? What remained of her former power? Had not the 10th of August torn the diadem from her brow? She was a captive, a widow, trembling for her children! In those judges, who at once outraged modesty and nature; in that people, whose vilest scoffs pursued her to the scaffold, who could have recognised the affable, affectionate, sensitive, generous people of France? No,

of all the crimes which so shockingly disgraced the Revolution, none is more calculated to show to what a pitch the spirit of party, when it has fermented in the most corrupt hearts, can deprave the character of a nation.

The news of this dreadful event reached Madame Campan, who was weeping over the misfortunes of her benefactress, in her obscure retreat. She had not succeeded in her endeavours to share the Queen's captivity ; and she expected, every moment, a similar fate. After escaping, almost miraculously, from the murdering fury of the Marseillais ; after being repulsed by Pétion, when she implored the favour of being confined in the Temple, denounced and pursued by Robespierre, and entrusted, through the entire confidence of the King and Queen, with papers of the utmost importance, Madame Campan went to conceal her charge and indulge her grief at Coubertin, in the valley of Chevreuse. Madame Auguié, her sister, had just committed suicide, at the very moment of her arrest.* The scaffold awaited Madame Campan when the 9th of Thermidor restored her to life, but did not restore her to the most constant object of her thoughts, her zeal, and her devotion.

A new career now opened to Madame Campan. The information and talents she possessed were about to become useful to her. At Coubertin, surrounded by her nieces, she was fond of directing their studies, as much to divert her mind for a time from her troubles as to form their disposition and judgment. This maternal occupation had caused her ideas to revert to the subject of education, and awakened once more the earliest inclinations of her youth.

Our taste and character develop themselves early in childhood. I remember that, in writing an account of the life of Madame Roland, it appeared to me a most interesting spectacle to contemplate the first emotions

* Maternal affection prevailed over her religious sentiments ; she wished to preserve the wreck of her fortune for her children. Had she deferred this fatal act for one day, she would have been saved ; the cart which conveyed Robespierre to execution stopped her funeral procession !

of her intrepid soul, warmed, even at the most tender age, with enthusiasm for the virtues of antiquity. It was not without surprise that I considered a young girl —at a period of life when pleasure and dress are usually the chief occupations of her sex—fancying herself, in solitude, Clelia stemming the waves of Tiber, or Cornelia exhibiting her Gracchi, as her ornaments, to the Roman ladies.

Rising inclinations are suddenly developed and revealed by circumstances. Many a general owes his epaulettes to the sight of a review ; and, in our times, the ceremony and pomp of processions will, no doubt, make many a bishop. At the age of twelve years Mademoiselle Genet could never meet a school of young ladies, walking out for an airing, or passing through the streets, without feeling ambitious of the situation, title, and authority of their mistress. Her abode at Court had diverted, but not altered, her ideas and inclinations. At a more advanced age, when able to enlarge the circle of her schemes, she envied Madame de Maintenon, in the height of absolute power, not the success of her ambitious hypocrisy, not the mysterious honour of a royal and clandestine union, but the glory of having founded St. Cyr.

It will presently be seen that Madame Campan had neither the treasures nor the authority of Louis XIV. at her disposal for the realisation of her plans. " A month after the fall of Robespierre," she says in a most interesting document, " I considered of the means of providing for myself, for a mother seventy years of age, my sick husband, my child nine years old, and part of my ruined family. I now possessed nothing in the world but an assignat of five hundred francs. I had become responsible for my husband's debts to the amount of thirty thousand francs. I chose St. Germain to set up a boarding-school ; that town did not remind me, as Versailles did, both of the happy times and the first misfortunes of France, while it was at some distance from Paris, where our dreadful disasters had occurred,

and where people resided with whom I did not wish to be acquainted. I took with me a nun of l'Enfant-Jesus to give an unquestionable pledge of my religious principles.* I had not the means of printing my prospectus. I wrote a hundred copies of it, and sent them to those persons of my acquaintance who had survived our dreadful commotions.

" At the year's end I had sixty pupils ; soon afterwards a hundred. I bought furniture and paid my debts. I rejoiced in having met with this resource so remote from all intrigue."

The brilliant and rapid success of the establishment at St. Germain was, undoubtedly, owing to the talents, experience, and excellent principles of Madame Campan. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that she was wonderfully seconded by public opinion. To court, cherish, and show attention to any person who had been at Court was to defy and humble the reigning power ; and everyone knows that people never denied themselves that pleasure in France. I was then very young, but I did not fail to observe that disposition in those about me. All property had changed hands ; all ranks found themselves confusedly jumbled by the shocks of the Revolution ; society resembled a library in which the books have been replaced at random, after tearing off the titles. The great lord dined at the table of the opulent contractor ; and the marchioness, all brilliancy, wit and elegance, sat at the ball by the side of the clumsy peasant grown rich. In the absence of the ancient distinctions and denominations, which had been proscribed by the Directory, elegant manners and polished language now formed an extraordinary kind of aristocracy. The house of St. Germain, conducted by a lady who possessed the style, deportment, habits and conversation of the best society, was not only a school of knowledge, but a school of the world.

Previously to commencing this Notice on the Life of

* The school of St. Germain was the first in which the opening of an oratory was ventured on. The Directory was displeased at it, and ordered it to be immediately shut up.

Madame Campan, I went over that house at St. Germain which once attracted such a splendid concourse.

I saw that garden, those long covered walks, which served for promenades; those rooms in which Plantade gave instructions in singing, and where Mademoiselle Godefroy, the best pupil of a great master, taught painting. I saw that little closet which many a giddy girl has entered in apprehension of a severe reprimand, and from which she was sure to come out impressed and affected by good and kind admonitions. The appearance of those places is still the same, but how different is their present use! To that lyceum which letters, science and accomplishments formerly embellished, the rigours and austerity of a cloister have succeeded. Those scenes, in which the sounds of innocent mirth or the lessons of pleasing arts were alternately heard, are become the asylum of fasting, prayer, and silence. The hall of exercises, which served for a theatre, has been converted into a chapel; the catechism is taught under the roof which echoed the harmonious verses of Racine; and a few verses of the Psalms, or passages from the Fathers, will soon be substituted for that inscription, which is still half legible on the whitened walls: "Talents are the ornament of the rich and the wealth of the poor."

In 1802 and 1803 the period destined to produce this change was still far distant. Never had the establishment at St. Germain been in a more flourishing condition. What more could Madame Campan wish for? Her fortune was very respectable; her occupation and duties were agreeable to her taste. She saw around her nothing but attachment and gratitude; abroad, she met with nothing but esteem, kindness, and respect. Absolute in her own house, she seemed equally safe from the favours and caprices of power. But the man who then disposed of the fate of France at his pleasure, and regulated that of Europe with the sword, was soon to determine otherwise.

By a decree, dated, as it were, from the field of battle,

new rewards and encouragements were secured and proposed to the brave victors of Austerlitz. The State undertook to bring up, at the public expense, the sisters, daughters, or nieces of those who were decorated with the Cross of Honour. The children of the warriors killed or wounded in glorious battle were to find paternal care in the ancient abodes of the Montmorencys and the Condés ; nor could those heroes themselves have devoted them to a nobler purpose. Accustomed to concentrate around him all superior talents, fearless himself of superiority, Napoleon sought for a person qualified by experience, name, and abilities to conduct the institution of Ecouen ; he selected Madame Campan.

She was now to reap the fruits of ten years' experience at St. Germain. The establishment of Ecouen was wholly to create ; Madame Campan, therefore, commenced this great undertaking. Count Lacepède, the pupil, friend, and rival of Buffon, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, assisted her with his enlightened advice. The watchful attention which the health, instruction, and even the recreations of three hundred young persons required ; the religious duties which formed the basis of their education ; the distribution of their time ; the methodical and graduated exercise of the powers of their understanding ; the harmony of their principles and attainments with their fortune, and the rank in society they were destined to occupy ; the difficult art of seizing the principal features of a character, discriminating good from bad qualities, destroying the germ of the one, and encouraging the others ; and of maintaining order and promoting emulation amongst so many pupils of different ages, inclinations, and tempers, without exciting pride : all these cares of a complicated administration, all these details of so delicate an employment appeared simple, easy, and natural when Madame Campan was seen to fulfil them. This praise even her enemies could not deny her. At all hours she was accessible to everyone ; hearing all questions submitted to her with the greatest equality of temper, and deciding

them with extraordinary presence of mind, never addressing admonition, reproach, or encouragement, but opportunely. Napoleon, who could descend with ease from the highest political subjects to the examination of the most minute details; who was as much at home in inspecting a boarding-school for young ladies as in reviewing the grenadiers of his guard; to whom every species of knowledge, every occupation, seemed familiar; whom it was impossible to deceive, and who was not unwilling to find fault—Napoleon, when he visited the establishment at Ecouen, was forced to say, "It is all right."*

A second house was formed at St. Denis, on the model of that of Ecouen. Perhaps Madame Campan might have hoped for a title, to which her long labours gave her a right; perhaps the superintendence of the two houses would have been but the fair recompense of her services; but her fortunate years had elapsed—her fate was now to depend on the most important events. Napoleon had accumulated such a mass of power as no one but himself in Europe could overturn. The conqueror seemed to take inward pleasure in destroying the work of the statesman. France, content with thirty years of victories, in vain asked for peace and repose. The army which had triumphed in the sands of Egypt, on the summits of the Alps, and in the marshes of Holland, was to perish, although victorious, amidst the snows of Russia. Kings and nations combined against a single man. The territory of France was invaded. The orphans of Ecouen, from the windows of the mansion which served as their asylum, saw, in the distant plain, the fires of the Russian bivouacs, and once more wept the deaths of their fathers. Paris capitulated. France hailed the return of the descendants of Henry IV.; they re-ascended the throne so long filled by their ancestors,

* Napoleon had wished to be informed of every particular of the furniture, government, and order of the house, the instruction and education of the pupils. The internal regulations were submitted to him. One of the intended rules, drawn up by Madame Campan, proposed that the children should hear Mass on Sundays and Thursdays. Napoleon himself wrote in the margin, "Every day."

which the wisdom of an enlightened prince established on the empire of the laws.

This moment, which diffused joy amongst the faithful servants of the Royal Family, and brought them the rewards of their devotion, proved to Madame Campan a period of bitter vexation. The hatred of her enemies had revived. The suppression of the house of Ecouen had deprived her of her place; the most absurd calumnies followed her into her retreat; her attachment to the Queen was suspected; she was accused, not only of ingratitude, but of perfidy. "And the object of these slanders," said a noble writer, who seemed to transfer into the sentiments of friendship the warmth which animated his filial piety—"the object of these calumnies is that most faithful subject who, during twenty-four years, never ceased to be attached to the Royal Family of France—the reader and first attendant of the unfortunate Queen; the no less intimate confidante of the hapless King, who, during their protracted martyrdom, risked more than her life for her august lord and lady; who never said or did anything but their orders, but said and did all that she was enjoined, however dangerous the task. The object of these calumnies is Madame Campan, in whose favour Marie Antoinette wrote, in 1792, a testamentary disposition, extremely honourable to the devotion of the subject, and to the goodness of the sovereign. It is Madame Campan to whom Louis XVI., in 1792, confided the most secret and dangerous papers; for whom Louis XVI., in the cell of the Feuillans, on the 10th of August, 1792, cut off two locks of his hair, giving her one for herself, another for her sister, whilst the Queen, throwing her arms about their necks by turns, said to them: 'Unhappy women, you are unfortunate only on my account; I am still more wretched than you.'"* Slander has little effect on youth; the

* Extract of a manuscript Memoir, relating to Madame Campan.

Were it necessary to adduce another most respectable testimonial, we might rely on the following letter, written to Madame Campan, on the 27th of April, 1816, by the Duchess de Tourzel:

"I am perfectly sensible, madam, of the pain you must suffer from everything which can possibly tend to throw any doubt on your attachment and fidelity

long futurity to which the young look forward makes them hope to triumph over it; but, in the decline of life, its darts are envenomed with a mortal poison; the griefs which then oppress the heart tear open all its old wounds. Those which Madame Campan had received were deep. Her sister, Madame Auguié, had destroyed herself; M. Rousseau, her brother-in-law, had perished a victim in the Reign of Terror. In 1813 a dreadful accident had deprived her of her niece, Madame de Broc, one of the most amiable and interesting beings that ever adorned the earth. Madame Campan seemed destined to behold those whom she loved go down to the grave before her. In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amongst those ostentatious mausoleums generally loaded with lying epitaphs, by the side of those monuments, most of which seem raised to flatter the pride of the living rather than out of respect for the ashes of those who sleep beneath them—there is a modest grave, on which she has often been seen to weep. No marble decorates it; no inscription is read upon it; it is remarkable chiefly for its simplicity; the unostentatious turf, betraying a grief which shrinks from observation, is the only clue to the secret of the tomb.

After so many troubles, Madame Campan sought a peaceful retreat. Paris, the abode of apathy and ambition, of the wicked who promulgate slanders, and the fools who believe them; Paris, inhabited by crowds of men, always equally ready to flatter the powerful of the

to the august Princess, whom you had the honour to serve, in the duties you performed about her person.

"I have great pleasure, madam, in doing you the justice of declaring that, during the three years in which my place afforded me frequent access to our great and too hapless Queen, I always observed your readiness to show your respect and attachment. I have been witness to her giving you proofs of a peculiar confidence, and to your discretion and fidelity in various circumstances, which qualities you particularly evinced on occasion of that unfortunate journey to Varennes; the reports raised on this subject against you were the most unjust possible. I saw you at the Feuillans, on the night of the 10th of August, offering the Queen the homage of your grief, although it was not at that time your month of duty. This is a testimony which I pay to truth, and I should think myself happy if my letter could afford any consolation to the anguish with which your heart is oppressed.

"I am, madam, etc.,

"Croy d'Havre, Duchesse de Tourzel."

day, and to revile him whom they flattered the day before; Paris, its frivolity, its noisy pleasures, its egotism, had for some years been insupportable to her. One of her most beloved pupils, Mademoiselle Crouzet, had married a physician at Mantes, a man of talent, distinguished for information, frankness, and cordiality.* Madame Campan paid her pupil a visit. Mantes is a pretty little town. The woods of Rosny, which surround it; the Seine, which laves it with its waters; isles planted with lofty poplars, and shady walks which promise an agreeable solitude, render Mantes a pleasant, cheerful residence. This abode pleased her. She soon fixed her habitation there. A few intimate friends formed a pleasant society, in which she took pleasure. She enjoyed, with surprise, a little tranquillity, after so many disturbances. The revisal of her "Memoirs," the arrangement of the interesting anecdotes of which her "Recollections" were to consist, were the only affairs which ever diverted her mind from the one powerful sentiment which attached her to life.

She lived only for her son; for him alone she would have wished for favour or riches: he was her consolation, her wealth, her hope; in him she had concentrated all the inclinations of a heart often deceived in its affections. M. Campan deserved the tenderness of his mother. No sacrifice had been spared for his education. He was accomplished, had much taste, and made agreeable verses. After having pursued that course of study which, under the Imperial government, produced men of distinguished merit, he was waiting till time and circumstances should afford him an opportunity of devoting his services to his country. Although the state of his health was far from good, it did not threaten

* M. Maignes, physician to the infirmaries at Mantes. Madame Campan found in him, both in her mental and bodily affliction, a friend and comforter, of whose merit and affection she knew the value. The attentions which he constantly paid her in the course of her illness induced him to write an account of it, which evinces his great knowledge of physiology, and in which he has faithfully preserved the last conversation of Madame Campan. In communicating this manuscript to me, he favoured me with many interesting particulars, for which I have now the pleasure of thanking him.

any rapid or premature decay; he was, however, after a few days' illness, suddenly taken from his family. How was the mother to be informed of this loss? Who could bear to inflict this mortal blow? M. Maignes, in an account with which he was pleased to entrust us, describes this sad moment with mournful accuracy. "I never witnessed so heart-rending a scene," he says, "as that which took place when Marshal Ney's lady, her niece, and Madame Pannelier, her sister, came to acquaint her with this misfortune. When they entered her apartment she was in bed. All three at once uttered a piercing cry. The ladies threw themselves on their knees, and kissed her hands, which they bedewed with tears. Before they could speak to her she read in their faces that she no longer possessed a son. At that instant her large eyes, opening widely, seemed to wander. Her face grew pale, her features changed, her lips lost their colour, she struggled to speak, but uttered only inarticulate sounds, accompanied by piercing cries. Her gestures were wild—her reason was suspended. Every part of her being was in agony. Her respiration scarcely sufficed for the efforts which this unhappy mother made to express her grief and give vent to her sufferings. To this state of anguish and despair no calm succeeded, until her tears began to flow. Never in my life did I see anything so sad and so awful; never will the impression I received be effaced from my memory." Friendship, and the tenderest cares, succeeded for a moment in calming her grief, but not in diminishing its power. This violent crisis had disturbed her whole organisation. A cruel disorder, which requires a still more cruel operation, soon manifested itself. The presence of her family, a tour which she made in Switzerland, a residence at the waters of Baden, and, above all, the sight, the tender and charming conversation of a person by whom she was affectionately beloved, occasionally diverted her mind, but relieved her sufferings only in a very slight degree. She returned to Mantes, resolved to undergo the operation; and, from

that moment, far from betraying the slightest weakness or hesitation, she herself hastened that time which, as she said, was to restore her to hope and health. With the strength of mind which defies pain, she combined the energy of will which masters it. Not a cry, not a gesture, escaped her. So much courage astonished old warriors accustomed to the sight of fields of battle, and surprised the professional men themselves.* Up to the moment of commencing the operation she discoursed freely and calmly with them. The pain which followed the operation did not seem to have altered her serenity. "Gentlemen," said she, cheerfully, to her physicians, "I had much rather hear you talk than see you act."

The operation was performed with extraordinary promptitude, and the most complete success, by M. Voisin, a most skilful surgeon of Versailles. No unfavourable symptoms appeared; the wound cicatrised; Madame Campan was thought to be restored to her friends; but the disorder was in the blood; it took another course; the chest became affected. "From that moment," says M. Maignes, who watched her malady with all the solicitude of friendship, "I could never look on Madame Campan as living; she herself felt that she belonged no more to this world."

When she thought of her family, of her friends at Mantes, and of all those who loved her with the most lively affection, her heart failed, and in those moments of affecting weakness, she would say, "I shall not die doctor, shall I?" But soon resuming her courage, she imparted to others a hope which she no longer cherished herself. She constantly saw near her a woman who had never quitted her for forty years; who had shared in her troubles as well as in her hours of prosperity; who guessed her thoughts, watched her slightest wishes, and repaid her unbounded confidence by the attentions of the tenderest attachment: here all who knew Madame

* Colonel Hemè, one of the best officers of the old army, assisted the surgeons during the operation.

Campan will name Madame Voisin. "Courage," said she; "death will not separate two friends like us."*

She herself set the example of the strength of mind with which she wished to inspire others. Sometimes looking back to the days of her youth, she saw, in imagination, the young girl so lively and gay surprised by Louis XV. in the midst of her play. Sometimes she thought with emotion on the kindness with which Marie Antoinette repaid her attachment. "The bull's-eye at Versailles," said she, "will never forgive me for having obtained the confidence of the King and Queen. The demands of a swarm of flatterers were frequently unjust, and when the Queen condescended to consult me I spoke with sincerity."†

Sometimes the fate of France occupied her thoughts. The light, which the throne itself diffuses, was, in her opinion, the only security against the extravagant claims of some individuals. "Power," said she, "now resides in the laws. In any other situation it would be misplaced. But this truth escapes them. The dust of old parchment blinds them."‡

The day before her death, "My friend," she said to her physician, "I throw myself into the arms of Providence, which is the only invisible support that can sustain us. The idea is consoling; I am much attached to the simplicity of my religion; I revere it; I hate all that savours of fanaticism."§ When her codicil was presented for her signature, her hand trembled. "It would be a pity," she said, "to stop when so fairly on the road."

The day she died her window was opened. The sky was clear, the air pure and fresh. "This resembles the

* Death, in fact, will not separate them. The family of Madame Campan have erected a tomb to her in the cemetery of Mantes. It bears a simple epitaph on a column of white marble, surmounted by an urn. Tufts of dahlia adorn the four corners of the monument: beneath is the vault which contains her ashes. The friend she has left will repose near her.

† M. Maignes' account.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.* Before she submitted to an operation which is almost always fatal Madame Campan had scrupulously fulfilled her religious duties.

air and climate of Switzerland," said she; "I passed there two months of unmixed happiness. . . . Her soul is so noble, and our hearts understand each other so well!"

Her dissolution rapidly approached. Her mind had lost nothing of its strength. "Notwithstanding my condition," said she, "I am desirous of expressing my thoughts."—"I was a little way from her bed," adds her physician, whose words we have quoted. "She called me in rather a higher tone than usual: I ran to her. Then reproaching herself for this little hastiness, 'How imperious one is,' she said, 'when one has no time for politeness!'—A moment after she was no more."

Her friends witnessed her decease on the 16th of March, 1822. The cheerfulness she displayed throughout her malady had nothing forced or affected in it. Her character was naturally powerful and elevated. At the approach of death she evinced the soul of a sage, without abandoning for an instant her feminine character, without renouncing the hopes and consolations of a Christian. Her religion inclined to indulgence and mildness, which is constantly the case with those whose piety is more a matter of faith and sentiment than of formal observance. Though she had long lived in the higher circles, she did not despise the human race. The envious had never been able to excite a feeling of hatred in her mind; the ungrateful had not wearied her benevolence. Her credit, her time, her plans belonged to her friends; her purse was always open to the unfortunate.

One profound sentiment, her attachment to the Queen—one constant study, the education of youth, occupied her whole life. Napoleon once said to her, "The old systems of education were good for nothing—what do young women stand in need of, to be well brought up in France?"—"Of *mothers*!" answered Madame Campan. "It is well said," replied Napoleon. "Well, madam, let the French be indebted to you for bringing up mothers for their children." Madame Campan's answer contains the leading idea of her system of education. All the cares of this excellent preceptress tended to

enable her pupils to be one day the teachers of their own daughters. The instructions which she read on Sundays to the young ladies at St. Germain ; the little anecdotes which she composed as much for their instruction as for her own amusement ; the work which she was finishing at the moment of her death, and which contains the fruits of twenty years' experience, are all directed to the same object.* " Women," said she to her friends, " have lost the empire which formerly chivalric gallantry gave them. They would now disdain that which they obtained at a later period in the boudoir, or on the brilliant stage of the Court. Their new dominion ought to be founded upon good morals, and not in opposition to them. Their success, although perhaps less striking, will be more satisfactory and durable. Every day adds to their information, without detracting from the lighter graces, the modest virtues of their sex. But it is not sufficient for their beauty to please, for their wit to charm ; they must command esteem by their qualities ; their talents must be destined to form the delight of their family, and the circle of their duties must become that of their pleasures likewise."

* Madame Campan has left several manuscript tales and plays, of which we shall only quote the titles : " The Old Woman of the Cabin," " Arabella, or the English Boarding-School," " The Two Educations," " The Little Strolling Players," " The Amateur Concerts," etc. The object of all these is the instruction of youth. In her last moments she was completing a work of a more elevated class : " On the Education of Women." No one could do more ample justice to this interesting title than herself. I will quote the first words of this treatise : " My work will be destitute," she said, " of the attraction of those fictions almost always connected with plans of education ; and the quantity of details which I may lay before my readers gives me some uneasiness. I am also fearful of being led away by my partiality for those innocent and lovely creatures of whom an amiable crowd surrounded me for so many years, and to whom I have been indebted for such delightful hours : sometimes I am doubtful, whether a sort of slowness, the first sad infirmity of age, does not prolong my discourses in spite of me ; then I recollect that I am dedicating my work to my former pupils, who are now mothers of families ; I consider that in devoting to them the fruits of long experience, I am speaking to them of their dearest affections ; and then I feel encouraged."

This work will probably appear, as soon as the different pieces which Madame Campan had finished can be arranged. Her plays will be added.

It is generally known that Madame Campan has published " The Conversations of a Mother with her Daughters." These dialogues have been translated into Italian and English. Madame Campan understood the latter language extremely well. She had given lessons in English to the Queen, and preserved exercises written in that language by Marie Antoinette, until her house was burnt on the 10th of August.

Surrounded by pupils to whom her conversation was a reward, whether she talked to them of the duties of their sex, or of the most interesting facts in history, the inquisitive, attentive crowd pressed around her eager to catch every word. Sometimes her judicious and keen understanding would draw a salutary lesson from a little amusing story. In past events she often sought traits calculated to enlighten their minds and elevate their sentiments. I call on all the pupils of Ecouen to bear witness how often she spoke to them of Louis IX., of Charles V., of Louis XII., of Henry IV., in particular, and of the virtues with which they and their successors had adorned the throne. When she came to the stormy period of the Revolution, she would explain to them the outrages committed against Royal majesty, tell them of the descendants of kings living in a foreign land, of Louis XVI. and his misfortunes, of the Queen and the afflictions she had been made to endure. These recitals affected their young hearts. When they heard her talk of the Royal Family of France, the daughters of Napoleon's warriors learned the respect that should be paid to calamity, and the gratitude due for benefits received.

Beyond the walls of the mansion of Ecouen, in the village which surrounds it, Madame Campan had taken a small house where she loved to pass a few hours in solitary retirement. There, at liberty to abandon herself to the memory of the past, the superintendent of the Imperial establishment became once more, for the moment, the first *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette. To the few friends whom she admitted into this retreat, she would show, with emotion, a plain muslin gown which the Queen had worn, and which was made from a part of Tippoo Sahib's present. A cup out of which Marie Antoinette had drunk, a writing-stand which she had long used, were, in her eyes, of inestimable value; and she has often been discovered sitting, in tears, before the picture which represented her Royal mistress.

"Pardon me, august shade! unhappy Queen, pardon me," she says, in a fragment I have preserved in her

handwriting; "thy portrait is near me whilst I am writing these words. My imagination, impressed with the remembrance of thy sorrows, every instant directs my eyes to those features which I wish to animate, and to read in them whether I am doing service to thy memory in writing this work. When I look at that noble head, which fell by the fury of barbarians, tears fill my eyes and suspend my narration. Yes, I will speak the truth, by which thy shade can never be injured; truth must prove favourable to her whom falsehood so cruelly wronged."

What should I add to these eloquent words? Madame Campan is no more; let those who slandered her life now insult her memory; her writings will defend her better than I can.

F. Barrière.

APPENDIX B

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY MADAME CAMPAN

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD

First Office : the Superintendent

Queen Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., had Mademoiselle de Clermont, a Princess of the Blood, as the superintendent of her household. Mademoiselle de Clermont died, and the Queen requested the King not to have the vacancy filled up, the privileges of the office of superintendent being so extensive that they were felt as a restraint on the Sovereign ; they included a right to nominate to employments, to determine differences between the holders of offices, to dismiss* or suspend the servants, etc. The superintendent was, moreover, head of the Queen's Council ; but her functions in that capacity could only become important in case of a regency.

Lady of Honour, the Princess de Chimay

The place of lady of honour lost many of its advantages in consequence of the appointment of a superintendent, and Madame la Maréchale de Mouchy gave in her resignation. When the Queen conferred that title upon the Princess de Lamballe, the lady of honour appointed to the offices administered the oaths in the absence of the superintendent, made presentations and

* The servants were suspended by order of the head of the household for a fortnight, a month, or more. Dismissal was more common than suspension, but resignations were signed by the parties themselves. It must not be forgotten that all the offices were trusts, and that the holders of them had been sworn before the Queen, the superintendent, the lady of honour or the first gentleman usher.

sent invitations in the Queen's name for the excursions to Marly, Choisy, and Fontainebleau ; for balls, suppers, and hunting parties ; all changes in the furniture, and the linen and the laces for the bed and toilette, were likewise made under her orders. The head woman of the Queen's wardrobe managed these matters jointly with the lady of honour.

The Queen's Bed-chamber

There was formerly but one first *femme de chambre*. The large income derived from the place, and the favour by which it was generally accompanied, rendered a division of it necessary.

The Queen had two, and two reversioners.

The incumbents were Madame de Misery, a daughter of the Count de Chemant, and, on the side of her mother, who descended from a Montmorency, cousin to the Prince de Tingry, who always called her cousin, even before the Queen.

Madame Thibault, formerly *femme de chambre* of Queen Maria Leckzinska.

The reversioners were Madame Campan and Madame Regnier de Jarjaye, whose husband was a staff officer with the rank of colonel.

The duty of the chief *femmes de chambre* was to attend to the performance of the whole service of the bed-chamber ; to receive the Queen's orders for her times of rising, dressing, going out, and making journeys. They were, moreover, charged with the Queen's privy purse and the payment of pensions and gratifications. The diamonds, too, were entrusted to them. They did the honours of the service when the ladies of honour or tire-women were absent, and in the same manner acted for them in making presentations to the Queen.

The Queens were very circumspect in the choice of their principal women ; they generally took care to select them from among the twelve ordinary women whom they knew well, in order to keep this confidential situation exempt from the intrigues of the Court and capital.

Queen Marie Antoinette had twelve women in ordinary.

The eight senior women of the Queen had incomes of 3,600 francs.

The other four had 2,400 livres.

There was no pension granted to the first women; when they retired they retained the whole emolument of their places, which was too considerable to admit of their being indemnified for it. Those who had the places in reversion acted for them and received a salary of 6,000 livres.

The *femmes de chambre* in ordinary were allowed 4,000 livres pension, after a service of thirty years; 3,000 after one of twenty-five years; and 2,000 after one of twenty years.

The twelve women served in turns, four every week; two of these every day alternately: so that the four women who had served one week were the next fortnight at leisure, unless a substitute were wanted; and in the week of duty they had intervals of two or three days. There was no table appointed for the female service, except when the Court left Versailles. The first women had their kitchen and cook. The others had their dinners taken to them in their apartments.

Wardrobe woman, the person named R——

This woman was entrusted with all matters relating to her place, but as her service lasted all the year round, she was very useful in several particulars of internal domestic service, which would have been otherwise but ill performed by women of the class of those who served the Queen. Her utility and the kindness of her mistress had unfortunately made her services but too indispensable. Some particulars relative to the departure for Varennes could not be concealed from her; and it appears clear that she betrayed the Queen's secret to some of the deputies or members of the Commune of Paris. She was under the immediate orders of the first *femme de chambre*, who frequently, in case of a vacancy,

procured the place for her own *femme de chambre*. When the Queen, on her return from Varennes, dismissed this woman R——, she put the governess of Madame Campan's son in her place.

There were also two bathing-women, charged with all that belonged to the bath, who made it their peculiar care. The flowers, vases, porcelain, and all the ornaments of the apartment, were arranged every morning by a wardrobe woman who had no other business.

Master of the Wardrobe

This office, important as it may be about a Prince, was but a mere name about a Princess ; the tire-woman being charged with all that related to his department, and having under her orders a secretary of the wardrobe for correspondence and payment of demands. The income of the master of the wardrobe was, notwithstanding, 60,000 francs. The office was held by the Count de la Mortière, who died a general some years ago, and in the reversion by M. Ponjaud, farmer-general. Its only prerogative was the right of entrance into the chamber.

First Valet de Chambre

The functions of the first *femme de chambre* had in the same manner reduced this office to the mere title, and a right of entrance to the toilette. The salary was 40,000 francs.

Train-bearer in Ordinary

This office had daily and assiduous duties attached to it. To hold it, it was necessary to be either noble, the son of an ennobled person, or decorated with the cross of St. Louis ; the first gentleman usher, being obliged to receive him into his carriage when attending the Court *en suite*, would not otherwise have consented to sit with him. This officer suffered a continual mortification, being obliged by etiquette to give up the Queen's train to her page whenever Her Majesty entered the chapel or the

inner apartments of the King ; so that after having borne the train in the great apartment and the mirror gallery, he gave it up to the page at the entrance to the chapel and the King's apartment. He kept the Queen's mantle or pelisse, but handed them to the first gentleman usher or the first equerry if the Queen wished to make use of them. This practice was called doing the honours of the service, and was always observed by the inferior officer to the superior.

Secretaries for Orders : MM. Augeard and Beaugeard

The business of these officers was to get orders for the payment of her household signed by the Queen, which she did punctually every three months at her dressing-hour.

These secretaries were also to answer letters of etiquette, such as those from Sovereigns upon births, deaths, etc. The Queen merely signed letters of this nature.

The private secretary of the secretaries for orders took every Sunday, from a table in the Queen's room, the whole of the memorials which had been presented to her in the course of the week. He made an abstract of them, and they were sent to the different ministers. The Queen took into her private closet all those memorials to which she intended to add postscripts, or which she wished to give to the ministers herself.

Superintendent of Finances, Demesnes and Affairs—M. Bertier, Intendant of Paris

This office was almost entirely a sinecure.

Intendant of the Household and Finances, M. Gabriel de Saint-Charles

A sinecure.

Reader, the Abbé de Vermond

This modest title gives a very inadequate idea of the office and power of the man. Having been the Queen's

tutor before her marriage, he retained an absolute power over her mind. He was her private secretary, confidant, and (unfortunately) her adviser.

Readers : the Countess de Neuilly ; Madame de la Borde, in reversion

A few years ago this lady married M. de Rohan Chabot ; her first husband fell a victim to the Revolution. He was first *valet de chambre* to Louis XV., and brother of the Countess d'Angiviller.

The office of female reader was a sinecure under the reign of Marie Antoinette, the Abbé de Vermond objecting to the female readers having the advantage of reading to the Queen. He did not, however, object to the women, or first women, officiating for her. Madame Campan generally had that honour.

Secretary of the Closet, M. Campan

He was entrusted with every part of the correspondence which did not belong to the secretaries for orders or the Abbé de Vermond. He enjoyed the confidence of his mistress, and succeeded the Abbé de Vermond, who emigrated on the 17th of July, 1789, until his death in September, 1791.

M. Campan was, besides, librarian to the Queen from the time of her arrival in France, though she suffered M. Moreau, historiographer of France, to retain the title. She came from Versailles strongly prepossessed against that literary man, whose political character had, in truth, suffered during the parliamentary troubles towards the close of the reign of Louis XV. She caused it to be intimated to him that she wished him to give up the keys of her library to M. Campan, but that, out of respect to the King's appointment, she left him his title and the salary of his office.

The Queen had—

Two *valets de chambre* in ordinary.

An usher in ordinary.

(The duty of the offices denominated *ordinary* was to act as substitutes for those who could not perform their quarterly service.)

Four ushers for the chamber, serving by the quarter.

Two ushers of the closet.

Two ushers of the ante-chamber.

Eight *valets de chambre*, per quarter.

Six servants of the chamber, or rather, we may say (in order to convey a more accurate idea of this office), *valets de chambre* of the sleeping-room. These six places about the King and Queen were greatly preferred to those of *valets de chambre*, because they were much more in the inner apartments. Those of the King were raised gradually to 8,000 francs.

An ordinary valet of the wardrobe.

Two valets of the wardrobe, each serving six months.

A porter of the wardrobe, who carried the taffety wrappers, cloths, and baskets from the chamber to the tiring wardrobe.

An Ordinary Keeper of the Wardrobe of the Chamber:

M. Bonnefri du Plan

He was also house steward of Petit Trianon. It was he who designed and executed the press, or rather the kind of secrétaire, appropriated to the Queen's jewels, and which is at this moment at St. Cloud.

Four Valets de Chambre Upholsterers

They came to make the bed in the morning, and turn it down in the evening.

The Queen had two hairdressers attached to her person. They were the brother and cousin of Leonard, the celebrated hairdresser.

Medical Department

A chief physician: M. Vicq d'Azyr, after the death of M. de Lassone.

A physician in ordinary: M. de Lassone, the son.

A chief surgeon: M. de Chairgnac.

A surgeon in ordinary officiating for the household.

Two common surgeons to attend to the livery servants, kitchen servants, and stable servants.

A body apothecary.

A common apothecary.

A well-furnished dispensary, from which the inferior servants received the necessary drugs and remedies. All above the class of footmen, or kitchen servants, thought it beneath them to avail themselves of this right, but they had liberty to do so.

Officers of the Mouth

A chief maître d'hôtel : the Marquis de Talaru.

A maître d'hôtel in ordinary : M. Chalut de Verin. M. de Guimps, in reversion.

MM. Dufour and Campan, the son, in reversion.

Cosson de Guimps.

De Malherbe, in reversion.

Despriez, Moreau d'Olibois, in reversion.

Clement de Ris.

These places required nobility. The maîtres d'hôtel officiated for the gentlemen ushers in case the Queen should happen to want them when going in grand procession. Quarterly at Versailles, as well as on journeys, they did the honours of a table to which were admitted the lieutenant and exempt of the guards upon duty, the gentleman usher in ordinary, as well as the one for the quarter and the Queen's almoner.

The Queen had :

One gentleman serving in ordinary.

Twelve gentlemen serving by the quarter.

Their duty was to serve up at the dinners of the King and Queen, and at the *grand couvert*. Notwithstanding the title *gentleman*, this place did not require nobility.

A Comptroller-General of the Queen's Household : M. Mercier de la Source

This officer inspected and regulated all the expenses

of the mouth, being a kind of medium between the Queen's household and the Royal treasury; he had power, upon the Queen's mere demand, in case of extraordinary expense, to draw for additional supplies.

Four comptrollers of the mouth serving by the quarter.

A comptroller in ordinary, specially charged with the Queen's table.

Stables

Chief equerry: the Count de Tessé.

The Duke de Polignac, in reversion.

Processional equerry: M. de Salvost.

Governor of the pages: M. de Perdreauville.

A preceptor.

An almoner.

And all the masters employed in the education of the King's pages.

Twelve pages.

Chevalier d'honneur: the Count de Saulx Tavarmes.

An equerry in ordinary: M. Petit de Vievigne.

Quarterly equerries:

M. de Wallans.

M. de Billy.

Chevalier de Vaussay de Beauregard.

Count de Saint Angel.

Chapel

A grand almoner: the Bishop Duke de Laon.

A first almoner: the Bishop de Meaux.

Almoner in ordinary: the Abbé de Beaufoil de Saint Aulaire.

Confessor: the Abbé Poupast.

Four quarterly almoners.

An almoner in ordinary.

Four quarterly chaplains.

A chaplain in ordinary.

Chapel boys.

Four quarterly chapel boys.

A chapel boy in ordinary.

Two chapel summoners.

There were besides a great number of officers, especially for the mouth, such as esquire of the mouth, chief butler, head of the buttery officers, etc. But they had no opportunity of serving directly about the Queen.

The Queen had twelve footmen.

The Versailles almanac and old catalogues enumerate all the inferior offices.

PARTICULARS OF ETIQUETTE

The Queen's Manner of Living and the Arrangement of her Time

When the King slept in the Queen's apartment, he always rose before her; the exact hour was communicated to the head *femme de chambre*, who entered, preceded by a servant of the bedchamber bearing a taper; she crossed the room and unbolted the door which separated the Queen's apartment from that of the King. She there found the first *valet de chambre* for the quarter and a servant of the chamber. They entered, opened the bed curtains on the King's side, and presented him slippers generally, as well as the dressing-gown, which he put on, of gold or silver stuff. The first *valet de chambre* took down a short sword, which was always laid within the railing on the King's side. When the King slept with the Queen, this sword was brought upon the arm-chair appropriated to the King, and which was placed near the Queen's bed, within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed. The first *femme de chambre* conducted the King to the door, bolted it again, and leaving the Queen's chamber, did not return until the hour appointed by Her Majesty the evening before. At night the Queen went to bed before the King; the first *femme de chambre* remained seated at the foot of her bed until the arrival of His Majesty, in order, as in the morning, to see the King's attendants out, and bolt

the door after them. The Queen awoke habitually at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine, frequently in bed, and sometimes, after she had risen, at a small table placed opposite her couch.

In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. *To do the honours of the service* was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed : thus supposing the Queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver-gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter ; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honour into the hands of the Princess, before it reached the Queen. It must be observed, however, that if a Princess of the Blood, instead of a Princess of the Family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the Princess of the Blood, the lady of honour being excused from transferring to any but Princesses of the Royal Family. Nothing was presented directly to the Queen ; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture of ceremony upon a side table, and was called the *gantière*. The first woman presented to her in this manner all that she asked for, unless the tire-woman, the lady of honour, or a Princess were present, and then the gradation, pointed out in the instance of the glass of water, was always observed.

As soon as the Queen rose, the wardrobe woman was admitted to take away the pillows and put the bed into a fit state to be made by some of the *valets de chambre*. She undrew the curtains, and the bed was not generally made until the Queen was gone to Mass. Generally, excepting at St. Cloud, where the Queen bathed in an apartment below her own, a slipper bath was rolled into

her room, and her bathers brought everything that was necessary for the bath.

The public toilette took place at noon. The toilette table was drawn forward into the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was generally the richest and most ornamental of all in the apartment of the Princesses. The Queen used it in the same manner and place for undressing herself in the evening. She went to bed laced in corsets trimmed with ribbon, and sleeves trimmed with lace, and wore a large neck handkerchief.

On returning into her chamber, the Queen, standing about the middle of it, surrounded by the superintendent, the ladies of honour, and tire-women, her ladies of the bedchamber, the first gentleman usher, the chief equerry, her clergy ready to attend her to Mass, the Princesses of the Royal Family who happened to come, accompanied by all their attendants, ladies, and tire-women, passed in order into the gallery as in going to Mass. The Queen's signatures were generally given at the moment of entry into the chamber. The secretary for orders presented the pen.

The Queen heard Mass with the King in the tribune facing the grand altar and the music, with the exception of the days of high ceremony, when their chairs were placed below upon velvet carpets fringed with gold. These days were marked by the name of *grand chapel days*.

The Queen named the collector before-hand, and informed her of it through her lady of honour, who was besides desired to send the purse to her. The collectors were almost always chosen from among those who had been recently presented. After returning from Mass, the Queen dined every Sunday with the King only, in public, in the Cabinet of the Nobility, a room which adjoined her chamber. Titled ladies having the honours sat during the dinner upon sofas placed on each side of the table ; ladies without titles stood round the table ; the captain of the guards and the first gentleman of the chamber were behind the King's chair ; behind

that of the Queen were her first *maître d'hôtel*, her first gentleman usher, and the chief equerry. The Queen's *maître d'hôtel* was furnished with a large staff, six or seven feet in length, ornamented with golden *fleurs de lis* and surmounted by *fleurs de lis* in the form of a crown. He entered the room with this badge of his office to announce that the Queen was served. The comptroller put into his hands the card of the dinner; in the absence of the *maître d'hôtel* he presented it to the Queen himself, otherwise he only did him the honours of the service. The *maître d'hôtel* did not leave his place, he merely gave the orders for serving up and removing; the comptroller and gentleman serving placed the various dishes upon the table, receiving them from the inferior servants.

The Prince nearest to the Crown presented water to wash the King's hands at the moment he placed himself at table, and a Princess did the same service to the Queen.

The table service was formerly performed for the Queen by the lady of honour and four women in full dress; this part of the women's service was transferred to them on the suppression of the office of maids of honour. The Queen put an end to this etiquette in the first year of her reign. When the dinner was over, the Queen returned without the King to her apartment with her women, and took off her hoop and train.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVY PURSE

Manner of Managing the Funds

The first women served by the month, and gave the accounts of the privy purse to the Queen herself at the end of every month. After having examined them, the Queen wrote at the bottom of the last page, "*Approved —Marie Antoinette.*" The supply of the privy purse was handed over on the first of every month to the Queen. M. Randon de la Tour presented her this sum

at noon, the hour of her toilette ; it was always in gold, and contained in a white leather purse lined with taffety and embroidered with silver. The funds of the privy purse amounted to 300,000 livres. This sum of 300,000 livres was merely play-money for the Queen, or for acts of beneficence, or any presents she might be desirous of making. Every month the first woman put away two or three hundred louis, which had not been spent, in a strong chest in the Queen's inner closet.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

The Queen brought the Duke of Normandy into the world, and the birth of a second son appeared to add to the happiness she enjoyed. She had also a second Princess, named Sophie. The quiet and regular habits of the Royal Family, now past the age of turbulent pleasures, made me look back on the years which elapsed between the peace of 1783 and the birth of the second Princess as the most happy period of the reign of Louis XVI. That happiness was soon to be disturbed by an unforeseen storm, increased by error, by the vilest corruption, and by the blackest calumny.

The Cardinal de Rohan, who was involved in Madame de Lamotte's intrigues in a manner not yet entirely explained, made some overtures to M. de Saint-James, the Treasurer of the War Extraordinaries, for the loan of a considerable sum. He communicated to him some particulars of the bargain he had made with Bœhmer to procure his magnificent necklace for the Queen. The financier, whose fortune was at that time shaken, and who soon after failed for an enormous sum, lent no money. He could not understand how the Cardinal, who was avowedly at enmity with the Queen, should be deputed to execute such a commission ; and felt himself called upon to speak to Her Majesty respecting what he had heard I know not how lightly this information may have been communicated ; I only know that it made very little impression upon the Queen. Standing,

as she did, upon the pinnacle of happiness and honour, how should she imagine that such an object should be the basis of an intrigue sufficient to raise the direst storm ? The Queen merely told me they were talking again about that tiresome necklace ; that M. de Saint-James had informed her that Bœhmer still entertained the hope of persuading her to buy it of him. She requested me to mention it to him the first time I should see him, merely by way of asking him what he had done with that ornament.

On the following Sunday I met Bœhmer in one of the halls of the principal apartments as I was going to the Queen's Mass. I called to him ; he accompanied me to my threshold. I asked him whether he had at last got rid of his necklace or not. He answered that it was sold. I asked him in what Court. He replied, " At Constantinople, and it is at this moment the property of the favourite Sultana." I congratulated him on the occasion. My real ground of satisfaction, however, was that the Queen would no longer be molested on the subject. In the evening I gave an account of my meeting with the jeweller, and the conversation I had had with him. The Queen was really rejoiced at it. She did, however, show some surprise that a necklace made to ornament a Frenchwoman should have been carried to the seraglio, and dwelt on the belief that the beauty of the collection of diamonds had been the sole inducement for purchasing it. She spoke a long time upon the subject, and upon the total change which took place in the tastes and desires of women between the ages of twenty years and thirty. She told me that when she was ten years younger she was excessively fond of diamonds ; but that she had now no taste but for private society, for the country, for work, and for the cares which the education of her children would demand. From that time to the fatal exposure nothing was said more about the necklace.

The baptism of the Duke d'Angoulême took place in 1785. The Queen ordered the shoulder-knot, buckles,

and sword, of which the King and herself made him presents upon the occasion, of Bœhmer. When Bœhmer delivered these articles to Her Majesty, he presented her a note, which is faithfully copied into one of the memorials printed in the course of the Cardinal's trial. The Queen came into her library, where I was reading. She held the note in her hand. She read it to me, saying that, as I had in the morning guessed the enigmas of the *Mercure*, I could no doubt find her the meaning of that which that madman Bœhmer had just handed to her. These were her very expressions. She read me the note, which, like that in the memorial, contained a request " not to forget him," and expressions of his happiness at seeing her in the possession of the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in Europe. As she finished reading it she twisted it up and burnt it at a taper which was standing lighted in her library for sealing letters, and merely recommended me, when I should see Bœhmer, to request an explanation of it. " Has he assorted some other ornaments ? " added the Queen. " I should be quite vexed at it, for I do not intend to make use of his services any longer. If I wish to change the setting of my diamonds, I will employ my *valet de chambre* who takes care of my jewels, for he will have no ambition to sell me a single carat."

After this conversation I set off for my country-house at Crespy. My father-in-law had company to dine there every Sunday. Bœhmer had been there once or twice in the summer time. As soon as I was settled he came there.

I repeated to him faithfully what the Queen had desired me to tell him. He seemed petrified, and asked how it was that the Queen had been unable to understand the meaning of the paper he had presented to her. " I read it myself," said I, " and I understood nothing of it." " I am not surprised at that as far as concerns you, madam," replied Bœhmer. He added that there was a mystery in all this with which I was not made acquainted, and requested of me an interview, wherein

he would inform me fully of what had passed between the Queen and himself. I could only promise it him for the evening, when the people from Paris would be gone. When I had got rid of the persons who required my company in the drawing-room, I went with Bœhmer down into one of the garden walks. I think I can repeat verbatim the conversation which took place between this man and myself. I was so struck with horror the very instant I discovered this most base and dangerous intrigue that every word which passed between us is deeply engraven in my memory. I was so absorbed in grief, I perceived so many dangers in the manner in which the Queen would have to disengage herself from such a fabrication, that a storm of thunder and rain came on while I was talking to Bœhmer without exciting my attention.

Being alone, then, with Bœhmer, I began thus :

" What is the meaning of the paper which you gave to Her Majesty on Sunday as she left the chapel ? "

B. " The Queen cannot be ignorant of it, madam."

" I beg your pardon ; nay, more, she has desired me to ask you."

B. " That is a feint of hers."

" And, pray, what feint can there be in so plain a matter between you and the Queen ? The Queen very seldom appears in full dress, and you know it. You told me yourself that the extreme plainness of the Court of Versailles was injurious to your trade. She is afraid you are projecting something new, and she expressly ordered me to tell you that she would not add a diamond of the value of twenty louis to those which she possesses."

B. " I believe it, madam ; she has less need of them than ever ; but what said she about the money ? "

" You were paid long ago."

B. " Ah ! madam, you are greatly mistaken ! There is a very large sum due to me."

" What do you mean ? "

B. " I must disclose all to you. The Queen deals

mysteriously with you; she has purchased my grand necklace."

"The Queen! she refused you personally; she refused it of the King, who would have given it to her."

B. "Well, she changed her mind."

"If she had changed her mind, she would have told the King so. I have not seen the necklace among the Queen's diamonds."

B. "She was to have worn it on Whit-Sunday. I was very much astonished that she did not."

"When did the Queen tell you she had determined to buy your necklace?"

B. "She never spoke to me upon the subject herself."

"Through whom, then?"

B. "The Cardinal de Rohan."

"She has not spoken to him these ten years! By what contrivance I know not, my dear Bœhmer, but you are robbed, that's certain."

B. "The Queen pretends to be at variance with His Eminence, but he is upon very good terms with her."

"What do you mean? The Queen pretends to be at variance with a person so conspicuous at Court! Sovereigns rather pretend the other way. She pretended for four successive years that she would neither buy nor accept of your necklace! She buys it, and pretends not to remember that, since she does not wear it! You are mad, my poor Bœhmer, and I see you entangled in an intrigue which makes me shudder for you, and distresses me for Her Majesty's sake. When I asked you, six months ago, what was become of the necklace and where you had sent it, you told me you had sold it to the favourite Sultana."

B. "I answered as the Queen wished. She ordered me to make that reply through the Cardinal."

"But how were Her Majesty's orders transmitted to you?"

B. "By written documents signed with her own hand; and I have for some time been obliged to show

them to people who have lent me money, in order to keep them quiet."

"You have received no money, then?"

B. "I beg your pardon; on delivery of the necklace I received a sum of 30,000 francs in notes of the Caisse d'Escompe, which Her Majesty sent to me by the Cardinal; and you may rely on it, he sees Her Majesty in private, for as he gave me the money he told me that she took it from a portfolio which was in her Sèvres china *secrétaire* in her little boudoir."

"That was all a falsehood; and you, who have sworn faithfully to serve the King and Queen in the offices you hold about their persons, are much to blame for having treated for the Queen without the King's knowledge when so important a matter was in question, and with her without having received her orders directly from herself."

The latter remark struck this dangerous fool. He asked me what he was to do. I advised him to go to the Baron de Breteuil, who was the minister of his department, inasmuch as he held the office of keeper of the crown diamonds, to tell him candidly all that had passed, and to be ruled by him. He assured me he would prefer deputing me to explain to the Queen. That, however, I declined, perceiving from his account that there existed a multiplicity of intrigues, which prudence warned me to avoid. I spent ten days at my country-house without hearing a word of this affair. The Queen then sent for me to Little Trianon, to rehearse with me the part of Rosina, which she was to perform in the *Barber of Seville*. I was alone with her, sitting upon her couch; no mention was made of anything but the part. After we had spent an hour in the rehearsal, Her Majesty asked me why I had sent Bœhmer to her, saying he had been in my name to speak to her, and that she would not see him. It was thus that I learned he had not, in the slightest degree, followed my advice. The change in my countenance when I heard the man's name was very perceptible; the Queen perceived it

and questioned me. I entreated her to see him, and assured her it was of the utmost importance for her peace of mind ; that there was a plot going on of which she was not aware ; and that it was a serious one, since engagements signed by herself were shown about to people who had lent Bœhmer money. Her astonishment and vexation were excessive. She desired me to remain at Trianon, and sent off a courier to Paris, ordering Bœhmer to come to her upon some pretence which has escaped my recollection. He came the next morning ; in fact, it was the day on which the play was performed, and that was the last time that the Queen indulged in such amusements at that seat.

The Queen took him into her closet and asked him by what fatality it was that she was still doomed to hear of his foolish pretensions about selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years ? He replied that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer. " What are your creditors to me ? " said Her Majesty. Bœhmer then regularly related to her all that, according to his deluded imagination, had passed between the Queen and himself, through the intervention of the Cardinal. She was equally thunderstruck, incensed, and surprised at everything she heard. In vain did she speak. The jeweller, equally importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly, " Madam, this is no time for feigning ; condescend to confess that you have my necklace, and order me some assistance, or else a bankruptcy will soon bring the whole to light."

It is easy to imagine how much the Queen must have suffered. On Bœhmer's going away I found her in an alarming condition. The idea that anyone could have believed that such a man as the Cardinal possessed her full confidence, and that she should have bargained through him with a tradesman, without the King's knowledge, for a thing which she had refused from the King himself, drove her to desperation. She sent first for the Abbé de Vermond and then for the Baron

de Breteuil. Their hatred and contempt for the Cardinal made them too easily forget that the lowest vices do not prevent the higher orders of the empire from being defended by those to whom they have the honour to belong; that a Rohan, a Prince of the Church, however culpable he might be, would be sure to have a considerable party, which would, of course, be joined by all the discontented persons of the Court and all the censorious people of Paris.

It was too easily believed that he would be stripped of all the advantages of his rank and order, and given up to the disgrace due to his irregular conduct; disappointment was the consequence.

I saw the Queen after the departure of the Baron and the Abbé; her agitation made me shudder. "Hideous vices must be unmasked," said she, "when the Roman purple and the title of Prince cover a mere sharper, a cheat, who dares to compromise the wife of his Sovereign; Europe and all France should know it."

It is evident that from that moment the fatal plan was decided on. The Queen perceived my alarm; I did not conceal it from her. I was too well aware that she had many enemies not to be apprehensive on seeing her attract the attention of the whole world to an intrigue which would prove of the most intricate description. I entreated her to seek the most prudent and moderate advice. She silenced me by desiring me to make myself easy, and to rest satisfied that no imprudence would be committed.

On the following Sunday, being the Assumption, at twelve o'clock, at the very moment when the Cardinal, dressed in his pontifical garments, was about to proceed to the chapel, the King sent for him into his closet where he was with the Queen. "You have purchased some diamonds of Bœhmer," said the King to him. "Yes, Sire." "What have you done with them?" "I thought they had been delivered to the Queen." "Who commissioned you to make the purchase?" "A lady

called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was acting agreeably to Her Majesty's wishes when I took this negotiation upon myself." The Queen interrupted him with warmth, in order to ask him how he could possibly believe that he, to whom she had not spoken for above eight years, had been selected for such a commission, and that through a woman whom she did not even know? "I see very plainly," said the Cardinal, "that I have been deceived." He then took out of his pocket a note from Her Majesty, signed *Marie Antoinette de France.* The King uttered an exclamation, and told him that a Grand Almoner ought to know that Queens of France signed only their baptismal names; that even the daughters of France had no other signature; and that if the Royal Family added anything to that signature it would not be *de France.* The writing was no more like the original signature than the body of the paper; the King remarked this to him. His Majesty afterwards showed him a copy of a letter addressed to Bœhmer, asking him if he had written any such letter. The Cardinal, after looking at it, replied that he did not remember having written it. "If you were to be shown such a letter, signed by yourself?" said the King to him. "If the letter be signed by me," said the Cardinal, "it is genuine." He was extremely confused, and repeated several times, "I have been deceived, Sire; I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of Your Majesties." The King desired him to compose himself, and to go into the adjoining closet, where he would find writing implements and might pen down his avowal or his answers. M. de Vergennes and the Keeper of the Seals were of opinion that the affair ought to be hushed up, in order that the scandal attending it might be avoided. The Baron de Breteuil's opinion prevailed; the Queen's resentment favoured it. The Cardinal came in again and handed the King a few lines, which were almost as unintelligible as what he had said. He was ordered out, and was accompanied by the Baron, who had him

arrested by M. d'Agoult, the mayor of the Court. He confided the care of conducting the Cardinal to his apartments to a young ensign of the guards who had been arrested a few days before for debt. The order to accompany the Cardinal, with the information that he would be responsible for his person, and the word *arrest*, so perplexed the young man that he lost all power of reflecting upon the importance of his charge. The Cardinal met his *heyduke* in the gallery of the chapel, and spoke to him in German. Wishing to write down his orders, and having no pencil about him, he asked the ensign if he could lend him one. He had one, handed it to the Cardinal, and waited patiently while his Eminence wrote upon a piece of paper his orders to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar, to burn the whole of his correspondence with Madame de Lamotte which was in his closet at Paris. From that moment all proofs of this intrigue disappeared. Madame de Lamotte was apprehended at Bar-sur-Aube; her husband was already gone to England. From the beginning of this fatal affair all the proceedings of the Court appear to have been prompted by imprudence and want of foresight; the obscurity resulting left scope for the fables of which the voluminous memorials written on both sides consisted. The Queen so little imagined what could have given rise to the intrigue, of which she was about to become the victim, that at the moment when the King was interrogating the Cardinal, a terrific idea entered her mind. With that rapidity of thought caused by personal interest and extreme agitation, she fancied that if the design to ruin her in the eyes of the King and the French people was the concealed motive of this intrigue, the Cardinal would, perhaps, affirm that she had the necklace; that he had been honoured with her confidence for this purchase, made without the King's knowledge; and point out some secret place in her apartment, where he might have got some villain to hide it. Want of money and the meanest swindling were the sole foundations of this criminal affair. The

necklace was by this time taken to pieces and sold, partly in London, partly in Holland, and the rest in Paris.

From the moment the Cardinal's arrest was known a universal clamour arose. Every memorial that appeared during the trial increased the outcry, and nothing tended to develop the hidden facts. On this occasion the clergy took that course which a little wisdom, and the least knowledge of the spirit of such a body, ought to have foreseen. The Rohans and the House of Condé, as well as the clergy, complained in all quarters. The King agreed to the legal judgment, and early in September he addressed letters patent to the Parliament, in which His Majesty said that, " penetrated with the most just indignation on seeing the means which, by the confession of His Eminence the Cardinal, had been employed in order to inculpate his most dear and most honourable spouse and companion, he had," etc.

Fatal moment ! in which the Queen found herself, in consequence of this highly impolitic error, opposed against a subject who ought to have been dealt with by the power of the King alone. Erroneous principles of equity, ignorance, and hatred united with the confusion of ill-digested advice to form a course of conduct injurious at the same time to the Royal authority and to public morals.

The Princes and Princesses of the House of Condé, and of the Houses of Rohan, Soubise, and Guéménée, put on mourning, and were seen ranging themselves in the way of the members of the Great Chamber, to salute them as they proceeded to the Palace, on the days of sitting upon the Cardinal's trial ; and Princes of the Blood openly canvassed against the Queen of France.

The Pope wished to claim, on behalf of the Cardinal de Rohan, the right belonging to his ecclesiastical rank, and demanded that he should be judged at Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis, ambassador from France to His Holiness, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs, blending the wisdom of an old diplomatist with the principles of

a Prince of the Church, wished that this scandalous affair should be hushed up.

The King's aunts, who were on very intimate terms with the Ambassador, adopted his opinion; and the conduct of the King and Queen was equally and loudly censured in the apartments of Versailles and in the hotels and coffee-houses of Paris.

It is easy to refer to this transaction, alike fatal and unexpected, hastily entered into and weakly and dangerously followed up, the disorders which furnished so many weapons to the party opposed to authority.

In the early part of the year 1786 the Cardinal was fully acquitted, and came out of the Bastille; Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and confined. The Court, following up the false views which had guided its measures, conceived that the Cardinal and the woman De Lamotte were equally culpable and unequally judged, and sought to restore the balance of justice by exiling the Cardinal to the Abbey of La Chaise-Dieu, and suffering Madame de Lamotte to escape a few days after her entrance into the hospital.

This new error confirmed the Parisians in the idea that the low wretch, who had never been able to make her way into the room appropriated to the Queen's women, had really interested that unfortunate Princess. Cagliostro, one of those dabblers in pretended sciences or secret discoveries who appear every twenty-five or thirty years to give the most consequential idlers of Paris something to do, a capuchin, and a girl of the Palais Royal were implicated in this trial; no person of any note appeared upon the stage. The man named Declos, a servant of the Queen's chamber and a singer at the chapel, was the only man attached to the service of the Court that Madame de Lamotte dared to cite. He appeared upon the Cardinal's trial. It was to him that she said she had given the necklace. She named him because she had spent an evening with him at the house of the wife of a pretty surgeon-accoucheur of Versailles. Thus the pretended friend of the Queen, when she went to pay

her court to her, lived at the Belle-Image, and moved in the circle of the humblest townspeople of that place.

As soon as I heard of the sentence passed on the Cardinal I went to the Queen. She heard my voice in the room preceding her closet. She called to me; I found her very much agitated. In a faltering voice, she said to me, "Condole with me; the sharper who wished to ruin me, or get money by misusing my name and adopting my signature, has just been fully acquitted; but," added she, with warmth, "as a Frenchwoman, let me pity you. Unfortunate indeed are a people who have for their supreme tribunal a set of men who consult only their passions; and some of whom are capable of being corrupted, and others of an audacity which they have always manifested against authority, and which they have just suffered to break out against those who are invested with it." At this moment the King entered, and I wished to withdraw. "Stay," said he to me; "you are one of those who sincerely participate in the grief of your mistress." He went up to the Queen and took her by the hand. "This affair," said he, "has been decided contrary to all principle; however, that is very easily accounted for. To be able to cut this Gordian knot it is not necessary to be an Alexander. In the Cardinal the Parliament saw only a Prince of the Church, a Prince de Rohan, the near relation of a Prince of the Blood, while they ought to have looked upon him as a man unworthy of his ecclesiastical character, a spendthrift, a great nobleman degraded by his shameful connections, a young fashionable trying expedients, like many in Paris, and grasping at everything. He thought he would pay Bœhmer on account sums large enough to discharge the price of the necklace within a moderate time; but he knew the customs of the Court well enough, and was not so silly as to believe that Madame de Lamotte was admitted by the Queen and deputed to execute such a commission."

In giving the King's opinion, I do not pretend to speak decisively on the Cardinal's credulity or dishonesty; but

it got abroad, and I am bound to report the exact particulars of a conversation in which he declared it with so little reserve. He still continued to speak of that dreadful trial, and condescended to say to me, "I have saved you a mortification, which you would have experienced without any advantage to the Queen; all the Cardinal's papers were burnt, with the exception of a little note written by him, which was found by itself at the bottom of a drawer; it is dated in the latter end of July, and says that Bœhmer has seen Madame Campan, who told him to beware of the intrigue of which he would become the victim; that she would lay her head upon the block to maintain that the Queen had never wished to have the necklace, and that she had certainly not purchased it secretly. Had you any such conversation with the man?" the King continued. I answered that I remembered having said nearly those very words to him, and that I had informed the Queen of it. "Well," continued he, "I was asked whether it would be agreeable to me that you should be summoned to appear, and I replied that it was not absolutely indispensable. I should rather that a person so intimately connected with the Queen as yourself should not be summoned. How could it, for instance, be explained," added the King, "that this man wrote the note in question three weeks before the day on which I spoke to him, without taking any step either with the Queen or myself?"

M. Pierre de Laurence, the Attorney-General's substitute, sent the Queen a list of the names of the members of the Great Chamber, with the means made use of by the Cardinal to gain their votes during the trial. I had this list to keep among the papers which the Queen deposited in the house of M. Campan, my father-in-law, and which at his death she ordered me to preserve. I burnt this statement, and I remember upon this occasion ladies performed a part not very creditable to their morals; it was by them, and in consideration of large sums which they received, that some of the oldest

and most respectable heads were seduced. I did not see a single name among the whole Parliament that was gained over directly.

At this period the Queen's happy days terminated, Farewell for ever to the quiet and unostentatious excursions to Trianon, to the entertainments where the magnificence, the wit, and the good taste of the Court of France shone forth at the same time ; farewell, especially farewell, to that defence and to that respect, the outward shows of which wait upon the throne, while the reality alone is its solid basis.

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES

Four or five months before the ill-omened journey to Varennes the Queen secretly began preparing for it. She was anxious to send before her several things very useful at ordinary times, but which it would then have been more prudent to look upon as superfluous.

I was ordered to prepare, with the utmost secrecy, a complete wardrobe for the Queen, her daughter, and the Dauphin. The espionage of the Assembly was at that time carried to such a pitch, and the most indifferent actions of persons known to possess the confidence of Their Majesties were scrutinised with so much care, that I was obliged to go on foot, and almost disguised, to purchase all the necessary articles.

My sister prepared the clothes intended for Madame and the Dauphin, under pretence of sending a present into the country. The trunks went to the frontiers as belonging to one of my aunts, Madame Candon, widow of the Mayor of Arras, who proceeded to Brussels under an order to wait there for the Queen, and who did not return to France until after the acceptance of the Constitution in September, 1791. A *nécessaire* of enormous size, containing various articles, from a warming-pan to a silver porringer, was considered indispensable. The Queen was devising some way of forwarding her *nécessaire* to Brussels. She had ordered it at the time

of the first insurrections in 1789, to be made use of *in case of precipitate flight*. The moment for using it was come. She would not be deprived of it.

I opposed the execution of this resolution with every effort of reasoning. A piece of furniture of great bulk, and adapted for travelling, could not be sent out of the Queen's chamber without giving rise to much suspicion, and perhaps to a denunciation. It was at last determined that M. F—— S——, of the embassy from Vienna, at that time *chargé d'affaires* in the absence of the Count de Mercy, should ask the Queen, as from Madame the *Gouvernante*, for a *nécessaire* similar in every respect to her own. The directions to get the Archduchess's commission executed were given to me publicly. The Queen thought this stratagem sufficient for eluding all suspicion, but she deceived herself. Those who are born to thrones are, above all others, wanting in the knowledge of mankind.

In vain did I urge the manufacturer to send home the work. He required two months more for that purpose, and the moment fixed on for the departure drew near. The Queen, still too intent upon this trifle, thought that, having really ordered a *nécessaire* under a pretence of presenting it to her sister, she might feign a wish to put her in possession of it earlier, and send her own, and she desired me to send it off.

I gave directions to the wardrobe-woman, whose business it was to attend to particulars of this nature, to put the *nécessaire* into a condition to be packed up and carried in the Queen's name to M. de ——, who was to forward it to Brussels.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually, but on the evening of that very day, the 15th of May, 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence for a departure, and that the *nécessaire* was already sent off under pretence of its being presented to Madame Christina.

It was necessary, likewise, to send off the whole of the

diamonds belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty shut herself up with me in a closet belonging to the *entresol* looking into the garden of the Thuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls she possessed in a small chest. The cases containing these ornaments being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited ever since the 6th of October, 1789, with the *valet de chambre* who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself guessing the use that had been made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were as usual covered with red morocco marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors during the domiciliary visits in January, 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box, when the Queen was compelled to suspend the operation of packing it, being under the necessity of going down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early the next day to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the *nécessaire* was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private closets. No other servant was permitted to enter them ; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, etc. The Queen received back the key of her closets, when she had finished putting them in order, from her own hands ; but this woman, desirous of doing her duty well, and having the key sometimes for a few minutes only, had probably on that account alone ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. She made a formal declaration that Her Majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up the whole of her jewellery some time before the departure ; that she was certain of it, as she had found the

diamonds and the cotton-wool which served to wrap them scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the *entresol*, and most assuredly she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me the next day at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Leonard, Her Majesty's hair-dresser.

The box remained a long time at Brussels ; at length it got into the hands of Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna. I will here add some particulars for which there was no proper place elsewhere. In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tire-woman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on the days of State, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendent and the *dame d'honneur* being absent, the first tire-woman required me to sign her a receipt, the terms of which she herself dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on the crisis of the 10th of August. The Queen, having determined, upon the much-to-be-lamented arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often very anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and that of the 10th of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly which deprived the King of the custody of the Crown diamonds, the Queen gave up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants called *mazarines*, from the name of the cardinal who had enriched the Treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds, and the *sanci*. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the National Assembly, to place them with the Crown

diamonds. After giving them to him, she presented him a row of fine pearls of great beauty, saying to him, " that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria : that it was invaluable on account of its rarity ; that having been appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses, Louis XV. had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France ; but that she considered it national property." " That is a question, madam," said the commissary ; " that is a matter of opinion." " Sir," resumed the Queen, " it is an opinion on which I have a right to decide, and I now set it at rest."

My father-in-law, who was drawing near his end and dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the courtyard of the Thuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled, by an insurrection, to give up a journey to St. Cloud, Her Majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Thuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physician, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or, in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter end of May. At the moment of my going away, the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the 15th and the 20th of June ; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey ; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Auguié, the date of which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg, or Montmédy. She desired me to explain the meaning of these three letters clearly to my sister and to leave them with her

in writing, in order that at the moment of my going away she might be able to succeed me in writing to Arras. The Queen had a more delicate commission for me; it was to select from among my acquaintance a prudent person of obscure rank, but wholly devoted to the interests of the Court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me or someone furnished with a note from the Queen. She added that she would not travel with this portfolio, but that it was of the utmost importance that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be entrusted should be matured and well founded. I proposed to her Madame Vallayer Coster, an amiable and a worthy artist whom I had known from my infancy, and whose sentiments were not to be doubted. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had portioned her by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilette whom I was to take with me to show him the residence of Madame Coster in the galleries of the Louvre, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. On the evening preceding my departure the Queen particularly recommended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers as soon as she should have departed. She advised me to take with me a confidential person fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me she would give orders to M—— to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers, in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add that, having a long journey to make in foreign countries, she determined to give me 300 louis. I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation, and having money at my disposal, I declined accepting of her gold. I did not dread the tiresome road I had to travel in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was that, by treachery or miscalculation, a scheme, the practicability of which

was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe-woman gave me well-founded reason for alarm. I ventured to communicate this to the Queen; I had never taken advantage of the confidence with which I was honoured by her to do anyone an injury; but at this moment it was my duty to act in opposition to my principles. I mentioned to the Queen a number of revolutionary remarks which this woman had made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first *femme de chambre*, yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about *hierarchy overturned, equality among men*, of course, more especially among persons holding offices at Court; and this jargon of words, at that time in the mouths of all the partisans of the Revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You know many important secrets, madam," said this woman to me; "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here, in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose." I left this contention, in which I had been promptly silenced, pale and trembling. Unfortunately, as I began my narrative to the Queen, with particulars of the woman's refusal to obey me (and Sovereigns being all their lives importuned with complaints upon the prerogatives of places), she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking, and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in nearly 15,000 francs yearly. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the *entresols* of the Thuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the National Guard, passed almost every day with her, and it is to be presumed that she had long been

subservient to the views of the party in opposition to the Court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Thuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the Pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de la Fayette would, of course, be informed of this circumstance, and persons possessing exceedingly good intelligence have assured me that, on the very night of the Queen's departure, this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the Royal Family set off.

As for myself, after I had executed all the Queen's orders, on the 30th of May, 1791, I set out for Auvergne. I was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of the Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of the 25th of June, I heard the beat of a drum, to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased, I heard a hairdresser from Besse proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne : " The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on, " The Queen, with her well-known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens who were upbraiding the King, ' Well, since you recognise your Sovereign, respect him.' " Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin Club of Clermont could hardly have invented, I exclaimed, " The news is true ! "

I should but ill express the despair which overwhelmed me, and it would fill too secondary a situation in the account of so important an event. I immediately learned that a courier having come from Paris to Clermont, the attorney of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the province ; these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising

out of the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my Sovereigns reached me in the wildest part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the 23rd I received a note written in a hand which I recognised as that of M. Diet, usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by Her Majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived. I have just got into my bath. I, and my family, exist. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my good Campan; soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times."

This note was, for greater safety, addressed to my father-in-law's *valet de chambre*. What were my feelings, on perceiving that, after the most distressing crisis, we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate Princess!

M. Campan having been unable to use the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The Committee of Surveillance, or that of General Safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary councillor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm that I was in Auvergne solely for the purpose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill. The precautions relative to my absence from Paris were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the attorney of the commune, who was at the same time president of the Jacobin Club; but he was also a physician of repute, and without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would contribute to our quiet if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate of payment made to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the *Moniteur*. Dr. Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us.

Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen in the insulting and brutal terms at that time unfortunately adopted throughout France, I used to stop him, and say coolly, " Sir, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid our losing sight of the respect due to them from us." Notwithstanding he was an inveterate patriot, he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revocation of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the Committee of the Assembly and to the Jacobin Society.

The two chief women about the Dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet, her usher, and Camot, her *garçon de toilette*; the females, on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe, were sent to the prisons of the Abbaye. After my departure the *garçon de toilette*, whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's, was sent there with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave information that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure, adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's sofa; that the *garçon de toilette* wrapped it up in a napkin and took it under his arm, and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experienced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the emancipations of her servants.

The Queen, about the 15th of August, had me informed by letter that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law

back in a dying state, and on the day preceding that of the acceptance of the Constitutional Act, I informed the Queen that he was no more. " The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, " has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on the 1st of September, 1791. I was struck with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her features. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white during the transit from Varennes to Paris. She had lost the power of sleeping soundly. Wishing to have the consolation which day brought to her, under her troubles, as soon as possible, she would not have her shutters closed. I found all the guards, established in the most retired parts of her apartments, still in existence. A commandant of battalion usually spent the night sitting in the space between the two doors of the saloon and the bedroom. The folding doors were open on the Queen's side, and his arm-chair was placed so that he should not lose sight of her. There was even some hesitation about suffering a post-bedstead to be brought every evening near the Queen's bed for her first woman to lie upon, and it was alleged that this bedstead would prevent the commandant having his eyes directly upon that of the Queen.

The door of the room in which the Royal Family sat remained open all day, so that the guards could see them and hear what they said. The King closed it repeatedly, and it was as often immediately opened by the officer, who said to him, in an authoritative tone, " *I beg this door may not be shut ;* such are my orders." One of the captains of the guard constantly passed four-and-twenty successive hours at the bottom of the dark corridor which runs behind the Queen's apartments. He had a table and two wax lights near him. This post, which was like the closest prison, was by no means sought after. Saint-Prix, an actor belonging to the

Comédie Française, almost appropriated it to himself, and his conduct in it towards his unfortunate Sovereigns was always respectful and affecting. The King came to the Queen's apartments through this corridor, and the actor of the Théâtre Française often afforded the august and unfortunate couple the consolation of conversing together without any witness. To such an extent was severity carried that an officer named Collet had to get the order which enjoined him to follow the Queen to her wardrobe and to stand sentinel at the door as long as she should remain there rescinded.

The day on which I resumed my duties about the Queen she was unable to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having that day on guard near her an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversation with me, my return being a subject of alarm. But at length the next day the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favour of having the door shut when I was in bed, she began the narrative of the journey and the unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and, kneeling by her bedside, I remained until three o'clock in the morning listening with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details of tolerable exactness in papers of the time.

The King entrusted the Count de Fersen, who as a foreigner was exempt from national inculpations, with all the preparations for the departure. The carriage was ordered by him ; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his connections with that lady, who was a foreigner ; and, lastly, he himself drove the Royal Family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame

Brunier and Madame de Neuville, the first women of Madame and the Dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxembourg and took another road. They, as well as the King, were recognised by the master of the last post in France; but this man, devoting himself to the fortune of the Prince, left the French territory and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Gardon, from Arras, met with no hindrance, and Leonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed Varennes a few hours before the Royal Family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and there two circumstances caused a delay of three hours—precisely the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to wait there for the arrival of a certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which manifested their anxiety. M. Goguelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway in order to return to Varennes by two cross-roads. The King looked out of the carriage at St. Menehould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet, the postmaster, whose fatal name will long be preserved in history, struck by the forcible resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognised the Queen also, and

judging that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the Royal Family and their suite, instantly mounted his horse, reached Varennes by cross-roads before the Royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augumented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage in full gallop, cried out to them, bending towards the window of their carriage, without however slackening his speed, "You are recognised!"

They arrived with beating hearts at the gates of Varennes without meeting one of the horsemen by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays; and some minutes were lost in waiting to no purpose. The cabriolet had preceded them; and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. Goguelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the King and asked him *if he chose to effect a passage by force!* What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI., who from the very beginning of the Revolution had shown, in every crisis of it, the fear he entertained of giving the least order which might cause an effusion of blood! "Would it be a brisk action?" said the King. "It is impossible that it should be otherwise, Sire," replied the aide-de-camp. Louis XVI. was unwilling to expose his family. They therefore went to the house of a grocer, mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris.

He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavoured to demonstrate to the people around him that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the Constitution which he would maintain, though many of its articles were incompatible

with the dignity of the throne and the force by which it was necessary that the Sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment in which the King communicated to the very humblest class of his subjects his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart. Whilst the King was speaking to this mayor, whose name was Sauce, the Queen, seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavoured to make Madame Sauce understand that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This woman was moved ; she could not without streaming eyes see herself thus solicited by her Queen ; but she could not be got to say anything more than, " Bless me, madam, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce. I love my King, but, by Our Lady, I love my husband too, you must know, and he would be answerable, you see." Whilst this strange and unavailing scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons whether they would protect the departure of the King ; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. Goguelat ; he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de la Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen after the 6th of October, 1789, by the commander of the Parisian Guard, to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. " If you wish to make your name remarkable, sir," said the Queen to him, " you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal consequences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen, still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive with

a force sufficient to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at Varennes by every means in her power. The Dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she wept and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave in such a state of suffering one who had devoted herself to follow them. But as the relief they hoped for was also apprehended by those who had arrested them, no delay in departing was allowed. The three bodyguards (Valory, Dumoutier, and Malden) were bound and fastened upon the seat of the carriage.

A horde of National Guards, animated with fury and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the Royal Family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion, joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned got into the King's carriage; already the infuriated band that surrounded the illustrious victims had massacred before their eyes M. de Dampierre, a knight of St. Louis, living upon an estate in the environs of Varennes. He had hastened to pay his respects to the King; this impulse, so natural to all good Frenchmen, was punished by a cruel death. At some distance from Epernay a village priest ventured to approach the carriage, merely actuated by his desire to behold the countenance of the unfortunate monarch. He was instantly knocked down, and was about to perish in sight of the Royal Family. Shocked at these atrocious murders, Barnave darted to the window: "Are we amongst tigers?" he exclaimed. "Let that venerable old man depart unmolested. Show at this important moment the composure of a great nation worthy of winning its liberties." The old priest was saved.

Madame Elizabeth, surprised and delighted with

the generous emotion of Barnave, seeing him ready to throw himself out of the window, seized hold of the flap of his coat to save him from falling. Courage and humanity at that moment united the feelings of the pious daughter of the Bourbons to those of the independent plebeian who for two years had waged war upon the ancient rights of monarchy. He whose name had never been pronounced except with contempt and horror had proved himself a man of feeling; and from this time Barnave possessed an interest in the hearts of these unfortunate Princesses. They even ventured to begin to converse in a connected manner respecting the critical situation in which France and the Royal Family stood. The King, in the beginning of the discourse, notwithstanding his extreme shyness, hazarded a few remarks; but having asked what the French people would wish to attain, Pétion replied, with barbarous sincerity, "A republic, when they are so fortunate as to be ripe enough for one." From that moment the King imposed silence upon himself, which he did not once break until he reached Paris, even by monosyllables.

The deputies were invited to take some refreshment from a canteen of chicken and pastry which was in the carriage. Pétion readily accepted the offer. Madame Elizabeth poured out the wine. Pétion, doubtless in the affectation of being quite at ease, tapped his glass under the neck of the bottle to show her there was enough in it. The dignity of Barnave was offended by such gross affectation, and he would not eat anything. Being pressed by the Queen to take something, he replied, "Madam, under such solemn circums ances the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy the attention of Your Majesties only with their commission, and not with their wants." This line of conduct being adhered to by Barnave during the whole of the route, naturally made a favourable impression upon the minds of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth; and the Princesses had made many private conversations with him at the

places where the sorrowful train stopped to rest. They found him full of sense and judicious intentions, much attached to the system of a constitutional monarchy, but aware of the incalculable dangers that France would be exposed to under a republican government.

APPENDIX C

RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES BY MADAME CAMPAN

PREFACE

THERE are already so many books that ordinary talents for writing are by no means a sufficient excuse for increasing the number. Convinced as I am that the mania for publishing is both censurable and ridiculous, I am far from being weak enough to suffer it to affect me; but destiny having formerly placed me near crowned heads, I now amuse my solitude with recording a variety of facts which may prove interesting to my family when I shall be no more. I have already collected all that concerned the domestic life of an unfortunate Princess, whose reputation is not yet cleared of the stains it suffered from the attacks of calumny, and who justly merited a different lot in life, a different place in the opinion of mankind after her fall. These Memoirs, which were finished ten years since, have met with the approbation of some persons; and my son may, perhaps, think proper to print them after my decease. I know not whether my Recollections will be thought worthy to see the light; but whilst I am occupied in writing them my mind is diverted; I pass calmer hours; and I seem removed from the melancholy scenes by which I am now surrounded, as far as the sensibility of my heart will permit me to forget the present. The idea of collecting all the interesting materials which my memory affords occurred to me from reading the work entitled "Paris, Versailles, and the Provinces in the Eighteenth Century." That

work, composed by a man accustomed to the best society, is full of piquant anecdotes, nearly all of which have been recognised as true by the contemporaries of the author. Such compilations are at least as valuable as those collections of *bons mots* and puns which were in vogue fifty years ago. They give facts ; they introduce personages who have performed distinguished parts. They are also, in some degree, capable of affording experience, that most valuable acquisition, which we gain only by our errors, which age renders almost useless, and which can be transmitted but very imperfectly.

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI. AND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

In a tranquil and happy Court, such as Versailles was previous to the fatal period of the Revolution, the most trifling events engage attention, and those that are uncommon afford a particular delight. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a person who associated with the Duchess de Cossé, the Queen's dresser, discovered, in a village near Marly, a female living retired in a cottage more neatly arranged and better furnished than those of the other peasants in the vicinity. She had a cow, which, however, she knew not how to milk, and requested her neighbours to render her that service. One thing seemed still more surprising : it was a library of about two hundred volumes, which formed the principal ornament of her retreat. The Duchess spoke of this interesting recluse to the Queen. By her account she was a "Sarah Th——," like the heroine of a novel which the Chevalier de Saint-Lambert had just published at the conclusion of the poem of the Seasons.

For several days nothing was talked of but this Sarah of Marly ; it was observed that she was only known in the village by the name of Marguerite ; that she went to Paris but twice a year, and alone ; that she seldom spoke to her neighbours, unless to thank them for any

little services they had rendered her ; that she regularly heard low Mass on Sundays and holidays, but was not religious ; that the works of Racine, Voltaire, and Jean-Jacques had been seen in her cottage. At length the interest thus excited increased to such a degree that Marie Antoinette desired to be acquainted with the object of it, and directed her ride towards the place of her retreat. The Queen quitted her carriage before she reached the village, and, taking the arm of the Duchess de Cossé, entered the cottage. "Good day, Marguerite," she said ; "your cottage is extremely pretty." "Not to speak of, madam ; but I keep it neat." "Your furniture is good." "I brought it from Paris when I came to fix myself here." "They say you go there very little ?" "I have no occasion." "You have a cow that you do not attend to yourself ?" "My health requires me to drink a good deal of milk ; and, having always lived in town, I am unable to milk my cow, and my neighbours do me this service." "You have books ?" "As you see, madam." "What, Voltaire !" said the Queen, taking up a volume of that author ; "have you read the whole of his works ?" "I have read those volumes which I possess, 'The Age of Louis XIV.,' 'The Reign of Charles XII.,' 'The Henriade,' and his tragedies." "What taste in the selection !" exclaimed the Duchess ; "it is really surprising ! You read a great deal, it is said." "I have nothing better to do ; I like it ; it kills time, and the evenings are long." "How did you obtain these books ?" resumed the Queen ; "did you purchase them ?" "No, madam," replied Marguerite, "I was housekeeper to a physician, who died and left me by will his furniture, his books, and an annuity of eight hundred livres from the Hôtel de Ville, which I go to receive every half-year." The Queen was highly amused at seeing all the reports about the recluse of Marly overturned by a narrative so simple and so little deserving of attention.

The new "Sarah Th——" was, in fact, a retired cook.

Marie Antoinette while she was yet Dauphiness could ill endure the yoke of etiquette. The Abbé de Vermond had in some degree contributed to encourage this disposition in her. When she became Queen he endeavoured openly to induce her to shake off the restraints, the ancient origin of which she still respected. If he chanced to enter her apartment at the time she was preparing to go out, "For whom," he would say in a tone of raillery—"for whom is this detachment of warriors which I found in the Court? Is it some general going to inspect his army? Does all this military display become a young Queen adored by her subjects?" He would take this opportunity to call to her mind the simplicity with which Maria Theresa lived; the visits she made without guards or even attendants to the Prince d'Esterhazy, to the Count de Palfi, to pass whole days there far from the fatiguing ceremonies of the Crown. The Abbé thus flattered with baleful address the inclination of Marie Antoinette. He showed her by what expedients she might disguise even from herself her aversion for the haughty but venerated habits followed by the descendants of Louis XIV.

The theatre, that fruitful and convenient resource of shallow minds, was the constant source of conversation at Court. It was invariably the subject of discourse at the Queen's toilette. She wished to be informed of everything that occurred at a performance when she had not been present. The question "Was it well attended?" was never omitted. I have seen more than one courteous Duke reply, with a bow, "There was not even a cat." This did not mean, as might be thought, that the theatre was empty; it was even possible that it might be full; but in that case it expressed that it was only filled with financiers, honest citizens, and gentry from the country. The nobility—I should rather say the high nobility—knew none but their equals. It was necessary to have been presented to be admitted to their society. There were, moreover, among persons of this class a privileged few; these were

called persons of quality, and the persons of quality, who lived at Versailles and who were admitted to the King and Queen, were not without some feeling of contempt for those who only paid their respects once a week. Under these circumstances, a woman of quality who had been presented, and who was of the most illustrious family, might be disdainfully classed among those who were called "Sunday ladies."

The retirement of Madame Louise and her removal from Court had only served to give her up entirely to the intrigues of the clergy. She received incessant visits from bishops, archbishops, and ambitious priests of every rank; she prevailed on the King her father to grant many ecclesiastical preferments, and probably looked forward to play an important part at the time when the King, weary of his pleasures and his licentious course of life, should begin to think of his salvation. This, perhaps, might have been the case had not a sudden and unexpected death put an end to his career. The project of Madame Louise fell to the ground in consequence of this event. She remained in her convent, from whence she continued to solicit favours, as I could well ascertain from the complaints of the Queen, who often said to me, "Here is another letter from my Aunt Louise. She is certainly the most intriguing little Carmelite that exists in the kingdom." The Court went to visit her about three times a year; and I recollect that the Queen, intending to take her daughter there, ordered me to get a doll dressed like a Carmelite for her, that the young Princess might be accustomed, before she went into the convent, to the habit of her aunt the nun.

In a situation where ambition keeps every passion awake, a word, a single reflection, may give rise to prejudice and excite hatred, and I cannot help thinking that the known aversion that existed between the Queen and Madame de Genlis originated in a reply of Marie Antoinette to the Duchess d'Orleans respecting

that lady. On the day for paying respects to the Queen after the birth of the Dauphin, the Duchess d'Orleans approached the couch to apologise for Madame de Genlis not appearing on an occasion when the whole Court hastened to congratulate Her Majesty on the birth of an heir. Indisposition had prevented her. The Queen replied that the Duchess de Chartres would have caused an apology to be made in such a case; that the celebrity of Madame de Genlis might, indeed, have caused her absence to be noticed, but that she was not of a rank to send an apology for it. This proceeding on the part of the Princess, influenced by the talents of the governess of her children, proves, at any rate, that at this time she still desired the regard and the friendship of the Queen; and from this very moment unfavourable reflections on the habits and inclinations of the Sovereign, and sharp criticisms on the works and the conduct of the female author, were continually interchanged between Marie Antoinette and Madame de Genlis. At least, I am sure that the songs and epigrams that appeared against the governess of the Duke d'Orleans' children never failed to be brought to the Queen; and it is most likely that the malice of courtiers transmitted with equal rapidity to the Palais Royal all that might have been said in the Queen's apartments to the disadvantage of Madame de Genlis.

M. de Maurepas died on the 21st of November, one month after the birth of the Dauphin. The King seemed much affected at this loss. Whatever might be the indifference and levity of this guide, habit had rendered him necessary. The King denied himself, at the time of his death, several gratifications, such as the chase and a dinner-party at Brunoy with Monsieur. He visited him several times when ill, and showed marks of real sensibility. M. de Vergennes, without inheriting the title of Prime Minister, completely occupied the place of M. de Maurepas about the King. Political historians will decide on his talents and the errors which

M. de Vergennes may have committed. But plain reason has led me to give him credit for having contrived to conceal the weakness of his master's character from the eyes of all Europe. It cannot be denied that as long as he lived he covered Louis XVI. with a veil of respectability, of which the King seemed immediately deprived on the death of this minister.

Winter, of 1788

The gratitude of the Parisians for the succours poured forth by the King and Queen was very lively and sincere. The snow was so abundant that since that period there has never been seen such a prodigious quantity in France. In different parts of Paris pyramids and obelisks of snow were erected, with inscriptions expressive of the gratitude of the people. The pyramid in the Rue d'Angiviller was particularly deserving of attention : it was supported by a base of five or six feet high by twelve broad ; it rose to the height of fifteen feet, and was terminated by a globe. Four posts placed at the angles corresponded with the obelisk, and gave it an appearance not devoid of elegance. Several inscriptions in honour of the King and Queen were affixed to it.

I went to see this singular monument, and recollect the following inscription :

"To Marie Antoinette

"Lovely and good, to tender pity true,
Queen of a virtuous King, this trophy view ;
Cold ice and snow sustain its form,
But every grateful heart to thee is warm.
Oh, may this tribute in your hearts excite,
Illustrious pair, more pure and real delight
(Whilst thus your virtues are sincerely praised)
Than pompous domes by servile flattery raised."

APPENDIX C

The theatres generally rang with praises of the beneficence of the Sovereigns. *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.* was represented for the benefit of the poor. The receipts were very considerable, and the audience vehemently called for the repetition of the following verses :

" A virtuous King's benignant reign
Relieves the sufferings of the poor ;
The Queen and all her brilliant train
Drive sorrow from the cottage door ;
The sons of labour cease their cries,
Nor dread disease or famine's sting ;
The country with the palace vies
To celebrate our bounteous King."

I have not inserted these lines for their literary merit, but as showing the opinion most commonly entertained in Paris with respect to the King and Queen, just five years before the general and fatal shock which the French monarchy suffered.

In order, then, to produce so complete a change in the long-cherished love of the people for their rulers, it required the union of the principles of the new philosophy with the enthusiasm for liberty imbibed in the plains of America ; and that this eagerness for change and this enthusiasm should be seconded by the weakness of the monarch, the incessant corruption of English gold, and by projects, either of revenge or of ambition, in the Duke d'Orleans. Let it not be thought that this accusation is founded on what has been so often repeated by the heads of the French Government since the Revolution. Twice, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of October in the same year, the day on which the Court was dragged to Paris, the Queen prevented me from making little excursions thither of business or pleasure, saying to me, " Do not go on such a day to Paris ; the English have been scattering gold ; we shall have some disturbance."

APPENDIX C

The repeated visits of this Prince to England had excited the Anglomania to such a pitch that Paris was no longer distinguishable from London. The French, constantly imitated by the whole of Europe, became on a sudden a nation of imitators, without considering the evils that arts and manufactures must suffer in consequence of the change. Since the treaty of commerce made with England at the peace of 1783, not merely equipages, but everything, even to ribbons and common earthenware, were of English make. If this predominance of English fashions had been confined to filling our drawing-rooms with young men in English frock-coats instead of the French dress, good taste and commerce might alone have suffered ; but the principles of English government had taken possession of these young heads—*Constitution, Upper House, Lower House, National guarantee, balance of power, Great Charter, Law of Habeas Corpus ;* all these words were incessantly repeated, rarely understood ; but they were of fundamental importance to a party which was then forming.

The taste for dress which the Queen had indulged during the first years of her reign had given way to a love of simplicity, carried even to an impolitic extent, the splendour and magnificence of the throne being in France to a certain degree inseparable from the interests of the nation.

Except on those days when the assemblies at Court were particularly attended, such as the 1st of January and the 2nd of February, devoted to the procession of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and on the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, the Queen no longer wore any dresses but muslin or white Florentine taffety. Her head-dress was merely a hat—the plainest were preferred : and her diamonds never quitted their caskets but for the dresses of ceremony, confined to the days I have mentioned.

The Queen was not yet five-and-twenty, and already

began to apprehend that she might be induced to make too frequent use of flowers and of ornaments, which at that time were exclusively reserved for youth.

Mademoiselle Bertin having brought a wreath for the head and neck composed of roses, the Queen, in trying them, was fearful that the brightness of the flowers might be disadvantageous to her complexion. She was unquestionably too severe upon herself, her beauty having as yet experienced no alteration—it is easy to conceive the concert of praise and compliment that replied to the doubt she had expressed. The Queen, approaching me, conceived the idea of promising to refer to my judgment the time when she should abandon the use of flowers in the way of ornament. "Think well of it," said she; "I charge you from this day to give me notice when flowers shall cease to become me." "I shall do no such thing," I replied immediately; "I have not read 'Gil Blas' without profiting in some degree from it, and I find Your Majesty's order too much like that given him by the Archbishop of Granada to warn him of the moment when he should begin to fall off in the composition of his homilies." "Go!" said the Queen; "you are less sincere than Gil Blas; and I would have been more liberal than the Archbishop of Granada."

The indiscreet zeal of courtiers is frequently prejudicial to the true interests of Princes. An erroneous proceeding on the part of M. Augeard, secretary to the *Queen's orders*, and farmer of the revenue, had greatly contributed to make it publicly believed that the Queen disposed of all the offices of finance. He had required the committee of farmers-general, without any authority to that effect, to inform him of the vacancies in any of the offices at all lucrative, assuring them that they would be acting in a manner very agreeable to the wishes of the Queen. The members of the committee acceded to this demand of M. Augeard, but not without com-

plaining of it at their different meetings. The Queen at first only attributed to the zeal of her secretary the care he took to inform her of every vacancy ; but when she became acquainted with the proceeding he had adopted in the society he belonged to, she highly disapproved of it, caused this to be made known to the farmers of the revenue, and abstained from asking for financial situations. At the last lease of the taxes renewed by M. de Calonne she made but one request of this kind, and that was as a marriage portion to a young woman of family among her attendants. There was, however, at this period a great number of important situations to dispose of. Deeply afflicted at seeing the general conviction that the Queen disposed of all employments without distinction, and having had information of some who were deprived of places to which they had good claims, under the pretext of demands made by the Queen, I advised them to write to Her Majesty to entreat her to let them know if she had asked for the situations to which they had just pretensions. The Queen was well satisfied with the confidence these individuals had placed in her, and caused an official answer to be returned to them, " that she had made no demand of the places they were soliciting, and that she authorised them to make use of her letter." These persons obtained the situations they desired.

There was frequently seen in the gardens and the apartments at Versailles a veteran captain of the grenadiers of France, called the Chevalier d'Orville, who, during four years, had been soliciting of the Minister of War a majority, or the post of King's lieutenant. He was known to be very poor, but he supported his lot without ever complaining of this vexatious delay in rewarding his honourable services. He attended regularly upon the Marshal de Ségur, at the hour appointed by the minister for receiving the numerous solicitations in his department. One day the Marshal said to him, " You are still

at Versailles, M. d'Orville ?" "Sir," replied this brave officer, "you may observe that by this board of the flooring, where I regularly place myself; it is already worn down several lines by the weight of my body." This reply was circulated at Versailles; I heard of it.

The Queen frequently stood at the window of her bedchamber to observe with her glass the people who were walking in the park. Sometimes she enquired of her attendants the names of those persons who were unknown to her. One day she saw the Chevalier d'Orville passing, and asked me the name of that knight of Saint-Louis, whom she had seen everywhere and for a long time past. I knew who he was, and related his history. "That must be put an end to," said the Queen, with some degree of vivacity. "With all due deference to our Court patrons, such an example of indifference is calculated to discourage the military: a man may be extremely brave and yet have no protector." "That affair will be settled whenever Your Majesty shall please to take it in hand," I replied. "Yes, yes," said the Queen without explaining herself further, and she turned her glass towards some other persons who were walking.

The next day, in crossing the gallery to go to Mass, the Queen perceived the Chevalier d'Orville. She stopped and went directly towards him. The poor man fell back in the recess of a window, looking to the right and left to discover the person towards whom the Queen was directing her steps, when she addressed him: "M. d'Orville, you have been several years at Versailles soliciting a majority or a King's lieutenancy. You must have very powerless patrons." "I have none, madam," replied the Chevalier, in great confusion. "Well! I will take you under my protection. To-morrow, at the same hour, be here with a petition and a memorial of your services." A fortnight after M. d'Orville was appointed King's lieutenant, either at La Rochelle or at Rochefort.

The genuine sensibility of the Queen furnished her upon the instant with the most flattering and honourable expressions towards those she esteemed. When M. Loustonneau, first surgeon to the Princes of France, was appointed to the reversion of the situation of M. Andouillé, first surgeon to the King, he came, at the Queen's breakfast hour, to make his acknowledgments. This worthy man was generally beloved at Versailles; he had devoted himself to the care of the poorer class, and expended upon indigent invalids near 30,000 francs a year. His excessive modesty could not prevent such extensive charities from eventually becoming known. After receiving from the benevolent Loustonneau the homage of his gratitude, the Queen said to him, "You are satisfied, sir; but I am far from being so with the inhabitants of Versailles. Upon the news of the favour the King has just conferred on you the town should have been illuminated." "And why so, madam?" said the first surgeon, with an air of anxious astonishment. "Ah!" replied the Queen, in a tone of sensibility, "if all the poor whom you have succoured for twenty years past had but each placed a single candle in their window, it would have been the most beautiful illumination ever witnessed."

The very day on which the King announced that he gave his assent to the convocation of the States-General, the Queen left the public dinner and placed herself in the recess of the first window of her bed-chamber, with her face towards the garden. Her chief butler followed her, to present her coffee, which she usually took standing as she was about to leave the table. She made me a sign to come near her. The King was engaged in conversation with someone in his room. When the attendant had served her he retired; and she addressed me, with the cup still in her hand, "Good God! what fatal news goes forth this day! The King assents to the convocation of the States-General." Then she added, raising her eyes to heaven, "I dread it; this

important event is a first fatal signal of discord in France." She cast her eyes down; they were filled with tears. She could not take the remainder of her coffee, but handed me the cup and went to join the King. In the evening, when she was alone with me, she spoke only of this momentous decision. "It is the Parliament," said she, "that has reduced the King to the necessity of having recourse to a measure long considered as fatal to the repose of the kingdom. These gentlemen wish to restrain the power of the King; but this at least is certain, that they give a great shock to the authority of which they made so bad an use, and that they will bring on their own destruction. That, perhaps, is the only favourable view that can be taken of such an alarming proceeding."

Extract from different Letters of Madame Campan, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen, from the 5th of October to the 31st of December, 1789.

I know not whether I shall have strength to give you a description of the afflicting scenes that have lately taken place almost under my very eyes. My scattered senses are not yet collected, my dreams are horrid, my slumbers painful. My sister was with the Queen during the night of the 5th; I obtained from her part of the circumstances I am about to relate. When M. de la Fayette had left the King, saying that he was going to quarter his troops as well as he could, everyone in the palace hoped to enjoy the consolation of repose. The Queen herself went to bed, and when my sister had done waiting on her, she retired into the chamber immediately before the Queen's; there, giving way to accents of grief, she burst into tears, and said to her companions, "Is it a time to retire to bed when the town is occupied by thirty thousand troops, ten thousand ruffians, and two-and-forty pieces of cannon?" "Surely not," they replied; "we must not think of committing so great an error." They all, therefore, remained dressed,

and took their rest reclining on their beds. It was then four o'clock. Exactly at six the host of ruffians, having forced the barriers, took their course towards Her Majesty's apartment. My sister was the first who heard these dreadful words: "*Save the Queen.*" The body-guard who pronounced them received thirteen wounds at the very door from whence he gave us the alarm. Had the Queen's women gone to bed Her Majesty would have been lost; they had only time to rush into her chamber, snatch her out of bed, throw a covering over her, carry her into the King's apartment, and close in the best manner they could the door of the gallery that leads to it. She fell senseless into the arms of her august husband. You know what has happened since: the King, yielding to the wishes of the capital, went thither with his whole family on the morning of the 6th. The journey occupied seven hours and a half, during which we heard incessantly a continued noise of thirty thousand muskets, loaded with ball, which were charged and discharged in token of joy for the happiness of conducting the King to Paris. They cried out, but in vain, "Fire straight!" In spite of this notice, the balls sometimes struck the ornaments of the carriages; the smell of the powder almost suffocated us, and the crowd was so immense that the people, pressing the coaches on all sides, gave them the motion of a boat. If you wish to form an idea of this march, conceive a multitude of half-clad ruffians, armed with sabres, pistols, spits, saws; old partisans, marching without order, shouting, yelling, headed by a monster, a tiger, whom the municipality of Paris sought out with the utmost care, a man with a long beard, who till now served as a model at the Academy of Painting, and who, since the troubles, has yielded to his desire for murder, and has himself cut off the heads of all the wretched victims of popular frenzy. When we consider that it was this very mob that, at six in the morning, had forced the barrier of the marble staircase, broken open the doors of the ante-chamber, and penetrated even to the spot where that brave guard

made a resistance sufficiently long to give us time to save the Queen—when we recollect that this dreadful army filled the streets of Versailles during the whole night, we still find that Heaven has protected us ; we perceive the power of Providence, and this danger passed gives us hopes for the future. Moreover, it was now ascertained that all these terrible events, of which I have only been able to give you a faint sketch, were the horrid result of the foulest, the most abominable conspiracy. The city of Paris is engaged in discovering the authors ; but I doubt whether they will be all brought to light, and I believe that posterity alone will be fully informed of these dreadful secrets.

The severity of military law, the great activity of the commanders of the militia and city guard, the attachment, the veneration of all citizens in the capital for the august family that has come within its walls, and is fully determined to remain there till the new Constitution shall be completed—these afford the only prospect capable of affording any consolation to our bosoms.

Since the Queen has been at Paris her Court is well attended ; she dines three times a week in public with the King ; her card-rooms are open on those days. Though the apartments are small, all Paris is to be found there. She converses with the commanders of districts ; she finds familiar opportunities of saying obliging things even to the private soldiers, among whom citizens of the first class are to be found, as well as the lowest artisans : mildness, resignation, courage, affability, popularity, everything is made use of, and sincerely, to reconcile people's minds and concur in the re-establishment of order. Everyone does justice to such affecting attentions, and that is a reparation for the cruel sufferings that have been endured and the dreadful risks that have been encountered. Upon the whole, nothing can be more prudent or more consistent than the conduct of the King and Queen, and therefore the number of their partisans increases daily. They are spoken of with enthusiasm in almost every company.

I have lost much on the score of the happiness, the enjoyments, and the hopes of life, but I am exceedingly flattered in being attached to a Princess who in moments of adversity has displayed a character so generous and so elevated; she is an angel of mildness and of goodness; she is a woman particularly gifted with courage. I am in hopes that the clouds accumulated about her by the impure breath of calumny will dissipate; and at the Queen's age, and with her virtues, she may still expect to resume in history and in the eyes of posterity that rank from which she cannot be removed without injustice. Princes assailed by imbecility and vice towards their decline have in vain displayed some virtues in early youth; their latter years efface the splendour of their earlier, and they carry to the tomb the hatred and contempt of their subjects. How many happy years has our amiable Queen yet to pass?—and when she acts of her own accord she is always sure of the most complete success. She has given proofs of it in the most critical moments; and Paris, replete with the most seditious opinions—Paris, continually reading the most disgusting libels, could not refuse her the admiration due to true courage, presence of mind, and courteousness. Her bitterest enemies confine themselves to saying, "It must be confessed that she is a woman of strong mind." I cannot express to you how anxious I am with respect to the opinion that is entertained of this interesting Princess in foreign Courts: have those shameless libels been sent thither? Is it believed in Russia that one Madame Lamotte was ever the favourite of the Queen? Do they give credit to all the abominable reports of that infernal machination? I hope not: the justice, the reparation that are due to this Princess never cease to engage my thoughts. I should lose my senses if I were a little younger, and if my imagination were as lively as my heart is sensitive. I, who have seen her for fifteen years attached to her august husband, to her children, gracious to her servants—unfortunately, too affable, too unaffected, too much on a level with the people of the

Court—I cannot endure to see her character vilified. I wish I had a hundred mouths, I wish for wings, that I might inspire that confidence in listening to truth which is so readily yielded to falsehood. Let us still pray that time will bring about this important object.

NOTES

The notes in quotation marks are selected from those added by the editor of the edition of 1823. The rest are contributed to the present edition.

P. 30. *Mahon.* Port Mahon, capital of the island Minorca.
Roxalana. Slave and sultana (1505-61), the wife of Solyman II.

P. 31. *Calash.* A light carriage on low wheels, with a top removable at pleasure, so as to make it an open or closed conveyance.

P. 33. *Metastasio.* Pietro Trapassi, otherwise Metastasio, Italian poet (1698-1782). He was highly appreciated at the Court of Vienna (where he was Court poet) by Charles VI. and Maria Theresa.

P. 49. *The old Duke de Brissac.* "Count de Charolais, finding [Brissac] one day with his mistress, said to him abruptly. 'Go out, sir.' 'My lord,' replied the Duke de Brissac, with emphasis, 'your ancestors would have said "Come out."'"

P. 55. *Berlin.* A four-wheeled carriage, with a separate seat behind the body, introduced in the middle of the seventeenth century.

P. 64. *The Encyclopædists.* D'Alembert's and Diderot's *Encyclopédie* was so entirely the organ of advanced thought that the term *Encyclopédiste* became attached to all who were supposed to share their philosophic views.

P. 80. *M. de Buffon.* "Joseph II., on his visit to France, went also to see M. de Buffon, and said to that celebrated man, 'I am come to fetch the copy of your works, which my brother forgot.'"

P. 85. *The Duke de la Vauguyon.* "The Duke de la Vauguyon has lately departed to render an account at the tribunal of eternal justice of the manner in which he has acquitted himself of the appalling and important duty of educating a Dauphin of France, and to receive the punishment due to the most criminal of undertakings, if it was not fulfilled to the wishes and applause of the whole nation. A remarkable act of vanity, which excited equally the attention of the Court and the city, was witnessed on that occasion; this was the card of invitation to the funeral, sent round to every house according to custom. This card, on account of its singularity, has become a tenant of the library. Everyone has wished to preserve it, and, from being much sought after, it is already scarce, notwithstanding the profusion with which it was distributed. I will transcribe it here from beginning to end, in the hope that it may carry down with it these pages to posterity.

"'You are requested to attend the funeral procession, service and interment of Monseigneur Antoine-Paul-Jacques de Quelen, head of the names and arms of the ancient lords of the Castellany of Quelen, in Upper Britanny, *juveigneur* of the Courts of Porhoet, nominee to the name and arms of Stuer de Caulsade; Duke de la Vauguyon, peer of France, Prince of Carency; Count de Quelen and du Boulay, Marquis de Saint-Megrin, de Callonges and d'Archiac, Viscount de Calvignac; baron of the ancient and honourable baronies of Tonneins, Gratteloup, Villeton, la Gruère and Picornet; lord of Larnagol and Talcoimur, advocate, knight and vavasor of Sarlac, high baron of Guyenne, second baron of Quercy, lieutenant-general of the King's armies, knight of his Orders, *menin* to Monseigneur the late Dauphin, first gentleman of the bed-chamber of Monseigneur the Dauphin, grand master of his wardrobe, formerly governor of his person, and of that of Monseigneur the Count de Provence, governor of the person of Monseigneur the Count d'Artois, first gentleman of his chamber, grand master of his wardrobe, and superintendent of his household—which will take place on Thursday, the 6th of February, 1772, at ten o'clock in the

morning, at the Royal and parochial Church of Notre Dame de Versailles where his body will be interred. *De Profundis.*' "

P. 88. *Les coups de boutoir du Roi.* Angry remarks.

P. 99. *Madame de Genlis.* Stéphanie-Felicité Ducrest de St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis (1746-1830). Her "Tales of the Castle" were translated into English in 1785.

P. 101. *M. de Chamford.* Sébastien-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort (1741-1794), maxim and anecdote writer, perhaps the bitterest of the followers of La Rochefoucauld. See Prof. Saintsbury's Essay on him and Rivarol in "Miscellaneous Essays."

P. 102. *Gluck.* Christoph Willibald Ritter von Gluck (1714-1787), of Bavarian birth, one of the greatest of modern opera writers. His rival was the Italian composer, Nicholas Piccini (1728-1800).

Sacchini. Antonio Maria Gaspard Sacchini, Italian musician (1735-1786), composer of more than eighty dramatic works.

Grétry. André Ernest Modeste Grétry, of Liège (1741-1813), writer of comic operas. He wrote the music for Sedaine's (1719-1797) "Richard Cœur de Lion."

Marmontel. Jean François Marmontel (1723-1799), author of *Contes Moraux* (1761)

P. 103. *Vanloo.* Jean Baptiste Vanloo, of Aix, in Provence (1684-1745), portrait painter, and Charles André Vanloo (1705-1765), also a painter.

Boucher. François Boucher (1703-1770), of Paris. He is stated to have executed 10,000 pictures and drawings.

Madame Le Brun. Marie Le Brun (1755-1842) of Paris, "Le Brun de la beauté le peintre et le modèle." Her first portrait of Marie Antoinette made her the friend of that queen.

P. 104. *Cochin.* Charles Nicholas Cochin, eighteenth century French engraver and writer.

Didot. A famous family of French printers and publishers.

M. Turgot. "Economy and freedom were M. Turgot's two principles. At Court he insisted chiefly on the application of the former. His numerous retrenchments offended the nobles and clergy. A female relative of the minister once asked a bishop, whether it was not allowable to keep Easter and the Jubilee at the same time. 'Why, madam,' replied the prelate, 'we live in economical times—perhaps we had better do so.'"

P. 105. *Guimard.* 1743-1816.

P. 106. *Vestris.* 1729-1808.

P. 107. *Petit coucher.* "The moment the king retired to his inner apartment and got into bed, at which time none but the most privileged nobles attended." (Tarver.)

P. 148. *Beaumarchais.* Pierre-Augustin-Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-99), author of the "Mariage de Figaro," "Barbier de Seville," etc.

Franklin. Benjamin Franklin (1706-90). He was sent to France to seek help for the American colonies, and was supported by Beaumarchais, Lafayette, etc. "When the news of his death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of printers met in an apartment of the Cordeliers convent, to celebrate a funeral festival in honour of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a column in the middle of the room. Upon the head was placed a civic crown; below the bust were compositors' cases, a press, and other emblems of the art which the sage had cultivated. While one printer was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin workmen were printing it, and the speech, composed and pulled off as fast as uttered, was copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this entertainment."

P. 149. *Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.* "Heaven's bolts he robbed and of their sceptres kings:" and a reference to Franklin's discovery in the matter of lightning conductors and his work on behalf of American independence.

NOTES

P. 173. *M. d'Espremenil.* "The Queen never forgot this affront of M. d'Espremenil's; she said that as it was offered at a time when social order had not been disturbed, she had felt the severest mortification at it. Shortly before the downfall of the throne M. d'Espremenil, having openly espoused the King's side, was insulted in the gardens of the Tuileries by the Jacobins, and so ill-treated that he was carried home very ill. Somebody recommended the Queen, on account of the Royalist principles he then professed, to send and enquire after him. She replied that she was truly grieved at what had happened to M. d'Espremenil, but that mere policy should never induce her to show any particular solicitude about the man who had been the first to make so insulting an attack upon her character."

P. 188. *M. de Valois' answer.* "'Je ne fais que ce que je dois:' which also means, 'I only make what I owe;' and in that sense was a true answer."

P. 229. *Dis donc.* By similarity of pronunciation he hinted to her the name was Dido.

P. 238. *Rivarol.* Antoine, Comte de Rivarol (1754-1801), Burke's "Tacitus of the Revolution." See *ante*, note to p. 101.

P. 245. *Brinvilliers.* Marie Madeleine Marquise de Brinvilliers (1651-1676), poisoner. She was tortured, beheaded and burnt for her crimes.

P. 273. *The King followed her.* "Madame Campan, in one of her manuscripts, relates the preceding anecdote in a still more affecting manner.

"The Queen attended the sitting in a private box. I remarked her total silence, and the deep grief which was depicted in her countenance on her return.

"The King came to her apartment the private way. He was pale and his features were much changed. The Queen uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. I thought he was ill; but what was my affliction when I heard the unfortunate monarch say, as he threw himself into a chair and put his handkerchief to his eyes, 'All is lost! Ah! madam, and you are witness to this humiliation! What! You are come into France to see——.' These words were interrupted by sobs. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him and pressed him in her arms. I remained with them, not from any blamable curiosity, but from a stupefaction which rendered me incapable of determining what I ought to do. The Queen said to me, 'Oh! go, go!' with an accent which expressed, 'Do not remain to witness the dejection and despair of your Sovereign!'"

P. 278. *The tabouret.* "The privilege of sitting on a low stool in the presence of royalty belonged to some noble ladies." (Tarver.)

P. 328. *That virtuous mother.* "Madame Auguié, who was remarkable for her height and beauty, was a woman of the greatest resolution. Death had no terrors for her; but the idea of perishing innocently upon a scaffold aroused her indignation. 'Never,' said she, 'shall the executioner lay his hand on me.' Her religious sentiments would, perhaps, have inspired her with more resignation, but she was a mother, and the desire of preserving her property to her family suffered her to think of nothing but the means of anticipating an arrest otherwise inevitable. At the instant when the officers presented themselves for the purpose of arresting her, she precipitated herself from a third floor. This last sacrifice of maternal tenderness renders her end as honourable as her self-devotion to the Queen had been praiseworthy and affecting."

P. 371. *Farmer-general.* Contractor.

P. 392. *Cagliostro.* Giuseppe Balsamo, otherwise Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, the charlatan (1745-1795), of Palermo, reputed possessor of the "elixir of immortal youth."

A LIST OF DATES

For further information on the period of the French Revolution reference may be made to Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution," in the "Temple Classics" series, to Mr. H. Morse Stephens's "History of the French Revolution," and to Arthur Young's "Travels in France."

1774. Death of Louis XV.

1776. Declaration of Independence by the United States of America.

1778. England and France at war: France recognises American Independence.

1781. Death of Voltaire: Rousseau's "Confessions."

1783. Peace of Versailles and Recognition of American Independence.

1787. Meeting of the Notables.

1789. Meeting of the States-General, who become the National Assembly. Insurrection in Paris. Fall of the Bastille.

1790. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."

1791. Death of Mirabeau. The Flight to Varennes.

1792. The Thuileries stormed. Massacre of the Swiss Guards. Fall of the Monarchy. Establishment of the Republic.

1793. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette executed. The Reign of Terror. England and France again at War.

1794. Danton and Robespierre in turn executed.

1799. Bonaparte becomes First Consul.

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